PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

-INFORMATION-LITERATURE-ORAL-EXPRESSION-

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO

THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

FIFTH BOOK

PART I

INFORMATION — LITERATURE — ORAL EXPRESSION

BY

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AND

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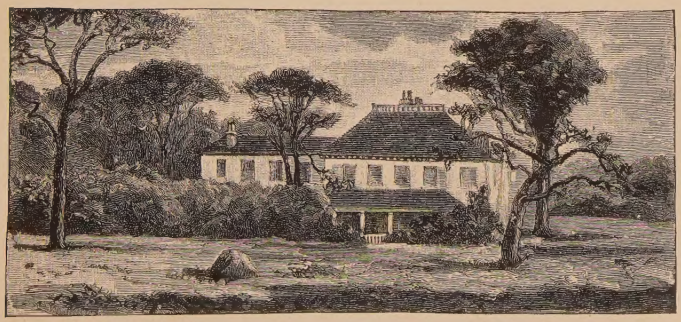

HOME OF LONGFELLOW

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

In the preparation of The Progressive Course in Reading, the compilers have kept steadily in view certain results which, in their judgment, should be aimed at by every teacher of reading, viz.: command of the art of reading, both silent and oral, a love for the best reading material, and the establishment of the reading habit.

To secure the first of these results is the all-important problem of the earliest school years, and it is believed that the first three books of this series will be found well adapted to the end desired.

After the close of the third or fourth school year, the intelligent teacher, while still endeavoring to perfect the practice of his pupils in the art of reading, will increasingly regard the reading exercises as means to such other desirable ends as the acquisition of information, an acquaintance with the treasures of printed English, and the uplift which results from such acquaintance.

The compilers of these readers recognize fully the importance of silent reading, and, in their choice of selections, have directed the attention of pupils to many books which should be read silently. Believing, however, that the practice, now so general, of supplying schools with supplementary material provides quite adequately for silent reading, they have endeavored to bring together a body of selections specially fitted to produce good oral readers.

It is assumed that pupils who use this Fifth Book have access to the dictionary and have been trained to its use. In the judgment of the compilers there is need that teachers should pay increased attention to the fine art of reading aloud. They recommend that simple, well-chosen drills, physical and vocal, be made a part of each reading exercise.

Finally, they suggest that oral reading always implies the presence of a listener as well as the presence of a reader. The pupil who reads well aloud reads, not to himself, but to other persons whom he tries to impress with the thoughts and feelings already suggested to himself by the printed page. The task set for the teachers of oral reading is to render *habitual* in the reader certain practices — mental, physical, and vocal.

Such habits can be secured only by persistent drill under the guidance of teachers who perceive clearly the ends which are to be attained. As in the preceding books, the selections contained in the present volume have been grouped in such manner as to secure desirable continuity of thought, while the *groups* are sufficiently varied to stimulate and satisfy, in some measure, the pupil's craving for information, his interest in adventure, and his desire for guidance.

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SUGGESTIONS ON VOCAL TRAINING.

In training for correct vocal expression, the aim should be to cultivate: (1) correct habits of **breathing**; (2) the accurate utterance of **the elementary sounds**, and the ability to pronounce with ease any given **combination of sounds**; (3) variety of **pitch** and **inflections**, and flexibility of **movement**.

To provide abundant opportunity for special training in each of these directions, there has been inserted in the body of this book a series of exercises designed to facilitate the task of the teacher, and to suggest additional lines of work. It should be remembered that *the spontaneous exercise of any power is the result of previous voluntary efforts repeated until the reiteration has created a fixed habit of action in a particular manner.* There should, therefore, be no neglect of the daily drill on elemental sounds and processes.

The apprehension sometimes expressed, lest an overprecise and strained method of enunciation may result from such exercises, may be dismissed, if the distinction between the expression of thought, and the gymnastic training that makes the adequate expression of thought possible, be kept clearly in mind.

When the pupil is reading from one of the selections in this book, his attention should be centered upon the *thought* to be conveyed to his fellow-pupils and upon the *quality of the emotion* that he desires to arouse in them.

In the first case, the important thing is the correctness of muscular action; in the second case, it is to observe whether the drill has borne fruit in greater ease and purity of expression.

The exercises at the close of the several lessons are a vital part of the equipment supplied to the teacher in this book. In using them, the teacher should note that they may be made to serve an end distinct from that of gymnastic training, since the words chosen for drill are largely those most commonly mispronounced, or with which the pupil is least likely to be familiar. He should be required to study the *pronunciation* and *meaning* of these words in preparing for the reading lesson, and the teacher should test the results of this study by requiring him to give the pronunciation from the spelling. Thus the correct pronunciation of specific words, and the general habit of correct enunciation, together with a knowledge of their true meaning, may be cultivated at the same time.

On pages 8 and 9 will be found the Tables of "Vocals," "Vocal Equivalents," "Subvocals," "Aspirates," and "Subvocal and Aspirate Equivalents." These tables afford excellent material for numerous exercises, both oral and written. No teacher should be content until his pupils can utter each vocal sound with clearness and precision, and also give its name and the symbol which represents it. To this end every one should become familiar with the names and uses of each of the diacritical marks, viz.: *macron*, *breve*, *tilde*, *circumflex*, *dots*, *bar*, *cedilla*. This knowledge is required in studying the pronunciation of words, in either text-books or dictionaries, and without it no one can properly interpret the printed symbols found in such books.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

Table of Vocals.

NAMES OF SOUNDS	SYMBOLS	NAMES OF SOUNDS	SYMBOLS
Long a . . . *as in* ate,	ā	Short i . . . *as in* it,	ĭ
Italian a . . . " " arm,	ä	Long o . . . " " old,	ō
Broad a . . . " " all,	a̤	Short o . . . " " on,	ŏ
Short a . . . " " at,	ă	Long oo . . " " boot,	o͞o
Flat a . . . . " " air,	â	Short oo . . " " foot,	o͘o
Short Italian a " " ask,	å	Long u . . . " " use,	ū
Long e . . . " " eat,	ē	Short u . . . " " up,	ŭ
Short e . . . " " end,	ĕ	Circumflex u " " urge,	û
Tilde e . . . " " earn,	ẽ	Diphthong oi " " oil,	oi
Long i . . . " " ice,	ī	Diphthong ou " " our,	ou

Modified Long Vowels: *as in* Sun′dȧy, bė̆ hind′, i̊ de′a, ȯ bey′, u̇ nite′, hẏ e′na.

Table of Vocal Equivalents.

a̤ . . . . *as in* what	= ŏ	õ . . . . *as in* sailõr	= ẽ
ã . . . . " " liãr	= ẽ	o͝o . . . . " " do͝o	= o͞o
ê . . . . " " whêre	= â	o͘o . . . . " " wo͘lf	= o͘o
e͟e . . . . " " the͟y	= ā	u͝u . . . . " " ru͝le	= o͞o
ï . . . . " " valïse	= ē	u̇o . . . . " " fu̇ll	= o͘o
ĩ . . . . " " gĩrl	= ẽ	ȳ . . . . " " mȳ	= ī
ô . . . . " " ôr	= a̤	y̆ . . . . " " sadly̆	= ĭ
ȯ . . . . " " sȯn	= ŭ	Diphthong oy = oi; ow = ou.	

Table of Subvocals.

b,	*as in*	bat, bad, bubble.	g,	*as in*	go, log, Gorgon.
d,	" "	did, bad, riddle.	j,	" "	jug, just, enjoy.

TABLE OF SUBVOCALS — *Continued.*

l,	*as in*	lip, lily, lively.	th,	*as in*	the, with, that.
m,	" "	man, member.	v,	" "	vine, very, give.
n,	" "	not, money.	w,	" "	we, wet, will.
ng,	" "	sing, sang, ring.	y,	" "	yes, yet, young.
r,	" "	rat, term, tarry.	z,	" "	zone, zigzag.

s or si, *as in* pleasure, measure, vision = sound of zh.

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

f,	*as in*	fan, half, fifty.	t,	*as in*	tin, pit, strut.
h,	" "	hat, hold, beheld.	th,	" "	thin, thick, fifth.
k,	" "	kind, like, kick.	sh,	" "	she, shall, blush.
p,	" "	pin, help, peep.	ch,	" "	child, march.
s,	" "	sit, picks, decks.	wh = hw,	*as in*	wheat.

SUBVOCAL AND ASPIRATE EQUIVALENTS.

ç . . .	*as in* niçe	= s	s̱ . . .	*as in* has̱	= z
c . . .	" " cat	= k	x . . .	" " ox	= ks
çh . .	" " maçhine	= sh	x̱ . . .	" " ex̱ist	= gz
ġ . . .	" " aġe	= j	ph . . .	" " Ralph	= f
n̲ . . .	" " thin̲k	= ng	qu . . .	" " quite	= kw

In the Word Exercises of this book *italics* are used to indicate *silent* letters; therefore, respelling to indicate pronunciation is necessary only in rare cases.

VOCAL SOUNDS.

A **vocal** is an elementary sound made of pure voice or tone. Letters that represent vocal sounds are called *vowels*. What letters are vowels?

1. How many sounds are indicated in the "Table of Vocals"? Give each of the vocal sounds, and write its symbol.

2. How many sounds are represented by each of the vowels — **a, e, i, o, u?**

3. Why are the sounds of ȳ and y̆ called equivalents? Name several other vocal sounds that are equivalents.

4. Name two diphthongs whose sounds are equivalents.

5. What is the difference between "long vowels" and "modified long vowels"? How are modified long vowels in unaccented syllables indicated?

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

Consonants (meaning *sounded with*) are so called because they are combined in utterance with vowel sounds. Consonants are divided into two classes, *Subvocals* and *Aspirates.*

A *subvocal* is an elementary sound made of voice and breath united, as sounds of **b, d, m, n,** etc.

An *aspirate* is an elementary sound made of pure breath, as the sounds of **f, p, h, k, t,** etc.

A common fault in the enunciation of consonant sounds is dwelling upon the sounds instead of completing them promptly. This is especially liable to occur when it is necessary to utter several such sounds in succession, as in *promptly, faults, meddle, amidst, tenths, bursts, depth, puzzled,* etc. In these and hundreds of other words the muscles of the lips and tongue must be called into vigorrous action. Drills on words and sentences containing these combinations will give the vocal organs precision in their utterance.

PRONUNCIATION.

There is a natural tendency on the part of our vocal organs to modify certain elemental sounds, or substitute for them others that are more easily uttered. This tendency and our ignorance of the correct forms of spoken words, result in many inaccuracies of speech, some of which may be classified as follows:

I. **The substitution of one sound for another,** thus — (1) by giving *a* its *short* sound instead of its *long* sound, as in Dān′ish, ā′pri cot, pā′tron, grā′tis; (2) by giving the sound of short *o*, instead of that of *broad a*, as in wą′ter, dą̈ugh′ter, fą̈u′cet, ą̈uc′tion, ą̈l′ways; (3) by giving the *long sound* of *i* instead of the *short*, as in fer′tĭle, fu′tĭle, sa͟n′guĭne, mer′can tĭle, dĭ late′, dĭ vorce′, fĭ nance′, tĭ rade′, Ī tal′ian, ĭ tal′ic; (4) by giving the sound of *long oo* instead of *long u*, as in tūne, tūbe, flūte, dū′ty, sub dūe′, stū′dent, nū′mer al, in′sti tūte, lū′di crous, rev o lū′tion.

II. **The suppression of a sound,** — thus, in the mouths of careless speakers, ĕv′ẽr y̆ becomes "ĕv′ry̆," jō′vĭ al — "jō′val," vĭc′tŏ ry̆ — "vĭc′try̆," rĕg′ū lā͟r — "rĕg′lā͟r," hĭs′tŏ ry̆ — "hĭs′try̆," ȧ rĭth′mė tĭc — "rĭth′mė tĭc," etc.

III. **The insertion of a sound,** — thus, hŭn′gry̆ sometimes becomes "hŭn′gẽr y̆," drowned — "drown′dĕd," tĭc′klĭsh — "tĭc′kel ĭsh," eŏn vēn′ient, — "eŏn vēn′ĭ ent," etc.

IV. **The accentuation of the wrong syllable,** — as in re-cĕss′, suc cĕss′, ca nīne′, op pō′nent, in quī′ry, as pīr′ant, etc.

To correct the several classes of mistakes referred to above will require the earnest and thoughtful attention of all. The hearing must be quickened to detect mistakes, and the vocal organs trained so that they will give ready and accurate utterance to each syllable.

PITCH.

There are two errors common in regard to **pitch.** The first is that of an artificially high pitch with resulting shrillness of tone and tendency to shouting or screaming. The remedy for this may be found in carefully considering, before beginning to read, the character of the selection to be rendered, and so determining in advance the pitch best suited to its expression.

The second fault is rigid adherence to a single pitch once adopted. To this fault is attributable the uninteresting and tiresome effect of much oral reading. It should be remembered that the remedy for these, as for all other involuntary faults, is attention and active volition until correct muscular action shall have become habitual.

Artificial extremes of pitch, however, should always be guarded against. What is desired is constant variation between limits not too wide, and the power to change from pitch to pitch at will.

Medium pitch is employed in conversation, and in reading narrative, descriptive, and unimpassioned composition.

Low pitch is appropriate to what is solemn or specially grand. An illustration may be found in —

> "Thou art, O God, the life and light
> Of all this wondrous world we see;" etc.

High pitch is appropriate to language of energetic appeal, command, etc., as in —

> "Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
> Strike — for your altars and your fires!
> Strike — for the green graves of your sires!"
>
> — From *Lesson XVII.*

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a sliding of the voice upward or downward from the keynote. The *keynote* is the pitch of voice which pervades the expression of any passage.

The *rising inflection* commences at the keynote and slides upward from it. It is used in direct questioning, in implied questioning, and in expressions of diffidence or doubt.

The *falling inflection* commences above the keynote and falls to it, and is used in direct, positive statement, in complete assertion, and in any positive declaration.

A form of the *falling inflection*, which commences at the keynote and slides below it, is called the *cadence*. It is used at the full completion of a statement. The *cadence* is intended to bring the ear to a complete state of rest, and the mind to consider a question ended, — a point beyond which nothing further is to be offered.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand. — *Lesson XXIV.*

Tell why the inflections in this quotation are the rising or the falling, as marked.

Note. — Inflection is, to some extent, a matter of taste or temperament, and good readers will differ as to the use of the inflections in reading any piece.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is usually a more forcible utterance of a word or of words in a sentence than is given to the others. The emphatic words in a sentence hold substantially the same relation to the other words, as the accented syllable in a word does to the unaccented ones.

Absolute emphasis is that stress of voice which is placed on some word or words expressing an important idea, where no contrast is expressed, or necessarily implied. All words that are important in meaning, or peculiarly significant, are emphatic. Note the emphatic words in the following stanza:

> The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
> And the answering *echoes* of life are heard:
> The *dew* still *clings* to the *trees* and *grass*,
> And the early *toilers* smiling pass,
> As they glance aside at the *white-walled homes*,
> Or *up the valley*, where merrily comes
> The brook that *sparkles* in *diamond rills*
> As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.
>
> — From *Lesson XIII.*

Antithetic emphasis is the stress of voice placed upon words when in contrast. This kind of emphasis, in many instances, appears to result from the antithetic relation of the words to each other, more than from any special importance attached to their meaning.

Note this kind of emphasis in the following:

Poets may be *born*, but *success* is *made;* therefore let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to *ruin*, but not to *success*. Young men talk of trusting to the *spur* of the

occasion. That *trust* is vain. *Occasion* can not make *spurs*, you must *win* them. If you wish *to use* them, you must *buckle them to your own heels* before you go into the *fight*. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you *fight* for it. Whatever you *win* in life you must *conquer* by your own efforts, and then it is yours.

— From *Lesson XXVII.*

Sometimes emphasis is expressed by a pause after a word to give it force. This is called *emphatic pause*, as —

Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
STRIKE — for the green graves of your sires!

— From *Lesson XVII.*

The repetition of any word, rendered important by its use in a sentence, requires an increased force of utterance. This is commonly called *cumulative emphasis*. Note the application of this in the foregoing lines.

Words used as exclamations when attended with strong feeling or emotion are generally emphatic.

"*Come back! come back!*" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, *my daughter!*" — From *Lesson XIV.*

Let it be remembered that emphasis is a *relative*, and not an *arbitrary*, stress placed upon words to distinguish them on account of their relative importance in the sentence. *Too great stress* of voice placed upon the emphatic words destroys the modulation, and renders the reading harsh and unpleasing.

Then, too, those words only which are specially important, or those which are to introduce that which is new, should be emphasized. This relative importance is often almost destroyed by emphasizing too many words.

TONE.

Quality of **tone** depends largely upon the proper shaping of the vocal cavity, and upon the proper direction of the breath. The *nasal quality* may be avoided by "placing" the tone more in the front of the mouth; *huskiness*, by enlarging the vocal cavity and the vocal orifice; *lack of resonance*, by forming the tone with greater care in the roof of the mouth and by more vigorous action of the muscles concerned.

Many varieties of tone are recognized by students of technical elocution, — the orotund, the aspirated, the guttural, etc., — but the study of most of these should be left for a later stage of culture than is represented in the grammar school. Every possible effort should be made to develop *purity* in the tones *habitually* employed, and the power to produce this pure tone with various degrees of *force*, suited to the sentiment of the passages uttered, and to the size of the room in which the reading is done.

Orotund means simply *pure tone* unobstructed by breath. For illustration of this quality read carefully stanzas 1 and 2 of Lesson XVII, and Lessons IX, XXVI, and XXVII.

Aspirated tone is the utterance called out by fear, alarm, or sudden dread. See Lesson XXX, stanza 3.

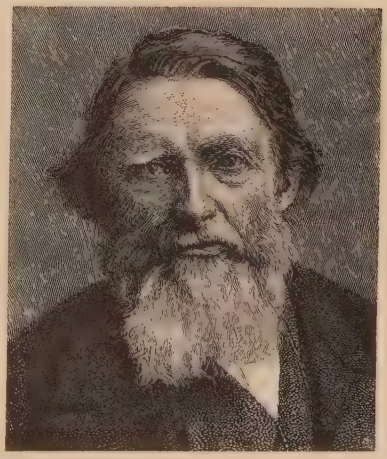
Guttural tone is the utterance of language appropriate to intense feeling of hate, loathing, or strong aversion. Illustrations may be found in Lesson XIII, and in Lesson XXII, paragraph 15.

FIFTH BOOK.

PART I.

ADVICE TO READERS.

I.



JOHN RUSKIN.

I tell you earnestly, you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are for evermore, in some measure, an educated person.

The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it)

consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books; but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly.

Let the accent of words be watched, and closely; let their meaning be watched more closely still. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do the work that a thousand can not, when every one is acting equivocally, in the function of another.

—John Ruskin (*a great English author and critic*).

II.

Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that which he doth not.

—Francis Bacon (*an illustrious philosopher and jurist*).

III.

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that

> "Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them; our difficulty now is what to select.

We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash.

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage.

— From "THE PLEASURES OF LIFE," by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

I. Words defined: I. ĭl lĭt'ẽr ât*e*, *ignorant, unlettered;* ăc'eû-rà çў, *the state of being accurate, correct,* or *precise;* ẽ quĭv'ō cal lў, *in an uncertain manner, doubtfully;* fŭn'tion, *office, employment.*

II. eŏn'fẽr enç*e*, *conversation, discussion;* wĭt, *power of mind;* dôth, *an old form of "do."*

III. ăn'çẽs tôrs, *forefathers;* ĭn'strụ ments, *tools, implements;* ĭn-vẽs tĭ gā'tion (literally, the act of tracing or tracking), *study, inquiry;* lĕst, *for fear that;* trăsh, *that which is worthless or useless.*

II. Notes: British Mû sē'ŭm, a celebrated museum in London, founded in 1753. It contains great collections of drawings, prints, and manuscripts, and a library of more than one million volumes. This library is said to receive additional volumes to the number of forty thousand annually.

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819 and died in England in 1900. For more than fifty years his position as a critic, lecturer, and

writer was unique and influential. In 1843 he published a volume entitled "Modern Painters" which aimed to prove the superiority of modern landscape painters over the old masters. The brilliance of its style and originality of its views established the author's reputation as an art critic. Many later volumes on art and other themes have enhanced his reputation and widened the circle of his influence.

Francis Bacon, usually called Lord Bacon, was born in England in 1561, and died there in 1626. Shakespeare was born three years after Bacon, and died ten years before him. Both of them lived during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. — a period distinguished in English history for its great writers.

The second quotation just given is from Bacon's Essays, of which a great critic says, "As specimens of intellectual activity, or original thinking and apt illustration, they surpass any other writing of equal extent in our literature." Many books have been written in an effort to prove that Shakespeare was not the author of the works which bear his name, but that they were written by Bacon. This view, however, is not generally accepted.

Ŭ lŷs'sēẓ is one of the chief characters in Homer's "Ĭl'ĭ ad," and "Ŏd'ŷs seў," two epic poems written in Greek. The Iliad gives an account of the siege and destruction of ancient Troy, and the Odyssey describes the wanderings of Ulysses after the siege.

III. Word study: The prefixes *in*, *un*, *non*, are used with thousands of words to which they impart the general meaning of *no* or *not*, as in: *in*secure, *un*able, *non*sense, *non*-education. The prefix *in* is generally used with words from the Latin, and it regularly becomes *il* before words beginning with *l*, as in *il*literate, *il*limitable; *in* becomes *ir* before *r* as in *ir*regular, *ir*resistible; *in* becomes *im* before *m* or *p*, as in *im*movable, *im*partial.

In addition to the meaning mentioned above, *un* is prefixed to verbs to express the contrary, as in *un*lock, *un*pack, *un*bridle, *un*fold, and *un*do. Also, *un* is used to indicate *absence* of the quality or state expressed by the root words, as in, *un*belief, *un*concern, *un*stamped, *un*varnished.

IV. Direction: Select five words that illustrate the uses of each of the prefixes *in*, *un*, and *non*. If necessary, consult a dictionary.

SHORT READINGS FROM FAMOUS BOOKS.

I. A LONE ISLAND HOME.

From "The Swiss Family Robinson."

I.

Near the close of the last chapter of "The Swiss Family Robinson, or Adventures on a Desert Island," this statement is made: "On the morning before our separation, I gave to Fritz the Journal in which ever since the shipwreck, I had chronicled the events of our life, desiring that the story might be printed and published.

"It was written, as all know, for the instruction and amusement of my children, but it is very possible that it may be useful to other young people, more especially to boys."

The author's suggestion has been fully realized, and for many years "The Swiss Family Robinson" has been among the most popular of juvenile books. Its chapters abound in adventure and information so interwoven as to awaken and maintain the reader's interest.

The book was written by the Rev. Johann Rudolf Wyss, a Swiss who died in 1830. In Chapter I an account is given of a shipwreck and the escape of a missionary and his family to an island in the Pacific Ocean. The following chapters give some experiences of the family in their lone island home. The extract below is from Chapter X.

1. It was now near the beginning of the month of June, and we had twelve weeks of bad weather before us. Much remained to be done in order to give the cave a comfortable appearance, which became more desirable now that we had to live indoors.

2. Several days were spent in arranging the different rooms. Ernest and Franz undertook the library, fixing shelves, and setting the books in order. Jack and his mother took in hand the sitting room and kitchen, while Fritz and I, as better able for heavy work, arranged the workshops. The carpenter's bench, the turning lathe, and a large chest of tools were set in convenient places, and many tools and instruments hung on the walls. An adjoining chamber was fitted up as a forge, with fireplace, bellows, and anvil, complete, all of which we had found in the ship, packed together, and ready to set up.

3. When these great affairs were settled, we still found in all directions work to be done. Shelves, tables, benches, movable steps, cupboards, pegs, door handles, and bolts, — there seemed no end to our requirements, and we often thought of the enormous amount of work necessary to maintain the comforts and conveniences of life which at home we had received as matters of course.

4. But in reality, the more there was to do the better; and I never ceased contriving fresh improvements, being fully aware of the importance of constant employment as a means of strengthening and maintaining the health of mind and body. This, indeed, with a consciousness of continual progress toward a desirable end, is found to constitute the main element of happiness.

5. Our rocky home was greatly improved by a wide porch which I made along the whole front of our rooms and entrances, by leveling the ground to form a terrace, and sheltering it with a veranda of bamboo, supported by pillars of the same.

A LONE ISLAND HOME.

6. Ernest and Franz were highly successful as librarians. The books, when unpacked and arranged, proved to be a most valuable collection, capable of affording every sort of educational advantage.

7. Besides a variety of books of voyages, travels, divinity, and natural history (several containing fine colored illustrations), there were histories and scientific works, as well as standard fictions in several languages; also a good assortment of maps, charts, and astronomical instruments, and an excellent pair of globes.

8. I foresaw much interesting study on discovering that we possessed the grammars and dictionaries of a great many languages, a subject for which we all had a taste. With French we were well acquainted. Fritz and Ernest had begun to learn English at school, and made further progress during a visit to England. The mother, who had once been intimate with a Dutch family, could speak that language pretty well.

9. All determined to improve our knowledge of German and French. The two elder boys were to study English and Dutch with their mother. Ernest, already possessing considerable knowledge of Latin, wished to continue to study it, so as to be able to make use of the many works on natural history and medicine written in that language.

10. Jack announced that he meant to learn Spanish, "because it sounded so grand and imposing." I myself was interested in the Malay language, knowing it to be so widely spoken in the islands of the Eastern Seas, and thinking it as likely as any other to be useful to us. The

children begged me to decide on a name for our salt-cave dwelling, and that of Rockburg was chosen unanimously.

II.

11. The weeks of imprisonment passed so rapidly, that no one found time hang heavy on his hands. Books occupied me so much that but little carpentering was done, yet I made a yoke for the oxen, a pair of cotton-wool cards, and a spinning wheel for my wife.

12. As the rainy season drew to a close, the weather for a while became wilder, and the storms fiercer than ever. Thunder roared, lightning blazed, torrents rushed toward the sea, which came in raging billows to meet them, lashed to fury by the tempests of wind which swept the surface of the deep.

13. The uproar of the elements came to an end at last. Nature resumed her attitude of repose, her smiling aspect of peaceful beauty ; and soon all traces of the ravages of floods and storms would disappear beneath the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

14. Gladly quitting the sheltering walls of Rockburg to roam once more in the open air, we crossed Jackal River for a walk along the coast, and presently Fritz with his sharp eyes observed something on the small island near Flamingo Marsh, which was, he said, long and rounded, resembling a boat bottom upward.

15. Examining it with the telescope, I could form no other conjecture, and we resolved to make it the object of an excursion next day, being delighted to resume our old

habit of starting in pursuit of adventure. The boat was accordingly got in readiness; it required some repairs and fresh pitching, and then we made for the point of interest, indulging in a variety of surmises as to what we should find. It proved to be a huge, stranded whale.

16. The island being steep and rocky, it was necessary to be careful; but we found a landing place on the farther side. The boys hurried by the nearest way to the beach where lay the monster of the deep, while I clambered to the highest point of the islet, which commanded a view of the mainland.

17. On rejoining my sons, I found them only halfway to the great fish, and as I drew near they shouted in high glee: "Oh, father! just look at the glorious shells and coral branches we are finding. How does it happen that there are such quantities?"

18. "Only consider how the recent storms have stirred the ocean to its depths. No doubt thousands of shellfish have been detached from their rocks and dashed in all directions by the waves, which have thrown ashore even so huge a creature as the whale yonder."

19. "Yes; isn't he a great brute!" cried Fritz. "Ever so much larger than he seemed from a distance. The worst of it is, one does not well see what use to make of the huge carcass."

20. "Why, make train oil, to be sure," said Ernest. "I can't say he's a beauty, though, and it's much pleasanter to gather these lovely shells than to cut up blubber."

21. "Well, let us amuse ourselves with them for the

present," said I; "but in the afternoon, when the sea is calmer, we will return with the necessary implements, and see if we can turn the stranded whale to good account."

22. We were soon ready to return to the boat, but Ernest had a fancy for remaining alone on the island till we came back, and asked my permission to do so, that he might experience, for an hour or two, the sensations of Robinson Crusoe.

23. To this, however, I would not consent, assuring him that our fate, as a solitary family, gave him quite sufficient idea of shipwreck on an uninhabited island, and that his lively imagination must supply the rest.

24. "Is coral of any use?" at last Jack suddenly demanded.

25. "In former times it was pounded and used by chemists; but it is now chiefly used for various ornaments, and made into beads for necklaces, etc. As such, it is greatly prized by savages, and were we to fall in with natives, we might very possibly find a store of coral useful in bartering with them. For the present, we will arrange these treasures of the deep in our library, and make them the beginning of a museum of natural history, which will afford us equal pleasure and instruction."

26. "One might almost say that coral belongs at once to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms," remarked Fritz; "it is hard like stone, it has stems and branches like a shrub, and I believe tiny insects inhabit the cells, do they not, father?"

27. "You are right, Fritz; coral consists of the calcareous cells of minute animals, so built up as to form a tree-

like structure. The coral fishery gives employment to many men in the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean Sea, and other places. Left undisturbed, these coral insects, laboring incessantly, raise foundations, on which, in course of time, fertile islands appear, clothed with verdure, and inhabited by man."

28. "Why, father, here we are at the landing place!" exclaimed Jack. "It has seemed quite easy to pull since you began to tell us such interesting things."

29. "Very interesting, indeed; but did you notice that the wind had changed, Jack?" remarked Ernest, as he shipped his oar.

III.

30. The animated recital of our adventures, the sight of the lovely shells and corals, and the proposed work for the afternoon, inspired the mother and Franz with a great wish to accompany us.

31. To this I gladly consented, only stipulating that we should go provided with food, water, and a compass. "For," said I, "the sea has only just ceased from its raging, and being at the best of times of uncertain and capricious nature, we may chance to be detained on the island, or forced to land at a considerable distance from home."

32. Dinner was quickly dispatched, and preparations set on foot. The more oil we could obtain the better, for a great deal was used in the large lantern which burnt day and night in the recesses of the cave; therefore all available casks and barrels were pressed into the service, and we took a goodly fleet of these in tow.

33. Knives and hatchets were put on board, and we set forth, the labor of the oar being greater than ever, now that our freight was so much increased. The sea being calm, and the tide suiting better, we found it easy to land close to the whale ; my first care was to place the boat, as well as the casks, in perfect security, after which we proceeded to a close inspection of our prize.

34. Its enormous size quite startled my wife and her little boy ; the length being from sixty to sixty-five feet, and the girth between thirty and forty, while the weight could not have been less than fifty thousand pounds. The color was a uniform velvety black, and the enormous head about one third of the length of the entire bulk, the eyes quite small, not much larger than those of an ox, and the ears almost undiscernible.

35. The jaw opened very far back, and was nearly sixteen feet in length, the most curious part of its structure being the remarkable substance known as whalebone, masses of which appeared all along the jaws, solid at the base, and splitting into a sort of fringe at the extremity. This arrangement is for the purpose of aiding the whale in procuring its food, and separating it from the water.

36. The tongue was remarkably large, soft, and full of oil ; the opening of the throat wonderfully small, scarcely two inches in diameter. "Why, what can the monster eat?" exclaimed Fritz ; "he never can swallow a proper mouthful down this little gullet!"

37. "The mode of feeding adopted by the whale is so curious," I replied, "that I must explain it to you before we begin work. This animal (for I should tell you that

a whale is not a fish; he possesses no gills, he breathes atmospheric air, and would be drowned if too long detained below the surface of the water); this animal, then, frequents those parts of the ocean best supplied with the various creatures on which he feeds. Shrimps, small fish, lobsters, various mollusks, and medusæ form his diet. Driving with open mouth through the congregated shoals of these little creatures, the whale engulfs them by millions in his enormous jaws, and continues his destructive course until he has sufficiently charged his mouth with prey.

38. "Closing his jaws and forcing out, through the interstices of the whalebone, the water which he has taken together with his prey, he retains the captured animals, and swallows them at his leisure.

39. "The nostrils, or blowholes, are placed, you see, on the upper part of the head, in order that the whale may rise to breathe, and repose on the surface of the sea, showing very little of his huge carcass. The breathings are called 'spoutings,' because a column of mixed vapor and water is thrown from the blowholes, sometimes to a height of twenty feet.

40. "And now, boys, let me see if you can face the work of climbing this slippery mountain of flesh, and cutting it up."

I. Definitions: I. (5) tĕr'rāçe, *a raised level space of ground supported on one or more sides by a wall, or bank of earth;* (5) vĕ rān'dà, *an open, roofed porch belonging to a dwelling house;* (5) băm bōō', *a plant having a woody, hollow, round stem, which grows in tropical countries to the height of forty feet;* (5) pĭl'lăr, *a firm upright support;*

(7) dĭ vĭn′ĭ tў, *the science which treats of God, his laws and moral government;* (7) fĭe′tion̲s, *novels and romances;* (7) ăs trŏ nŏm′ĭe al, *pertaining to astronomy* — astronomical instruments are used in measuring the distances and locating the positions of the heavenly bodies; (9) năt′ū ral hĭs′tŏ rў, *in its broadest sense, a history or description of nature as a whole — in a restricted sense it applies to the objects of vegetable and animal life;* (10) Mȧ lāy′, *pertaining to the islands lying in the Pacific Ocean, southeast of Asia* — the Philippines are among these islands.

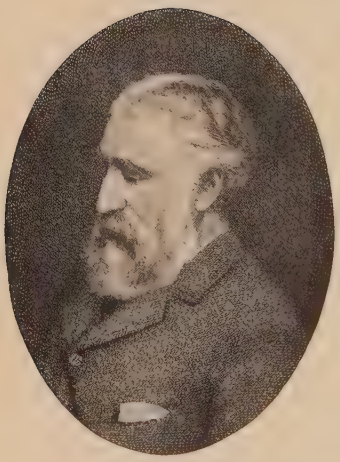
II. (11) eärd̲s, *instruments for combing and shaping into a roll the fibers of cotton, flax, or wool, so that they may be spun into yarn;* (13) lŭx ū′rĭ ant, *abundant in growth;* (13) trōp′ĭcs, *the region lying on both sides of the equator, and bounded by one line* 23° 28′ *north and another* 23° 28′ *south of the equator;* (14) flȧ mĭn′gō, *a bird with webfeet, very long legs, long neck, and bent beak;* (15) tĕl′ē scōpe, *an optical instrument used in viewing distant objects;* (15) sûr mīs̲′ĕs̲, *guesses, conjectures;* (20) trāin oil, *oil procured from the blubber or fat of whales, by boiling;* (25) bär′tẽr ĭng, *trading by exchanging one article for another:* (27) eăl eā′rē oŭs, *consisting of or containing carbonate of lime, the substance of which shells are composed;* (27) fẽr′tĭle, *rich;* (27) vẽr′dûre, *green vegetation.*

III. (30) ĭn spīred′, *filled, animated;* (31) stĭp′ū lāt ĭng, *making an agreement or contract;* (31) eȧ prĭ′cious, *apt to change suddenly;* (32) dĭs pătched′ (t), *finished;* (32) set on foot, *began;* (32) ȧ vāil′ȧ ble, *usable;* (34) ŭn dis cern′ĭ ble (dĭz zẽrn′), *not capable of being seen by the eye;* (36) gŭl′lĕt, *the tube by which food is carried to the stomach;* (37) mŏl′lŭsks, *members of one of the grand divisions of the animal kingdom, which are somewhat protected by a calcareous shell;* (37) eŏn̲′grē gā tĕd, *collected;* (37) shōals̲, *multitudes, crowds;* (38) ĭn tẽr′stĭ c̣ĕs̲, *cracks, crevices.*

II. Suggestions to pupils: Notice that part of this lesson is a dialogue, that is, a discourse between two or more persons. The eager interest of the boys over each discovery is great, simply because the experience is new to them. The father is less interested. Why? This difference in interest should be shown by the manner of reading the dialogue. Be careful that in the reading you make the proper distinction between what the boys say and what the father says; also, that the dialogue shall be distinguished from the purely descriptive part of the selection, by the manner of expression in reading.

II. A BOY IN THE COUNTRY.

By Charles Dudley Warner.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

This selection constitutes the first chapter of a book bearing the title, "Being a Boy," which describes the life of a boy on a farm on the outskirts of a New England country town. It is full of that cheerful, kindly spirit of happiness which sees the pleasant side of the commoner things of life, which sympathizes with animals, with men, with boys and girls, and which delights in letting the fancy play about a subject and brighten up its soberest sides with touches of humor or tenderness. One feels, in reading this book, that boyhood is happier and sweeter, and more full of interesting experience than he had realized before. The work is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, with beautiful and apt illustrations that add much to its charm.

The author was born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. Besides writing books, he has contributed many articles to papers and magazines. A playful humor, which never lapses into coarseness, is one of the chief characteristics of his literary work.

1. One of the best things in the world is to be a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough; it is soon over; just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something

else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet everybody is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are placed upon him as a boy. Good fun as it is to yoke up the calves and play work, there is not a boy on a farm but would rather drive a yoke of oxen at real work.

2. What a glorious feeling it is, indeed, when a boy is for the first time given the long whip and permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash, and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw, Golden!" "Whoa, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbors for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. If I were a boy, I am not sure but I would rather drive the oxen than have a birthday.

3. The proudest day of my life was one day when I rode on the *neap* of the cart, and drove the oxen, all alone, with a load of apples to the cider mill. I was so little, that it was a wonder that I didn't fall off and get under the broad wheels. Nothing could make a boy, who cared anything for his appearance, feel flatter than to be run over by the broad tire of a cart-wheel. But I never heard of one who was, and I don't believe one ever will be.

4. As I said, it was a great day for me, but I don't remember that the oxen cared much about it. They sagged along in their great clumsy way, switching their tails in my face occasionally, and now and then giving a lurch to this or that side of the road, attracted by a choice tuft of grass. And then I "came the Julius Cæsar" over

them, if you will allow me to use such a slang expression, a liberty I should never permit you.

5. I don't know that Julius Cæsar ever drove cattle, though he must have seen the peasants from the *Campagna* "haw" and "gee" them round the Forum (of course in Latin, a language that those cattle understood as well as ours do English); but what I mean is, that I stood up and "hollered" with all my might, as everybody does with oxen, as if they were born deaf, and whacked them with the long lash over the head, just as the big folks did when they drove.

6. I think now that it was a cowardly thing to crack the patient old fellows over the face and eyes, and make them wink in their meek manner. If I am ever a boy again on a farm, I shall speak gently to the oxen, and not go screaming around the farm like a crazy man; and I shall not hit them a cruel cut with the lash every few minutes, because it looks big to do so and I cannot think of anything else to do. I never liked lickings myself, and I don't know why an ox should like them, especially as he cannot reason about the moral improvement he is to get out of them.

7. Speaking of Latin reminds me that I once taught my cows Latin. I don't mean that I taught them to read it, for it is very difficult to teach a cow to read Latin or any of the dead languages, — a cow cares more for her cud than she does for all the classics put together. But if you begin early you can teach a cow, or a calf (if you can teach a calf anything, which I doubt), Latin as well as English.

8. There were ten cows, which I had to escort to and from pasture night and morning. To these cows I gave the names of the Roman numerals, beginning with Unus and Duo, and going up to Decem. Decem was of course the biggest cow of the party, or at least she was the ruler of the others, and had the place of honor in the stable and everywhere else. I admire cows, and especially the exactness with which they define their social position. In this case, Decem could "lick" Novem, and Novem could "lick" Octo, and so on down to Unus, who couldn't "lick" anybody, except her own calf.

9. I suppose I ought to have called the weakest cow Una instead of Unus, considering her sex; but I didn't care much to teach the cows the declensions of adjectives, in which I was not very well up myself; and besides it would be of little use to a cow. People who devote themselves too severely to study of the classics are apt to become dried up; and you should never do anything to dry up a cow.

10. Well, these ten cows knew their names after a while, at least they appeared to, and would take their places as I called them. At least, if Octo attempted to get before Novem in going through the bars (I have heard people speak of a "pair of bars" when there were six or eight of them), or into the stable, the matter of *precedence* was settled then and there, and once settled there was no dispute about it afterward. Novem either put her horns into Octo's ribs, and Octo shambled to one side, or else the two locked horns and tried the game of push and gore until one gave up.

11. Nothing is stricter than the *etiquette* of a party of cows. There is nothing in royal courts equal to it; rank is exactly settled, and the same individuals always have the precedence. You know that at Windsor Castle, if the Royal Three-Ply Silver Stick should happen to get in front of the Most Royal Double-and-Twisted Golden Rod, when the court is going in to dinner, something so dreadful would happen that we don't dare to think of it. It is certain that the soup would get cold while the Golden Rod was pitching the Silver Stick out of the castle window into the moat, and perhaps the island of Great Britain itself would split in two.

12. But the people are very careful that it never shall happen, so we shall probably never know what the effect would be. Among cows, as I say, the question is settled in short order, and in a different manner from what it sometimes is in other society. It is said that in other society there is sometimes a great scramble for the first place, for the leadership as it is called, and that women, and men too, fight for what is called position; and in order to be first they will injure their neighbors by telling stories about them and by backbiting, which is the meanest kind of biting there is, not excepting the bite of fleas.

13. But in cow society there is nothing of this detraction in order to get the first place at the crib, or the farther stall in the stable. If the question arises, the cows turn in, horns and all, and settle it with one square fight, and that ends it. I have often admired this trait in cows.

14. Besides Latin, I used to try to teach the cows a little poetry, and it is a very good plan. It does not

benefit the cows much, but it is excellent exercise for a boy farmer. I used to commit to memory as many short poems as I could find (the cows liked to listen to "Thanatopsis" about as well as anything), and repeat them when I went to the pasture, and as I drove the cows home through the sweet ferns and down the rocky slopes. It improves a boy's elocution a great deal more than driving oxen. It is a fact, also, that if a boy repeats "Thanatopsis" while he is milking, that operation acquires a certain dignity.

I. Definitions: (2) ġee — haw, *terms used in driving oxen*, — the first meaning "go or turn to the right," the other, "go or turn to the left;" (2) whōa, *stop, stand;* (3) nēap, *the pole or tongue of a cart or other vehicle drawn by two animals;* (7) ĕŭd, *that portion of food which is brought up into the mouth from the first stomach so that it may be chewed again*, — deer, goats, sheep, and cattle chew the cud; (7) clăs'sĭes, *works of acknowledged excellence and authority in any language*, — originally used of Latin or Greek works; (8) ū'nŭs, dū'ō, ŏc'tō, nō'vĕm, dē'çĕm, *numerals meaning respectively* one, two, eight, nine, ten; (10) prē çēd'ençe, *rank or dignity;* (11) ĕt'ī quette (-kĕt), *the forms required by good breeding to be observed in social or official life;* (11) mōat, *the deep trench or ditch around the wall of a castle;* (13) dē trăc'tion, *the act of taking away from the good name or character of another.*

II. Notes: (5) The Cam pa'gna (kăm pä'nyà) is a large rolling plain surrounding the city of Rome. It is mostly uncultivated, and is quite unhealthful. The ground is almost entirely volcanic.

(5) The Romans applied the name Forum to a public space, — especially the market-place in a city where public affairs were discussed, business transacted, etc. In Rome, the name applied particularly to the low, level space at the foot of the hill on which the Capitol stood.

(9) "the declensions of adjectives": In the Latin language adjectives have different forms when applied to male or to female beings. Thus, the Latin adjective meaning *one* takes the form *unus* when referring to a male, and the form *una* when referring to a female.

Windsor Castle is one of the palaces where the monarchs of Great Britain reside. It is situated on the Thames River, about twenty-one miles from London; it is very old, and full of historic interest. The most exact and particular ceremony prevails there, as in all places where royal people live. It would be a breach of "etiquette" for any one to leave a room before the king or queen; the next person in rank must come next, and so on. The allusion to the "Royal Three-Ply Silver Stick" and the "Most Royal Double-and-Twisted Golden Rod" is Mr. Warner's humorous way of setting forth the exact and settled customs pertaining to rank, which prevail at courts.

Thăn à tŏp'sĭs — literally, "A View of Death" — is the title of a famous poem which was written by Bryant when he was only eighteen years old. Sometime you will wish to make a careful study of "Thanatopsis"; it is considered one of the gems of our language.

III. Suggestions: Do you note anything humorous in the third paragraph? If so, point it out; indicate it by your tone and expression in reading.

Examine other paragraphs, and note any touches of humor.

III. IN SCHOOL AND OUT.

From "Being a Boy," by Charles Dudley Warner.

1. The boy farmer does not appreciate school vacations as highly as his city cousin. When school keeps he has only to "do chores and go to school," but between terms there are a thousand things on the farm that have been left for the boy to do. Picking up stones in the pastures and piling them in heaps used to be one of them.

2. Some lots appeared to grow stones, or else the sun every year drew them to the surface, as it coaxes the round cantaloupes out of the soft garden soil; it is certain that there were fields that always gave the boys this sort of fall work. And very lively work it was on

frosty mornings for the barefooted boys, who were continually turning up larger stones in order to stand in the warm place that had been covered from the frost.

3. A boy can stand on one leg as well as a Holland stork; and the boy who found a warm spot for the sole of his foot was likely to stand in it until the words, "Come, stir your stumps," broke in discordantly upon his meditations. If he had his way he would do nothing in a hurry; he likes to stop and think about things, and enjoy his work as he goes along. He picks potatoes as if each one was a lump of gold just turned out of the dirt, and requiring careful examination.

4. Although the country boy feels a little joy when school breaks up (as he does when anything breaks up), or any change takes place, since he is released from the discipline and restraint of it, yet the school is his opening into the world, — his romance. Its opportunities for enjoyment are numberless.

5. He does not exactly know what he is set at books for; he takes spelling rather as an exercise for the lungs, standing up and shouting out the words with entire recklessness of consequences; he grapples doggedly with arithmetic and geography as something that must be cleared out of his way before recess, but not at all with the zest he would dig a woodchuck out of his hole.

6. But recess! Was ever enjoyment so keen as that with which a boy rushes out of the schoolhouse door for the ten minutes of recess? He is like a deer; he can nearly fly; and he throws himself into play with entire self-forgetfulness, and an energy that would overturn the

world if his strength were proportioned to it. For ten minutes the world is absolutely his; the weights are taken off, restraints are loosed, and he is his own master for that brief time,—as he never again will be if he lives to be as old as the *King of Thule*, and nobody knows how old he was.

7. And there is nooning, a solid hour, in which vast projects can be carried out which have been slyly matured during school hours; expeditions are undertaken, wars are begun between the Indians on one side and the settlers on the other, the military company is drilled (without uniforms or arms), or games are carried on which involve miles of running, and an expenditure of wind sufficient to spell the spelling book through at the highest pitch.

8. Friendships are formed too, which are fervent if not enduring, and enmities contracted which are frequently "taken out" on the spot, after a rough fashion boys have of settling as they go along; cases of long credit, either in words or trade, are not frequent with boys; boot on jackknives must be paid on the nail; and it is considered much more honorable to out with a personal grievance at once, even if the explanation is made with fists, than to pretend fair, and then take a sneaking revenge on some concealed opportunity.

9. The country boy at the district school is introduced into a wider world than he knew at home, in many ways. Some big boy brings to school a copy of the "Arabian Nights," a dog-eared copy, with cover, title-page, and last leaves missing, which is passed around, and slyly read under the desk, and perhaps comes to the

little boy whose parents disapprove of novel reading, and have no work of fiction in the house except the latest comic almanac.

10. The boy's eyes dilate as he steals some of the wondrous pages, and he longs to lose himself in the land of enchantment open before him. He tells at home that he has seen the most wonderful book that ever was, and a big boy promised to lend it to him. "Is it a true book, John?" asks the grandmother; "because if it isn't true, it is the worst thing that a boy can read." (This happened years ago.)

11. John cannot answer as to the truth of the book, and so does not bring it home; but borrows it nevertheless, and conceals it in the barn, and lying in the haymow is lost in its enchantments many an odd hour when he is supposed to be doing chores.

12. There were no chores in the "Arabian Nights"; the boy there had but to rub the ring and summon a *genius*, who would feed the calves and pick up chips and bring in wood in a minute. It was through this emblazoned portal that the boy walked into the world of books, which he soon found was larger than his own, and filled with people he longed to know.

I. Definitions: (2) eăn′tā lo͝upes, *muskmelons;* (3) dĭs côrd′ant lȳ, *harshly;* (3) mĕd ĭ tā′tion͟s, *thoughts, reflections;* (4) dĭs′ çĭ plīne, *drill, training;* (5) rē çĕss′, *intermission;* (7) prŏj′ĕcts, *plans, schemes;* (7) mā tūred′, *completed;* (8) fēr′vent, *earnest, warm;* (8) ĕn′mĭ tĭe͟s, *hatreds;* (8) grĭēv′anç͟e, *injury;* (10) dĭ lāte′, *expand;* (11) ĕn chānt′-ments, *charms;* (12) ĕm blā′zoned, *adorned with painted decorations*—

"emblazoned pōr'tal," *a beautiful ornamental opening;* (12) ġēn'ius (-yŭs), *a good or an evil spirit with more than human power.*

II. Notes: (6) Thū'lē was the name given by the ancients to the most northern part of Europe known to them. What they did not know about the country they tried to imagine.

(9) "The Arabian Nights" is a collection of strange and marvelous tales, written very long ago in Persia, in which wonderful things are described as occurring by magic.

III. Explain the meanings of: (1) "when school keeps"; (1) "do chores"; (3) "stir your stumps"; (4) "breaks up"; (8) "taken out"; (8) "boot on jackknives must be paid on the nail"; (9) "a dog-eared copy"; (12) "the world of books."

IV. Suggestion: Compare paragraphs 5 and 6; the first requires moderate force and deliberate utterance, while the latter, in harmony with the thought, should be read in a lively, sprightly manner.

IV. PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

From "Hajji Baba," by James Morier.

The author of this selection was born in England in 1780, and died in 1849. For some years he was connected with the English embassy in Persia. The knowledge of Eastern customs and manners, which he was thus enabled to obtain, furnished him the subjects for his books.

1. In the reign of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, of happy memory, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at last he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a bey or an aga.

2. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the woodcutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale.

3. It happened one day that a poor woodcutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his donkey. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "For all the wood that is upon the donkey."

4. The woodcutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain — that was our agreement." "How!" said the other, in great amazement; "who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible."

5. In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the cadi, and stated his griefs; the cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The woodcutter went to a higher judge; he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore the peasant must put up with his loss.

6. The woodcutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which was duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the woodcutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case.

7. "Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side — you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made in words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing, and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood." Then calling the woodcutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

8. The woodcutter, having made his obeisances, returned to his donkey, which was tied without, and proceeded to his home. A few days after he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his from the country might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled.

9. When the woodcutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was.

"He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently."

Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his donkey after him by the halter.

"This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him."

10. "Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise. "It is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you; and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your donkey? Away with you, or I'll send you both to Jericho." And forthwith he drove them out of his shop.

11. The woodcutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case.

"'Tis well," said the commander of the faithful; "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

12. "Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber. "Was not that your agreement?"

13. Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of a donkey before? or who ever before thought of treating it as a true believer?"

14. "You may say right," said the caliph; "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting on a pack saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no; it is the woodcutter's turn now. To the donkey immediately, or you know the consequences."

15. The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot,

THE BARBER'S PUNISHMENT.

and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor woodcutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

I. Definitions: (1) dĕx tĕr′ĭ tў, *skill and ease in using the hands:* (1) ĭn′sō lent, *without regard for the feelings of others;* (1) be*y*, *a title of honor*, also the title of the governor of a district; (1) ä gä′, *a title of respect*, also a chief officer; (5) ăl tẽr eā′tion, *a dispute, a wordy war;* (5) eā′dĭ, *a judge;* (5) mŭf′tĭ, *a Mohammedan high priest;* (5) Kō′ran, *the Mohammedan Bible;* (6) mŏsque, *a Mohammedan church;* (7) ĕq′uĭ tў, *natural justice or right;* (8) ō be*ï*′sançe, *bow;* (10) dê mēan′, *debase, lower.*

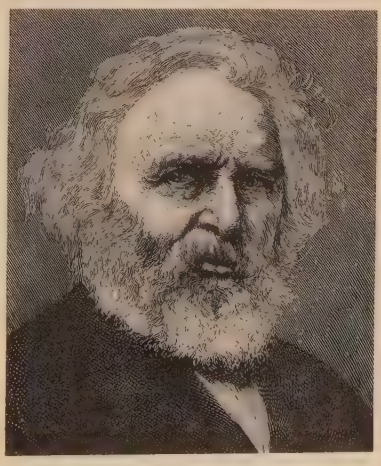
II. Pronounce: (1) Ä'lī Sä'kal; (3) dŏn'keў; (5) păt'rŏn īzed; (8) eŏm păn'ion(-yŭn); (11) rā'zŏrş; (14) eŏn'sĕ quĕnç ĕş; (15) prĕş'-ençe; (15) täunts; (15) dĭs mĭssed'; (15) rē şound'ĕd.

III. Notes: Ćā'lĭph (f) is the title given by Mohammedans to one supreme in authority. In the eighth century Hā rụn'-ăl-Răsh'īd was Ćaliph of Bäg dăd', a city of Asiatic Turkey. His adventures, in disguise, are related in several of the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

IV. Suggestion: In reading this selection, a clear distinction in style of rendering should be made between the portions that are purely narrative, and those that present the language of the several characters. The pupil must imagine himself to be in the place of the different characters, and must vary his tones, emphasis, and inflection accordingly.

V. HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

AN INDIAN MYTH, BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

This selection is from "The Song of Hī á wą'thâ," a famous epic poem which was published in 1855. In the intervening years it has grown in popularity, and to-day it is a great favorite alike with young and old.

In "The Song of Hiawatha" the genius of the author has embalmed in graceful and melodious verse the best traits of the American Indian.

Longfellow in song and Cooper in story have done more than any and all other writers to provide us an interesting record of the life and habits of the red man. "Hiawatha" is only one of numerous poems written by Longfellow. His writings are widely read and greatly admired, and he is certainly one of the most popular of American poets.

Longfellow's complete works are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

1. You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

2. First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Springtime,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

3. On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

4. On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grapevine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

5. On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

6. On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;

From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

7. And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

8. Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

9. "From the Master of Life descending
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

10. Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fiber.

11. So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen lands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

12. "'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,

"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

13. On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.

14. Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen lands,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

HIAWATHA AND MONDAMIN.

15. Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow ;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

16. And he cried, "O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me

And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

17. Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

18. "Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

19. And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whip-poor-will complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;

Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

20. On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

21. But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

22. Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven.

Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

23. And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwâm Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

24. Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

25. Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,

Lay the youth, with hair disheveled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

26. And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him ;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish.

27. Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

28. Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;
Kept the dark mold soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,

Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

29. Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

30. And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

I. Definitions: (1) crâft, *cunning, skill;* (2) blīthe, *merry* · (2) lŏdġe, *wigwam;* (3) bŭr′rōw, *a hole in the ground;* (3) phĕaṩ′ant, *one of the larger wild birds found in the woods of this country;* (5) pŏn′dĕred, *thought deeply;* (5) trăns pâr′ent, *clear, admitting the passage of light;* (5) stûr′ġeon, *a large fish;* (5) wąm′pŭm, *beads made of shells, used by the North American Indians as money;* (6) ĕẋ hąust′ĕd, *worn out;* (8) eŏm pas′sion (-păsh′ŭn), *pity;* (10) făm′ĭne, *want of food;* (11) lăm ĕn tā′tion, *wailing, moaning;* (14) thrīçe, *three times;* (23) hăg′gārd, *hollow-eyed, wild and wasted;* (24) hō rī′zon, *the line on which the earth and sky seem to unite;* (25) păl′pĭ tā tĭng, *throbbing, fluttering;* (25) dĭ shĕv′eled, *spread loosely or in disorder;* (28) mōld, *soft, crumbling earth;* (29) māize, *the grain usually called corn in America.*

II. Pronunciation: In some cases the author has given the Indian equivalents of the English names of a number of familiar objects. To preserve the rhythm of the verse, the pronunciation of these Indian names must be given with care.

Note the following markings: (1) Hī a wą′thą, (3) bē′ną, (3) ăd jidąu′mō, (3) ō mē′mē, (3) wą′wą, (4) mūs kō dāy′, (4) mäh nō mō′nee, (4) mee näh′gą, (4) ō däh′mĭn, (4) shäh bō′mĭn, (4) bē mäh′gŭt, (5) näh′mą, (5) säh′wą, (5) mąs kē nō′zhą, (5) ō käh äh′wĭs, (5) shąwgăsh ee′, (9) Mŏn dā′mĭn, (11) shụh-shụh′gäh, (18) käh gäh gee′, (19) wą wŏn āis′są, (19) sē bō wĭsh′ą, (20) Nō kō′mĭs, — the grandmother of Hiawatha, (29) Ï ä′gōō.

The Indian names given to persons are supposed to indicate something of the character of the individuals to whom they are applied; the Indian names of animals also are thought to have appropriate significance. Many of our own words are beautiful and appropriate, and their sounds naturally suggest the objects or ideas which they represent. Thus, *whip-poor-will* is a reproduction of the cry made by this bird; in stanza 19, *rippling, murmurs,* and *whispers* are especially significant words; notice also the expression "melancholy moorlands," in stanza 26.

III. Suggestion: The style of "Hiawatha" is so flowing and even, that great care should be used to avoid a dull and droning way of reading the verses.

IV. Question: (2) What do you think the poet means by the expression "the Moon of Leaves"?

VI. ON LAKE GEORGE IN 1757.

From "The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

This extract is taken from Chapter XX of a romance which first appeared in 1826. Its scene lies along the border line between the American colonies and the French possessions as they existed during the French and Indian War.

"The Last of the Mohicans" is one of the best and most popular of the famous "Leather-stocking Tales." The other books of the series are: "The Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." The hero of all these tales is the same character.

James Fenimore Cooper was among the first American authors to receive recognition abroad. In his works, the Indian, the hunter, the scout, and the pioneer are faithfully portrayed by a master hand.

I.

1. "No, no," continued the scout, looking back at the dim shore of Fort William Henry, and laughing in his own silent but heartfelt manner; "I have put a trail of water between us, and unless the imps can make friends with the fishes, and hear who has paddled across their basin this fine morning, we shall throw the length of Lake George behind us, before they have made up their minds which path to take."

2. "With foes in front, and foes in our rear, our journey is likely to be one of danger," said Major Heyward.

3. "Danger!" repeated Hawkeye, calmly; "no, not absolutely of danger; for, with vigilant ears, and quick eyes, we can manage to keep a few hours ahead of the knaves; or, if we must try the rifle, there are three of us who understand its gifts as well as any you can name on the borders."

4. It is possible that Heyward's estimate of danger differed in some degree from that of the scout, for, instead of replying, he now sat in silence while the canoe glided over several miles of water.

5. Just as the day dawned, they entered the narrows of the lake, and stole swiftly and cautiously among their numberless little islands. It was by this road that Montcalm had retired with his army, and the adventurers knew not but he had left some of his Indians in ambush, to protect the rear of his forces, and collect the stragglers. They therefore approached the passage with the customary silence of their guarded habits.

6. Chingachgook laid aside his paddle; while Uncas and the scout urged the light vessel through crooked and intricate channels, where every foot they advanced exposed them to the danger of some sudden rising on their progress. The eyes of the Sagamore moved warily from islet to islet and from copse to copse, as the canoe proceeded; and when a clear sheet of water permitted, his keen vision was bent along the bold rocks and impending forests that frowned upon the narrow strait.

7. Heyward, who was a doubly interested spectator, as

well from the beauties of the place as from the apprehension natural to his situation, was just believing that he had permitted the latter to be excited without sufficient reason, when the paddle ceased moving, in obedience to a signal from Chingachgook.

8. "Ugh!" exclaimed Uncas, nearly at the moment that the light tap his father had made on the side of the canoe notified them of the vicinity of danger.

9. "What now?" asked the scout; "the lake is as smooth as if the winds had never blown, and I can see along its sheet for miles; there is not so much as the black head of a loon dotting the water."

10. The Indian gravely raised his paddle and pointed in the direction in which his own steady look was riveted. Duncan's eyes followed the motion. A few rods in their front lay another of the low wooded islets, but it appeared as calm and peaceful as if its solitude had never been disturbed by the foot of man. "I see nothing," he said, "but land and water; and a lovely scene it is."

11. "Hist!" interrupted the scout. "Ay, Sagamore, there is always a reason for what you do. 'Tis but a shade, and yet it is not natural. You see the mist, Major, that is rising above the island; you can't call it a fog, for it is more like a streak of thin cloud."

12. "It is vapor from the water."

13. "That a child could tell. But what is the edging of blacker smoke that hangs along its lower side, and which you may trace down into the thicket of hazel? 'Tis from a fire; but one that, in my judgment, has been suffered to burn low."

14. "Let us then push for the place, and relieve our doubts," said the impatient Duncan; "the party must be small that can lie on such a bit of land."

15. "If you judge of Indian cunning by the rules you find in books, or by white sagacity, they will lead you astray, if not to your death," returned Hawkeye, examining the signs of the place with that acuteness which distinguished him. "If I may be permitted to speak in this matter, it will be to say, that we have but two things to choose between: the one is, to return and give up all thoughts of following the Huron —"

16. "Never!" exclaimed Heyward, in a voice far too loud for their circumstances.

17. "Well, well," continued Hawkeye, making a hasty sign to repress his impatience; "I am much of your mind myself; though I thought it becoming my experience to tell the whole. We must then make a push, and if the Indians or Frenchers are in the narrows, run the gantlet through these toppling mountains. Is there reason in my words, Sagamore?"

II.

18. The Indian made no other answer than by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward his canoe. As he held the office of directing its course, his resolution was sufficiently indicated by the movement. The whole party now plied their paddles vigorously, and in a very few moments they had reached a point whence they might command an entire view of the northern shore of the island, the side hitherto concealed.

19. "There they are, by all the truth of signs," whispered the scout; "two canoes and a smoke. The knaves haven't yet got their eyes out of the mist, or we should hear the accursed whoop. Together, friends, — we are leaving them, and are nearly out of whistle of a bullet."

20. The well-known crack of a rifle, whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island, interrupted his speech, and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into the canoes, which were soon dancing over the water, in pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances and movements of his three guides, so far as Duncan could discover, except that the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused the little bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life and volition.

21. "Hold them there, Sagamore," said Hawkeye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder, while he still plied his paddle; "keep them just there. The Hurons have never a piece in their nation that will execute at this distance; but 'Kill-deer' has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

22. The scout, having ascertained that the Mohicans were sufficient of themselves to maintain the requisite distance, deliberately laid aside his paddle and raised the fatal rifle. Three several times he brought the piece to his shoulder, and when his companions were expecting its report, he as often lowered it to request the Indians would permit their enemies to approach a little nigher.

At length his accurate and fastidious eye seemed satisfied, and, throwing out his left arm on the barrel, he was slowly elevating the muzzle, when an exclamation from Uncas, who sat in the bow, once more caused him to suspend the shot.

23. "What now, lad!" demanded Hawkeye; "you saved a Huron from the death shriek by that word; have you reason for what you do?"

24. Uncas pointed to the rocky shore a little in their front, whence another war canoe was darting directly across their course. It was too obvious now that their situation was imminently perilous, to need the aid of language to confirm it. The scout laid aside his rifle, and resumed the paddle, while Chingachgook inclined the bow of the canoe a little towards the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. In the meantime they were reminded of the presence of those who pressed upon their rear, by wild and exulting shouts. The stirring scene awakened even Munro from his apathy.

25. "Let us make for the rocks on the main," he said, with the mien of a tried soldier, "and give battle to the savages. God forbid that I, or those attached to me and mine, should ever trust again to the faith of any servant of the Louises!"

26. "He who wishes to prosper in Indian warfare," returned the scout, "must not be too proud to learn from the wit of a native. Lay her more along the land, Sagamore; we are doubling on the varlets, and perhaps they may try to strike our trail on the long calculation."

I. Definitions: I. (3) vĭg′ĭ lant, *keenly watchful;* (3) *k*nāveş, *low fellows, rascals;* (3) bôr′dẽrş, *the frontiers of the settled part of a country;* (5) ăm′bụsh, *a concealed station in which troops lie in wait to attack by surprise;* (6) ĭn′trĭ eāte, *difficult to follow;* (6) wā′rĭ lў, *cautiously;* (6) eŏpse, *a thicket;* (6) strāit, *a narrow waterway connecting two larger bodies of water;* (7) ap prē hĕn′sion, *distrust, fear of future evil:* (15) sà găç′ĭ tў, *penetration, shrewdness;* (17) run the gănt′lĕt, *encounter dangers.*

II. (20) plăç′ĭd, *quiet, calm;* (20) prē eûr′sōrş, *forerunners, signs;* (20) ū′nĭ sŏn, *harmony;* (20) vŏ lĭ′tion, *the power of willing;* (22) făs tĭd′ĭ oŭs, *critical;* (24) ŏb′vĭ oŭs, *plain, evident;* (24) ĭm′mĭ nent lў, *very threateningly;* (24) bow, *the fore part;* (24) ăp′à thў, *want of feeling;* (25) miēn, *manner;* (26) vär′lĕts, *low fellows, scoundrels.*

II. Pronounce and spell: (5) eŭs′tŏm à rў; (5) străg′glẽrş; (6) chăn′nĕlş; (6) prŏg′rĕss; (7) spĕe tā′tŏr; (8) ụgh; (8) eà noe′; (10) rĭv′ĕt ĕd; (10) īs′lĕts; (10) sŏl′ĭ tūde; (13) jŭdg′ment; (14) rē liēve′; (15) à eūte′nĕss; (17) ĭm pā′tience (-shens); (18) rĕş ō lū′tion; (18) sŭf fĭ′cient lў; (18) eŏn çēaled′; (20) eoun′tē nan çĕş; (21) ĕx′ē eūte; (22) rĕq′uĭ şīte; (22) mŭz′zle; (23) shrīēk.

III. Notes: The Mohicans were a tribe of Indians who, when first known to the whites, lived in northern New York, and as far east as Massachusetts. Many of them afterward migrated to Pennsylvania, and thence to Ohio.

(3) Hawkeye is one of the names applied to the scout who is the hero of all the "Leatherstocking Tales."

(5) Mŏnt eälm′, — commander of the French forces during the French and Indian war. He was mortally wounded in front of Quebec, and died there shortly before its surrender to the English in 1759. For a brief account of this war, see the Introduction to Scudder's "New History of the United States," Chapter VI.

(6) Chĭn gäch′gōōk is the Indian name of the chief to whom the author refers in the title, "The Last of the Mohicans."

(6) Săg′à mōre is a general term meaning an Indian chief.

(25) Lọu′ĭs ĕş, — for many years the monarchs of France bore the name of Louis; at the period of which this lesson treats Louis XV. was king.

IV. Suggestion: This selection and the one following it should be read with spirit and animation, in order to make clear to the hearer the exciting scenes of the narrative, the quickly changing situations, and the constant imminence of danger.

VII. AN EXCITING RACE.

From "The Last of the Mohicans."

1. Hawkeye was not mistaken ; for when the Hurons found their course was likely to throw them behind their chase, they rendered it less direct, until, by gradually bearing more and more obliquely, the two canoes were, ere long, gliding on parallel lines, within two hundred yards of each other. It now became entirely a trial of speed.

2. So rapid was the progress of the light vessels that the lake curled in their front, in miniature waves, and their motion became undulating by its own velocity. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, in addition to the necessity of keeping every hand employed at the paddles, that the Hurons had not immediate recourse to their firearms. The exertions of the fugitives were too severe to continue long, and the pursuers had the advantage of numbers. Duncan observed, with uneasiness, that the scout began to look anxiously about him, as if searching for some further means of assisting their flight.

3. "Edge her a little more from the sun, Sagamore," said the stubborn woodsman ; "I see the knaves are sparing a man to the rifle. A single broken bone might lose us our scalps. Edge more from the sun, and we will put the island between us."

4. The expedient was not without its use. A long, low island lay at a little distance before them, and as they closed with it, the chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite to that on which the pursued passed. The

scout and his companions did not neglect this advantage, but the instant they were hid from observation by the bushes, they redoubled efforts that before had seemed prodigious. The two canoes came round the last low point like two coursers at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead. This change had brought them

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nigher to each other, however, while it altered their relative positions.

5. "You showed knowledge in the shaping of birchen bark, Uncas, when you chose this from among the Huron canoes," said the scout, smiling, apparently more in satisfaction at their superiority in the race, than from that

prospect of final escape which now began to open a little upon them. "The imps have put all their strength again at the paddles, and we are to struggle for our scalps with bits of flattened wood, instead of clouded barrels and true eyes. A long stroke, and together, friends."

6. "They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward; "and as we are in a line with them, it can scarcely fail."

7. "Get you then into the bottom of the canoe," returned the scout,—"you and the colonel; it will be so much taken from the size of the mark."

8. Heyward smiled, as he answered, "It would be but an ill example for the highest in rank to dodge, while the warriors were under fire!"

9. "Lord! Lord! that is now a white man's courage!" exclaimed the scout; "and like too many of his notions, not to be maintained by reason. Do you think the Sagamore, or Uncas, or even I, who am a man without a cross, would deliberate about finding a cover in the scrimmage, when an open body would do no good? For what have the Frenchers reared up their Quebec, if fighting is always to be done in the clearings?"

10. "All that you say is very true, my friend," replied Heyward; "still, our customs must prevent us from doing as you wish."

11. A volley from the Hurons interrupted the discourse, and as the bullets whistled about them, Duncan saw the head of Uncas turned, looking back at himself and Munro. Notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy, and his own great personal danger, the countenance of the young warrior expressed no other emotion, as the

former was compelled to think, than amazement at finding men willing to encounter so useless an exposure.

12. Chingachgook was probably better acquainted with the notions of white men, for he did not even cast a glance aside from the riveted look his eye maintained on the object by which he governed their course. A ball soon struck the light and polished paddle from the hands of the chief, and drove it through the air, far in the advance.

13. A shout arose from the Hurons, who seized the opportunity to fire another volley. Uncas described an arc in the water with his own blade, and as the canoe passed swiftly on, Chingachgook recovered his paddle, and flourishing it on high, he gave the warwhoop of the Mohicans, and then lent his strength and skill again to the important task.

II.

14. Clamorous sounds burst at once from the canoes behind, and seemed to give new zeal to the pursuers. The scout seized "Kill-deer" in his left hand, and elevating it above his head he shook it in triumph at his enemies. The savages answered the insult with a yell, and immediately another volley succeeded. The bullets pattered along the lake, and one even pierced the bark of their little vessel.

15. No perceptible emotion could be discovered in the Mohicans during this critical moment, their rigid features expressing neither hope nor alarm; but the scout again turned his head, and laughing in his own silent manner,

he said to Heyward, — "The knaves love to hear the sound of their pieces; but the eye is not to be found among the Mingoes that can calculate a true range in a dancing canoe. You see they have taken off a man to charge, and by the smallest measurement that can be allowed, we move three feet to their two."

16. Duncan, who was not altogether as easy under this nice estimate of distance as his companions, was glad to find, however, that owing to their superior dexterity, and the diversion among their enemies, they were very sensibly obtaining the advantage. The Hurons soon fired again, and a bullet struck the blade of Hawkeye's paddle without injury.

17. "That will do," said the scout, examining the slight indentation with a curious eye; "it would not have cut the skin of an infant, much less of men who, like us, have been blown upon by the heavens in their anger. Now, Major, if you will try to use this piece of flattened wood, I'll let 'Kill-deer' take a part in the conversation."

18. Heyward seized the paddle, and applied himself to the work with an eagerness that supplied the place of skill, while Hawkeye was engaged in inspecting the priming of his rifle. The latter then took a swift aim and fired. The Huron in the bows of the leading canoe had risen with a similar object, and he now fell backward, suffering his gun to escape from his hands into the water.

19. In an instant, however, he recovered his feet, though his gestures were wild and bewildered. At the same moment his companions suspended their efforts, and

the chasing canoes clustered together, and became stationary. Chingachgook and Uncas profited by the interval to regain their wind, though Duncan continued to work with the most persevering industry.

20. The father and son now cast calm but inquiring glances at each other, to learn if either had sustained any injury by the fire; for both well knew that no cry or exclamation would, in such a moment of necessity, have been permitted to betray the accident. A few large drops of blood were trickling down the shoulder of the Sagamore, who, when he perceived that the eyes of Uncas dwelt too long on the sight, raised some water in the hollow of his hand, and washing off the stain, was content to manifest in this simple manner, the slightness of the injury.

21. "Softly, softly, Major," said the scout, who by this time had reloaded his rifle; "we are a little too far already for a rifle to put forth its beauties, and you see yonder imps are holding a council. Let them come up within striking distance — my eye may well be trusted in such a matter — and I will trail the varlets the length of the lake, guaranteeing that not a shot of theirs shall, at the worst, more than break the skin, while 'Kill-deer' shall touch the life twice in three times."

22. "We forget our errand," returned the diligent Duncan. "Let us profit by this advantage, and increase our distance from the enemy."

23. "Give me my children," said Munro, "trifle no longer with a father's agony, but restore me my babes."

24. Long and habitual deference to the mandates of his

superior had taught the scout the virtue of obedience. Throwing a last and lingering glance at the distant canoes, he laid aside his rifle, and relieving the wearied Duncan, resumed the paddle, which he wielded with sinews that never tired. His efforts were seconded by those of the Mohicans, and a very few minutes served to put such a sheet of water between them and their enemies that Heyward once more breathed freely.

25. The lake now began to expand, and their route lay along a wide beach, that was lined, as before, by high and ragged mountains. But the islands were few and easily avoided. The strokes of the paddles grew more measured and regular, while they who plied them continued their labor, after the close and deadly chase from which they had just relieved themselves, with as much coolness as though their speed had been tried in sport, rather than under such pressing, nay, almost desperate, circumstances. Instead of following the western shore whither their errand led them, the wary Mohican inclined his course more toward those hills behind which Montcalm was known to have led his army into the formidable fortress of Ticonderoga.

III.

26. As the Hurons, to every appearance, had abandoned the pursuit, there was no apparent reason for this excess of caution. It was, however, maintained for hours, until they had reached a bay, nigh the northern termination of the lake. Here the canoe was driven upon the beach, and the whole party landed.

27. Hawkeye and Heyward ascended an adjacent bluff, where the former, after considering the expanse of water beneath him, pointed out to the latter a small black object, hovering under a headland, at the distance of several miles. "Do you see it?" demanded the scout. "Now, what would you account that spot, were you left alone to white experience to find your way through this wilderness?"

28. "But for its distance and its magnitude, I should suppose it a bird. Can it be a living object?"

29. "'Tis a canoe of good birchen bark, and paddled by fierce and crafty Mingoes. Though Providence has lent to those who inhabit the woods eyes that would be needless to men in the settlements, where there are inventions to assist the sight, yet no human organs can see all the dangers which at this moment circumvent us. These varlets pretend to be bent chiefly on their sundown meal, but the moment it is dark they will be on our trail, as true as hounds on the scent.

30. "We must throw them off, or our pursuit may be given up. These lakes are useful at times, especially when the game takes the water," continued the scout, gazing about him with a countenance of concern, "but they give no cover, except it be to the fishes. God knows what the country would be, if the settlements should ever spread far from the two rivers. Both hunting and war would lose their beauty."

31. "Let us not delay a moment, without some good and obvious cause."

32. "I little like that smoke, which you may see worm-

ing up along the rock above the canoe," interrupted the abstracted scout. "My life on it, other eyes than ours see it, and know its meaning. Well, words will not mend the matter, and it is time that we were doing."

33. Hawkeye moved away from the lookout, and descended, musing profoundly, to the shore. He communicated the result of his observations to his companions, in Delaware, and a short and earnest consultation succeeded. When it terminated, the three instantly set about executing their new resolutions.

34. The canoe was lifted from the water, and borne on the shoulders of the party. They proceeded into the wood, making as broad and obvious a trail as possible. They soon reached a water course, which they crossed, and continued onward, until they came to an extensive and naked rock. At this point, where their footsteps might be expected to be no longer visible, they retraced their route to the brook, walking backward, with the utmost care. They now followed the bed of the little stream to the lake, into which they immediately launched their canoe again.

35. A low point concealed them from the headland, and the margin of the lake was fringed for some distance with dense and overhanging bushes. Under the cover of these natural advantages, they toiled their way, with patient industry, until the scout pronounced that he believed it would be safe once more to land.

36. The halt continued until evening rendered objects indistinct and uncertain to the eye. Then they resumed their route, and, favored by the darkness, pushed silently

and vigorously toward the western shore. Although the rugged outline of mountain, to which they were steering, presented no distinctive marks to the eyes of Duncan, the Mohican entered the little haven he had selected with the confidence and accuracy of an experienced pilot.

37. The boat was again lifted and borne into the woods, where it was carefully concealed under a pile of brush. The adventurers assumed their arms and packs, and the scout announced to Munro and Heyward that he and the Indians were at last in readiness to proceed.

I. Definitions: I. (2) mĭn′ĭ à tûre, *small;* (2) ŭn′dŭ lā tĭng, *rising and falling like waves;* (2) rē ēourse′, *resort;* (2) fū′gĭ tĭveṣ, *persons who flee from danger or pursuit:* (4) ĕx pē′dĭ ent, *suitable means to accomplish an end;* (4) prō dĭ′ġioŭs, *very great;* (4) cōurs′ērṣ, *swift race horses:* (9) serĭm′măġe, *a confused struggle, a skirmish;* (11) dĭs cōurse′, *conversation;* (13) vŏl′leẏ, *the discharge of a number of guns at the same time.*

II. (14) elăm′ŏr oŭs, *loud and noisy;* (15) pēr çĕp′tĭ ble, *capable of being observed;* (15) rĭġ′ĭd, *stiff, fixed;* (15) chärġe, *to load with powder and bullet, as a gun;* (16) dĭ vēr′sion (-shŭn), *that which turns aside:* (18) prīm′ĭng, *the powder that communicates fire to the charge in a gun;* (24) dĕf′ēr ençe, *regard, respect;* (24) măn′dâtes, *commands.*

III. (27) ăd jā′çent, *lying near, or bordering on*: (27) hĕad′lānd, *a point of land extending into a sea or lake;* (28) măġ′nĭ tūde, *size;* (29) çĭr eŭm vĕnt′, *come around;* (32) ăb străet′ĕd, *inattentive to surrounding objects;* (33) tĕr′mĭ nā tĕd, *ended.*

II. Pronounce and spell: I. (1) ŏb lique′lẏ; (1) păr′al lĕl; (2) ĕx-ĕr′tions; (3) stŭb′bŏrn; (4) al′tĕred; (5) sŭ pē rĭ ŏr′ĭ tẏ; (11) ĕx pō′-sure(-zhûr); (12) glânçe; (12) ăd vânçe′; (13) ŏp pŏr tū′nĭ tẏ.

II. (14) pûr sū′ĕrṣ; (14) ĭn′sŭlt; (14) piērçed; (15) à lārm′; (19) ġĕs′tûreṣ; (19) stā′tion â rẏ; (21) guăr ăn tee′ĭng; (24) ō bē′dĭ-ençe; (24) sĭn′ews(-ūz); (25) route; (25) fôr′mĭ dà ble; (25) fôr′trĕss.

III. (26) à băn′dŏned; (26) ăp pâr′ent; (26) mān tān′ned′; (27) às-çĕnd′ĕd; (30) eŏn çērn′; (33) sŭe çeed′ĕd; (35) eŏn çēaled′; (36) dis-tĭnet′ĭve; (37) ăd vĕn′tûr ērṣ; (37) ăs sūmed′.

VIII. THE TEAKETTLE AND THE CRICKET.

From "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens.

When the parents and grandparents of the children who will use this Reader were young, Charles Dickens was sharing with W. M. Thackeray the glory of being the most popular writer of his time. Thackeray's work appeals especially to older readers, but Dickens's lively power of narration, together with his skillful grouping of characters from all walks of life, makes him a favorite with young and old alike. At the same time, he made almost all his writings a means of teaching some moral lesson or attacking public abuses.

1. It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

2. The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal: it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble—a very idiot of a kettle—on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and sputtered morosely at the fire.

3. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in, down to the very bottom of the kettle; and the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half of the monstrous resistance in coming out of the water which the lid of the kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then, carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mock-

ingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I *won't* boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

4. But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle laughing. Meantime the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the Moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

5. Now it was, observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in the throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and *hilarious* as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

6. So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book; better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud, which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney corner, as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, — such is the influence of a bright example, — performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

7. That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors, to somebody at that moment coming on toward the snug, small home and the crisp fire, there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth.

8. "It's a dark night," sang the kettle, "and the rotten leaves are lying by the way, and above all is mist and darkness, and below all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it is nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds, for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long, dull streak of black; and there's hoarfrost on the finger post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming! —"

9. And here, if you like, the cricket did chime in with chirrup, chirrup, chirrup, of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size as compared with the kettle (size, you couldn't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself, like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

10. The kettle had had the last of its solo performances. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the

cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star.

11. There was an indescribable little thrill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same ; and louder, louder, louder still they sang it in their emulation.

12. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum-m-m ! kettle sticking to him in his own way ; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum-m-m ! kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp ! cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum-m-m ! kettle not to be finished.

13. Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with certainty.

14. Of this there is no doubt ; that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his

fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person, who, on the instant, approached toward it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! welcome home, my boy!"

This end attained, the kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire.

I. Definitions: (2) ăg′grà vā tĭng, *provoking, irritating;* (2) ŏb′stĭ-nāte, *stubborn;* (2) ăd jŭst′ĕd, *fitted;* (2) *k*nŏbs, *lumps;* (2) mō rōse′lў, *sullenly;* (3) pẽr tĭ năç′ĭ tў, *perseverance, obstinacy;* (4) hū′mŏr, *temper;* (5) eŏn vĭv′ĭ al, *gay, social;* (5) hĭ lā′rĭ oŭs, *mirthful, merry;* (5) mạud′lĭn, *tearful;* (6) trōlled, *sang loudly;* (6) çўm′bal, *a musical instrument of brass, often attached to a bass drum;* (9) chĭr′rŭp, *the sharp, cheerful sound made by crickets;* (9) ĭn ĕv′ĭ tà ble, *unavoidable: certain;* (11) ĕm ŭ lā′ tion, *contest, rivalry;* (14) à măl gà mā′tion, *mixing, blending.*

II. Word analysis: Separate each of the following derivative words into *root*, and *prefix* or *suffix*, and tell its meaning: (3) resistance, (3) defiance, (3) pertly, (3) mockingly, (5) irrepressible, (5) musical, (5) vocal, (5) moroseness, (6) cheerfulness, (6) merrily, (6) gracefully, (7) perfectly, (8) darkness (suffix *ness* means *quality* or *state of being*); (9) natural (suffix *al* means *pertaining to*); (9) expressly (suffix *ly* denotes *manner*); (10) undiminished, (10) performance (suffix *ance* means *act of*); (11) indescribable (suffixes *able* and *ible* mean *capable of being*).

III. Suggestion: In reading, the pupil must picture in his own mind the scenes, circumstances, and characters presented in the composition. In this selection, the reader must note mentally the liveliness which the chirping of the cricket and the bubbling of the kettle impart to the piece, and must convey his own impressions to the listener by proper tones, inflections, and gestures.

IX. THE GOLDEN KEY.

From "Barnaby Rudge," by Charles Dickens.

The novel "Barnaby Rudge" deals with a riot (due to religious fanaticism) that took place in London in 1780. The story is rather gloomy in tone, but is somewhat brightened by the cheery household which dwells at the sign of "the Golden Key." The cheerful picture here given is introduced into the novel just previous to the exciting and terrible scenes of the riot.

The locksmith, a simple citizen in the middle class, displays qualities of the highest heroism, when, at the risk of his life, he prevents rioters from gaining entrance to Newgate prison.

1. From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

2. Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds — tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

3. It was a perfect embodiment of the still, small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly:

mothers danced their babies to its ringing; — still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

4. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun, shining through the unsashed window and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead — the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

5. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

6. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong box or a prison door. Storehouses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter — these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust, and cruelty, and restraint they would have quadruple-locked forever.

7. Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly toward everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still

been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

I. Definitions: (1) a̤u′dĭ ble, *capable of being heard;* (2) hạ̄wk′ẽrs̤, *persons who sell goods by crying them on the street;* (3) splĕn′ẽ tĭc, *sullen, peevish;* (5) jō′vĭ al, *merry, joyous;* (5) ĭn fĭrm′ĭ tĭe̤s̤, *diseases;* (6) chûrl′ĭsh, *rude, surly;* (6) quạd′rụ ple, *four times.*

II. Word study: Analyze the following words, and give their meanings, — (2) higher, lower, louder, softer (suffix *er* with adjectives means *more*); (3) hoarseness, huskiness, unhealthiness, magical; (4) easiest, freest, happiest (suffix *est* means *most*); (4) gladness, unsashed; (6) impossible, innumerable.

III. Suggestions: Dickens was a great word-painter, and this selection is a good illustration of his power in this direction. Read the lesson again, and note the pictures suggested, — the outside of the shop of the "Golden Key," the scenes on the street, the jovial locksmith at his anvil, etc.

X. THE BOY AND HIS BOOK.

From "A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton.

The book, "David Copperfield," about which Mr. Hutton writes in this selection with so much appreciation and affection, is regarded by many critics as the greatest book that Dickens ever wrote.

1. The Boy was asked, a year or two ago, to write a paper upon "The Books of his Boyhood." And when he came to think the matter over, he discovered, to his surprise, that the Books of his Boyhood consisted of but one book.

2. It was bound in two twelvemo, green cloth volumes; it bore the date of 1850, and it was filled with

pictorial illustrations of "The Personal History and Experiences of David Copperfield, the Younger." It was the first book The Boy ever read, and he thought then, and sometimes he thinks now, that it was the greatest book ever written.

3. The traditional books of the childhood of other children came later to The Boy: "Robinson Crusoe," and the celebrated "Swiss Family" of the same name; "The Desert Home," of Mayne Reid; Marryat's "Peter Simple," "The Leatherstocking Tales," "Rob Roy," and "The Three Guardsmen," were well thumbed and well liked; but they were not The Boy's first love in fiction, and they never usurped, in his affections, the place of the true account of David Copperfield.

4. It was a queer book to have absorbed the time and attention of a boy of eight or nine, who had to skip the big words, who did not understand it all, but who cried, as he has cried but once since, whenever he came to that dreadful chapter which tells the story of the taking away of David's mother, and of David's utter, hopeless desolation over his loss.

5. How the book came into The Boy's possession he can not remember, nor is he sure that his parents realized how much or how often he was engrossed in its contents. It cheered him in the measles, it comforted him in the mumps. He took it to school with him, and he took it to bed with him; and he read it over and over again, especially the early chapters; for he did not care so much for David after David became Trotwood, and fell in love.

6. When, in 1852, after his grandfather's death, The Boy first saw London, it was not the London of the Romans, the Saxons, or the Normans, or the London of the Plantagenets or the Tudors, but the London of the Micawbers, and the London of Dora's Aunt and of Jip.

7. On his arrival at Euston Station, the first object upon which his eyes fell was a donkey cart, a large wooden tray on wheels, driven at a rapid pace by a long-legged young man, and followed, at a pace hardly so rapid, by a boy of about his own age, who seemed in great mental distress. This was the opening scene. And London, from that moment, became to him, and still remains, a great moving panorama of David Copperfield. . . .

8. The Boy never walked along the streets of London by his father's side during that memorable summer without meeting, in fancy, some friend of David's, without passing some spot that David knew and loved, or hated. And he recognized St. Paul's Cathedral at the first glance, because it had figured as an illustration on the cover of Peggotty's workbox! . . .

9. This was the Book of The Boy's Boyhood. He does not recommend it as the exclusive literature of their boyhood to other boys; but out of it The Boy knows that he got nothing but what was healthful and helping. It taught him to abominate selfish brutality and sneaking falsehood, as they were exhibited in the Murdstones and the Heeps; it taught him to keep Charles I., and other fads, out of his "Memorials"; it taught him to avoid rash expenditure as it was practiced by the Micawbers;

it showed him that a man like Steerforth might be the best of good fellows and at the same time the worst and most dangerous of companions; it showed, on the other hand, that true friends like Traddles are worth having and worth keeping; it introduced him to the devoted, sisterly affection of a woman like Agnes; and it proved to him that the rough pea-jacket of a man like Ham Peggotty might cover the simple heart of as honest a gentleman as ever lived.

I. Definitions: (2) twĕlve′mō, *having twelve leaves to the sheet;* (3) trà dĭ′tion al, *usual, customary;* (3) ŭ ṣûrped′ (t), *seized and held by force;* (5) ĕn grōssed′ (t), *absorbed;* (7) păn ō rä′mà, *an unfolding or moving picture;* (9) ĕx elū′sĭve, *sole, only;* (9) à bŏm′ĭ nāte, *hate;* (9) fădṣ, *whims.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of: (1) boyhood; (3) childhood; (4) dreadful; (4) hopeless (suffix *less* means *without*); (9) falsehood (suffix *hood* means *state of being*); (9) healthful (suffix *ful* means *full of, abounding with*).

III. Notes: For an account of (6) "the Romans, the Saxons, or the Normans," see Lessons XVIII and XIX.

(6) Plăn tăġ′ĕ nĕt is the surname of a royal family which succeeded to the throne of England in 1154 and reigned till 1485.

(6) Tū′dŏr is also the surname of a royal family of England which occupied the throne of England from 1485 to 1603.

(8) The most prominent building in London is St. Paul's Cathedral. It is conspicuously situated in the heart of the city, on a slight eminence. St. Paul's was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, begun in 1675, and completed in 1710.

(9) Charles I. was King of England from 1625 to 1649. He was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1649, on a scaffold in front of Whitehall, London. Much feeling was aroused throughout England by his fate, many people believing his execution to be just, and many others looking upon it as wholly unmerited. He was called by his friends the "Martyr King," and his memory was long venerated by them.

XI. A MEMORABLE BIRTHDAY.

From "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.

1. I pass over all that happened at school, until the anniversary of my birthday came round in March. The great remembrance by which that time is marked in my mind seems to have swallowed up all lesser recollections, and to exist alone.

2. It is even difficult for me to believe there was a gap of full two months between my return to Salem House and the arrival of that birthday. I can only understand that the fact was so, because I know it must have been so; otherwise I should feel convinced there was no interval, and that the one occasion trod upon the other's heels.

3. How well I recollect the kind of a day it was! I smell the fog that hung about the place; I see the hoar-frost ghostly, through it; I feel my rimy hair fall clammy on my cheek; I look along the dim perspective of the schoolroom, with a spluttering candle here and there to light up the foggy morning, and the breath of the boys wreathing and smoking in the raw cold as they blow upon their fingers, and tap their feet upon the floor.

4. It was after breakfast, and we had been summoned in from the playground, when Mr. Sharp entered and said, "David Copperfield is to go into the parlor."

5. I expected a hamper from Peggotty, and brightened at the order. Some of the boys about me put in their claim not to be forgotten in the distribution of the good things, as I got out of my seat with great alacrity.

6. "Don't hurry, David," said Mr. Sharp. "There's time enough, my boy, don't hurry."

7. I might have been surprised by the feeling tone in which he spoke, if I had given it a thought; but I gave it none until afterward. I hurried away to the parlor; and there I found Mr. Creakle, sitting at his breakfast with the cane and newspaper before him, and Mrs. Creakle with an opened letter in her hand. But no hamper.

8. "David Copperfield," said Mrs. Creakle, leading me to a sofa, and sitting down beside me, "I want to speak to you very particularly. I have something to tell you, my child."

9. Mr. Creakle, at whom of course I looked, shook his head without looking at me, and stopped up a sigh with a very large piece of buttered toast.

10. "You are too young to know how the world changes every day," said Mrs. Creakle, "and how the people in it pass away. But we all have to learn it, David; some of us when we are young, some of us when we are old, some of us at all times of our lives."

11. I looked at her earnestly.

12. "When you came away from home at the end of the vacation," said Mrs. Creakle, after a pause, "were they all well?" After another pause, "Was your mama well?"

13. I trembled without distinctly knowing why, and still looked at her earnestly, making no attempt to answer.

14. "Because," said she, "I grieve to tell you that I hear this morning your mama is very ill."

15. A mist rose between Mrs. Creakle and me, and her figure seemed to move in it for an instant. Then I felt the burning tears run down my face, and it was steady again.

16. "She is very dangerously ill," she added.

17. I knew all now.

18. "She is dead."

19. There was no need to tell me so. I had already broken out into a desolate cry, and felt an orphan in the wide world.

20. She was very kind to me. She kept me there all day, and left me alone sometimes; and I cried and wore myself to sleep, and awoke and cried again. When I could cry no more, I began to think; and then the oppression on my breast was heaviest, and my grief a dull pain that there was no ease for.

21. And yet my thoughts were idle; not intent on the calamity that weighed upon my heart, but idly loitering near it. I thought of our house shut up and hushed. I thought of the little baby, who, Mrs. Creakle said, had been pining away for some time, and who, they believed, would die too. I thought of my father's grave in the churchyard, by our house, and of my mother lying there beneath the tree I knew so well.

22. I stood upon a chair when I was left alone, and looked into the glass to see how red my eyes were, and how sorrowful my face. I considered, after some hours were gone, if my tears were really hard to flow now, as they seemed to be, what, in connection with my loss, it would affect me most to think of when I drew near home

— for I was going home to the funeral. I am sensible of having felt that a dignity attached to me among the rest of the boys, and that I was important in my affliction.

23. If ever child were stricken with sincere grief, I was. But I remembered that this importance was a kind of satisfaction to me, when I walked in the playground that afternoon while the boys were in school. When I saw them glancing at me out of the windows, as they went up to their classes, I felt distinguished, and looked more melancholy, and walked slower. When school was over, and they came out and spoke to me, I felt it rather good in myself not to be proud to any of them, and to take exactly the same notice of them all, as before.

24. I was to go home next night; not by the mail, but by the heavy night coach, which was called the Farmer, and was principally used by country people traveling short intermediate distances upon the road. We had no story-telling that evening, and Traddles insisted on lending me his pillow. I don't know what good he thought it would do me, for I had one of my own; but it was all he had to lend, poor fellow, except a sheet of letter paper full of skeletons; and that he gave me at parting, as a soother of my sorrows and a contribution to my peace of mind.

25. I left Salem House upon the morrow afternoon. I little thought then that I left it, never to return. We traveled very slowly all night, and did not get into Yarmouth before nine or ten o'clock in the morning. I looked out for Mr. Barkis, but he was not there; and instead of him a fat, short-winded, merry-looking little old man in

black, with rusty little bunches of ribbons at the knees of his breeches, black stockings, and a broad-brimmed hat, came puffing up to the coach window, and said: "Master Copperfield?"

26. "Yes, sir."

27. "Will you come with me, young sir, if you please," he said, opening the door, "and I shall have the pleasure of taking you home."

I. Definitions: (1) ăn nĭ vĕr′sà rў, *the annual return of the day on which an event took place;* (2) ĭn′tẽr val, *space of time between two events;* (3) rīm′ў, *damp, as if covered with frost;* (3) clăm′mў, *soft and sticky;* (3) pẽr spẽe′tĭve, *view;* (5) hăm′pẽr, *a large basket;* (5) à lăc′rĭ tў, *cheerful readiness;* (20) ŏp pres′sion (-prĕsh′ŭn), *a sense of heaviness;* (23) sĭn çēre′, *real, honest;* (23) mĕl′ăn chŏl ў, *gloomy, sad;* (24) ĭn tẽr mē′dĭ ăte, *coming between, intervening.*

II. Suggestions: This piece is full of the tender pathos of which Charles Dickens was a master. Let the pupil try to read it as if he, too, felt all the desolation which was in David Copperfield's heart, when he heard of his mother's death.

XII. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace.

The author of the famous novel "Ben-Hur" is distinguished as a soldier, diplomat, and writer. He served as lieutenant in the Mexican War, as major-general in the War for the Union, and in 1885 he was appointed Minister to Turkey. General Wallace was born in Indiana in 1827, and for many years his home has been at Crawfordsville.

1. A little later, the lights in the khan were put out, and there was silence, and then sleep. About midnight some one on the roof cried out, "What light is that in the sky? Awake, brethren, awake and see!"

The people, half asleep, sat up and looked; then they became wide-awake, though wonderstruck. And the stir spread to the court below, and into the lewens; soon the entire tenantry of the house and court and enclosure were out gazing at the sky.

2. And this is what they saw:

A ray of light, beginning at a height immeasurably beyond the nearest stars, and dropping obliquely to the earth; at its top, a diminishing point; at its base, many furlongs in width; its sides blending softly with the darkness of the night; its core a roseate electrical splendor. The apparition seemed to rest on the nearest mountain southeast of the town, making a pale corona along the line of the summit. The khan was touched luminously, so that those upon the roof saw each other's faces, all filled with wonder.

Steadily, through minutes, the ray lingered, and then the wonder changed to awe and fear; the timid trembled; the boldest spoke in whispers.

3. "Saw you ever the like?" asked one.

"It seems just over the mountain there. I can not tell what it is, nor did I ever see anything like it," was the answer.

"Can it be that a star has burst and fallen?" asked another, his tongue faltering.

"When a star falls, its light goes out."

"I have it!" cried one, confidently. "The shepherds have seen a lion, and made fires to keep him from the flocks."

The men next the speaker drew a breath of relief,

and said: "Yes, that is it! The flocks were grazing in the valley over there to-day!"

4. A bystander dispelled the comfort.

"No, no! Though all the wood in the valleys of Judah was brought together in one pile and fired, the blaze would not throw a light so strong and high."

After that there was silence on the house top, broken but once again while the mystery continued.

"Brethren!" exclaimed a Jew of venerable mien, "what we see is the ladder our father Jacob saw in his dream. Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers!"

5. A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain.

The day of the occurrences which occupy the preceding chapters, a number of shepherds, seeking fresh walks for their flocks, led them up to this plain; and from early morning the groves had been made to ring with calls, and the blows of axes, the bleating of sheep and goats, the tinkling of bells, the lowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs. When the sun went down, they led the way to the Mârâh, and by nightfall had everything safe in the field; then they kindled a fire down by the gate, partook of their humble supper, and sat down to rest and talk, leaving one on watch.

6. There were six of these men, omitting the watchman; and after a while, they assembled in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone. As they went bareheaded habitually, their hair stood out in thick, coarse, sunburnt shocks; their beard covered their

throats, and fell in mats down the breast; mantles of the skin of kids and lambs, with the fleece on, wrapped them from neck to knee, leaving the arms exposed; broad belts girthed the rude garments to their waists; their sandals were of the coarsest quality; from their right shoulders hung scrips containing food and selected stones for slings, with which they were armed; on the ground near each one lay his crook, a symbol of his calling and a weapon of offense.

7. While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat. The night was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children! He moved toward the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's.

8. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view; he saw the whole field, and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air — a chill of fear — smote him. He looked up: the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked it became a splendor; then in terror he cried: "Awake! awake!"

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away. The herds rushed together, bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they asked in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, "the sky is on fire!"

9. Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces, blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them: "Fear not!"

And they listened.

"Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

They rose upon their knees, and beheld in the center of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed with steady luster; its hands were stretched toward them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

10. They had often heard, and in their simple way talked, of angels; and they doubted not now, but said, in their hearts, "The glory of God is about us, and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai."

Directly the angel continued: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!" Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

"And this shall be a sign unto you," the annunciator said next. "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

11. The herald spoke not again: his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed the center, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, far as the men could see, there were flashing of white wings and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Not once the praise, but many times.

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off: he arose lightly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him.

I. Definitions: (1) khän, *an eastern inn* or *tavern;* (1) eōurt, *an uncovered area shut in by buildings;* (1) lew'ens, *cell-like rooms surrounding the court of the khan, used for storage;* (2) fûr'lŏng, *one eighth of a mile;* (2) ăp på rī'tion, *an unexpected and wonderful appearance;* (2) eō rō'nà, *a circle of light;* (2) lū'mĭ nous lў, *brightly;* (3) fąl'tẽr ĭng, *hesitating;* (4) dĭs pělled', *driven away by scattering;* (4) vĕn'ẽr à ble, *deserving respect;* (6) prōne, *flat;* (6) măn'tles, *loose garments, cloaks;* (6) gĭrthed (t), *bound;* (6) săn'dal, *a kind of shoe consisting of a sole strapped to the foot;* (6) serĭps, *small bags;* (6) erōōk, *the staff used by a shepherd:* (8) bē wĭl'dẽred, *greatly perplexed;* (9) ĭn tŏl'ẽr à blў, *unbearably;* (10) ăn nŭn'ci a tor (-shĭ ā tẽr), *one who announces;* (11) hĕr'ald, *messenger;* (11) rā'dĭ ant, *sending out light;* (11) chănt'ĭng, *singing.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of: (1) midnight, (2) southeast, (2) immeasurably, (2) steadily, (2) electrical, (3) confidently, (3) speaker, (4) bystander (suffix *er*, meaning *one who*, is used with verbs to form nouns); (5) nightfall, (6) watchman, (6) bareheaded, (6) sunburnt, (7) dreamless, (8) breathlessly, (8) invisible.

III. Notes: Bethlehem, meaning "house of bread," was the birthplace of Jesus Christ. It is six miles south of Jerusalem, in the territory of Judah. (4) The "valleys of Judah" belonged to one of the twelve tribes of Israel, situated in the southern part of Palestine.

HEROIC TALES.

XIII. THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

1. No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nations' throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay — his life!

2. The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard:
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

3. What was it, that passed like an ominous breath —
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound — nor a thing of sense —
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense

That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

4. The air of the valley has felt the chill:
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.
Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill stream widen? Is it a horse —
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say —
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!

5. God! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

6. Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet;
And this the cry he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"
He cries and is gone; but they know the worst —
The breast of the Williamsburg dam has burst!

The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon — It comes! it comes!

7. A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the bones they shatter — white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless Terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

8. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God! the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

9. When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

I. Definitions: (1) thrōe, *extreme pain;* (3) ŏm′ĭ noŭs, *foreshadowing evil;* (4) ĭn stĭn̲e′tĭve, *natural, acting without reason;* (4) ăr rĕsts′, *checks;* (6) trĕnd, *general direction;* (6) vāle, *valley;* (6) mĕn′ȧ-cĭng lў, *threateningly;* (7) ăs′pēet, *appearance;* (7) brŭnt, *the greatest fury;* (7) rāveș, *rushes wildly.*

II. Notes: The incident which this stirring poem commemorates occurred in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, May 16, 1874. The pupil should compare this poem with "Conemaugh" (see page 188, of the Fourth Book, Part I, of this Series).

(9) Mär′eŭs Cûr′ti us (-shĭ ŭs) was a brave Roman youth who, as the story goes, nobly gave his life for the good of his country, 362 B.C. A yawning chasm had opened in the forum, and it was prophesied that it could be filled only by throwing into it the most precious treasure of Rome. Thereupon Curtius appeared, on horseback in full armor, and exclaiming, "Rome has no greater riches than courage and arms!" he leaped into the abyss, which at once closed over him.

XIV. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

By Thomas Campbell.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow in 1777. While but a youth, at the university of that city, of which he subsequently became lord rector, he distinguished himself by his translations from the Greek poets. Before he was twenty-two he had published his "Pleasures of Hope." "The Battle of the Baltic," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "Theodoric" are among his longer poems. His poetry is, as a rule, graceful and highly polished.

Campbell followed literature as a pursuit. His death occurred at Boulogne, France, in 1844, and he was given a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

2. "Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

3. "And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

4. "His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

5. Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

6. "And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

7. By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

8. But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

9. "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

10. The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

11. And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

12. For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

13. "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!"—

14. 'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

I. Definitions: (1) tăr′rў, *wait;* (3) hĕath′ĕr, *a low evergreen shrub;* (4) härd, *close;* (4) bŏn′nў, *handsome, gay;* (5) wīght, *a human being;* (5) wĭn′sŏme, *merry;* (7) à pāçe′, *quickly;* (7) wa′tĕr-*wrāith, a spirit supposed to preside over the waters;* (11) prē vāil′ĭng, *overcoming;* (12) sōre, *very greatly;* (12) dĭs māyed′, *terrified.*

II. Note: (1) The Highlands of Scotland may be described as that portion of the north and northwest of Scotland in which the Gāel′ĭe language and manners still linger. The Highlands are famous for their beautiful scenery; they abound in bold mountains, picturesque valleys, and beautiful lakes, or lŏc*h*s as they are called in the Gaelic.

III. Suggestions for study: Read this heroic tale, and call to mind the several persons and scenes as portrayed in its rhythmical lines. Since reading it, whom do you consider the real hero, — the chieftain, Lord Ullin, or the boatman?

How many syllables in the first and third lines of each stanza? how many in the second and fourth? The poetic *feet* in each line may be indicated thus:

His horse | men hard | be-hind | us ride;
Should they | our steps | dis-cov | er.

In the first and third lines there are four *feet* or measures of two syllables each, and, as you observe, the second syllable of each foot is the accented one. In the second and fourth lines there are three *feet* and an added syllable, which is unaccented in every case.

Reading verses in such a manner as to indicate the poetic feet in each line is called *scanning.* Scan the fourth stanza.

XV. A SONG OF THE CAMP.

By Bayard Taylor.

1. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

2. The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

3. There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

4. They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

5. They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

6. Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

ALL SANG "ANNIE LAURIE."

7. Dear girl ! her name he dared not speak ;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

8. Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

9. And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

10. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

11. Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

I. Definitions: (1) bŏm bärd′ĭng, *attacking with artillery;* (3) gu̇ärdz̤′man, *a member of any body of soldiers called Guards;* (3) stôrm, *to assault furiously a fortified place;* (4) băt′tẽr ў, *the place where cannon are kept for defense or attack;* (4) Sĕv′ẽrn, Ɇlўde, Shăn′nŏn, *names of important rivers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively;* (5) Ăn′nĭe Läu′rĭe, *a famous Scottish song;* (8) ĕm′bẽrz̤, *the smoldering remains of a fire;* (9) môr′tărz̤, *short cannon used for throwing bombs and shells;* (10) gōr′ў, *covered with blood.*

II. Notes: If you will turn to a map in your geography which represents the region about the Black Sea, you will see the leaf-shaped peninsula of the Ɇrĭ mē′ȧ. In 1855 the allied English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish armies were endeavoring to take by siege and assault the stronghold of Sĕv ăs tō′pŏl. This was strongly fortified, the defense centering about the Rĕ dän′, a saw-shaped fortification, and the Mäl′ȧ kŏff, a tower defended by a large force of Russians with heavy guns. On the eighth of September, at noon, the cannonade suddenly ceased; the French soldiers made an assault upon the Malakoff tower, while the English forces (composed largely of Scotch and Irish regiments) stormed the Redan, but were driven out again with a loss of twenty-four hundred men.

XVI. LOCHINVAR.

From "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott.

1. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,—
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word:
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide.
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh, —
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume.
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,—
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

I. Definitions: (1) Bôr′dẽr, *the section of country lying on either side of the boundary line between England and Scotland;* (2) găl lănt′, *a suitor;* (2) lăg′gârd, *a slow, unwilling person;* (2) dās′tārd, *a coward;* (3) hạll, *the chief room of a castle;* (3) erā′ven, *a cowardly, weak-hearted fellow;* (3) brī′dal, *a marriage;* (4) mĕaṣ′ûre, *dance;* (5) quâffed (t), *drank;* (6) găl′liard (-yērd), *a gay dance;* (6) bŏn′nĕt, *a sort of woolen cap worn by men in Scotland;* (7) chärġ′ẽr, *a war horse, a steed;* (7) eroup, *the place behind the saddle on a horse;* (7) fleet, *swift;* (8) lēa, *field.*

II. Pronounce: Lŏe*h* ĭn vär′, Ĕsk, Nĕth′ẽr bў, Sŏl′wāy (Solway Fĭrth or Frĭth, an arm of the sea between England and Scotland, noted for the rapid rise and fall of the tides), Graemes (Grāmz), Cān′nō bie.

XVII. MARCOS BOZZARIS.

By Fitz-Greene Halleck.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there;
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

3. An hour passed on, — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek, —
"To arms! — they come! — The Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band —
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!"

4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

I. Definitions: (1) sŭp′plĭ anç*e*, *submission ;* (1) trō′phies (-fĭz), *memorials of victory, such as flags or arms taken from an enemy ;* (1) sĭg′nĕt rĭng, *a ring containing a signet or private seal ;* (2) sīreṣ, *fathers ;* (3) sĕn′trĭeṣ, *sentinels, guards ;* (4) cŏm′rădeṣ, *companions ;* (5) stō′rĭed, *told in a story ;* (5) nûr′tûred, *nourished, brought up.*

II. Notes: Mär′cos Boz zăr′ĭs, a Greek patriot who was killed in 1823 during the war for the liberation of Greece from the control of the Sultan of Turkey.

(2) Sụ′lĭ ōtes, a mixed race of people who formerly lived in Sụ′lĭ, a mountainous district in European Turkey.

(2) Plă tae′a (tē′a), an ancient, but now ruined, city of Greece. It is famous as the place where, in 479 B.C., the Greeks gained a victory over the Persians, and thus repelled their invasion.

III. Suggestion: This poem affords an excellent opportunity for drill in *expressive* reading. The good reader will mark clearly by tone, emphasis, and inflection the difference between the lines which are purely narrative, the exclamations of fear, and the commands by which Bozzaris encourages his followers.

SHORT READINGS FROM HISTORY.

XVIII. SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND AS TWO KINGDOMS.

FROM "TALES OF A GRANDFATHER," BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

This selection is from Chapter I of "Tales of a Grandfather," a historical work published in 1827. In the preface we read: "These Tales were written in the interval of other avocations for the use of the young relative to whom they are inscribed. Having been found useful to the young person for whom the compilation was made, they are now given to the public, in the hope that they may be a source of instruction to others."

The writings of Sir Walter Scott, in both prose and poetry, include many of the best-known works in the English language.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. England is the southern and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are more

wealthy and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland. The towns, also, are much more numerous, and more populous.

2. Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills, and huge moors, and wildernesses, which bear no corn and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller, and less full of inhabitants than in England. But as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

3. Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have lived as one people, under the same government. Accordingly, about two hundred years ago (1603), the King of Scotland becoming King of England, as I shall tell you in another part of this book, the two nations have ever since then been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

4. But before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars between the two nations; and, far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbors and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they

possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many, many hundred years; and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

5. A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And, after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain, and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called the British, or Britons, whom they found living there.

6. The Romans, who were a very brave people, and well armed, beat the British, and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. The Romans, therefore, gave up all attempts to subdue this impenetrable country, and resolved to remain satisfied with that level ground of which they had already possessed themselves.

7. Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans.

8. These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called the Scots and the Picts; they often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and the Britons who had been subdued by them. At length, the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain and laying it waste.

9. For this purpose, they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall; and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place; so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall was built between the two great friths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day. You can see it on the map.

10. This wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and inclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled themselves in great numbers, and climbed over the wall, in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them. A man named Grahame is said to have been the first soldier who got over; and the common people still call the remains of the wall Graham's Dike.

11. Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the barbarians (for so they termed the Picts

and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from the Picts and Scots.

12. Yet the barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over this second wall as ever they had done to break through the former. But the Roman soldiers defended the second wall so well that the Scots and Picts could not break through it; though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of oxhides stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief. In the meantime, the poor Britons led a very unhappy life; for the Romans, when they subdued their country, having taken away all their arms, they lost the habit of using them, or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of their conquerors.

13. But at this time, great quarrels, and confusion, and civil wars, took place at Rome. So the Roman emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could against their unruly and warlike neighbors, the Picts and Scots. The Roman soldiers were very sorry for the poor Britons, but they could do no more than to help them by repairing the wall of defense. They therefore built it all up, and made it as strong as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships and left the island.

II.

14. After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians; for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and Scots broke through the wall at several points, wasted and destroyed the country, and took away the boys and girls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep and upon the cattle, and burnt the houses, and did the inhabitants every sort of mischief.

15. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north of Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now, these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts (449, A.D.) and drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built; and they were never afterward so troublesome to their neighbors.

16. But the Britons were not much better for the defeat of their northern enemies; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful, rich country it was, and that the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from

them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them ; but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain.

17. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years ; and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime, the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England ; which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons who had conquered it.

18. While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and the Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarreled and fought between themselves ; and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts. The common people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely ; but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country, and made the rest their servants and slaves ; at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, did to the south part ; and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots, and England, the land of the English.

19. The two kingdoms were divided from each other on the east by the river Tweed; then, as you proceed westward, by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and at length by a branch of the sea called the Frith of Solway. The division is not very far from the old Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins; but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over hills and through great bogs and morasses.

20. You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other. There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths, and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, also a very wild and mountainous country, whither the remains of the ancient Britons had fled, to obtain safety from the Saxons.

21. The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws; yet the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it frequently. The two countries were under different kings, who fought together very often and very desperately; and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other. . . .

22. The English are very fond of their fine country; they call it "Old England," and "Merry England," and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains; and in the old language of the country they call it "the land of the lakes and mountains, and of brave men;" and often, also, "the land of cakes," because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men.

I. Definitions: I. (2) mo͞orş, *extensive wastes of poor land:* (2) côrn, *a general term for oats, barley, wheat, etc.;* (3) sĕp′à rā tĕd, *parted;* (3) ăe côrd′ĭng lў, *therefore;* (4) ĭn vād′ĭng, *going into;* (4) tĕr′rĭ tô-rĭeş, *large tracts of land;* (6) sŭb dūe′, *conquer by force, bring under;* (10) ăs sĕm′bled, *brought together;* (11) bär bā′rĭ anş, *rude, uncivilized men.*

II. (15) fâst′nĕss ĕş, *secure retreats;* (16) rê ş̧ŏlved′, *determined;* (16) strōve (form of "strive"), *struggled;* (19) mŏ răss′ĕş, *tracts of soft, wet ground;* (20) prĕç′ĭ pĭ çĕş, *cliffs;* (20) hēath, *a cheerless tract of country overgrown with shrubs.*

II. Pronounce: Brĭt′ain, Brĭt′ĭsh, Brĭt′ȯnş, Seŏts, Seŏt′land, Seŏt′-tĭsh, Pĭets, Wālęş, Wĕlsh, Ăn̲′gleş, Ăn̲′glō-Săx′ȯnş.

III. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of the following: (1) numerous; (1) populous; (6) impenetrable; (6) inhabitant; (6) opposition; (12) furious; (12) protection; (13) confusion; (15) barbarous; (16) possession (suffix *ion* means *act, state,* or *condition of;* note carefully the pronunciation of words ending in *tion* and *sion*); (17) descendant (suffix *ant* means *one who*); (20) mountainous (suffix *ous* means *full of, having*).

IV. Review questions: Tell the location and general character of England and Scotland. What were the relations of the two

kingdoms before they were united under one king? About how long ago did this union take place?

What brave people first invaded Britain many hundred years ago? What progress did the Romans make in conquering Scotland? Why was the Roman wall built, and where was it located?

When and why did the Anglo-Saxons come into Britain? What did they accomplish?

Where is Wales, and for what are its people noted? What are some of the names applied to England and Scotland?

XIX. THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

FROM "TALES OF A GRANDFATHER," BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

1. The Saxons, you recollect, had conquered the Britons, and now there came a new enemy to attack the Saxons. These were the Normans, a people who came from France, but were not originally Frenchmen. Their forefathers were a colony of those northern pirates, whom we mentioned before as plundering all the seacoasts which promised them any booty.

2. They were frequently called Northmen, or Normans, as they came from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the other northern regions. A large body of them landed in the north part of France, and compelled the king of that country to yield up to them the possession of a large territory, or province, the name of which was changed to Normandy, when it became the property of these Northmen, or Normans.

3. This province was governed by the Norman chief, who was called a duke, from a Latin word signifying a

general. He exercised all the powers of a king within his dominions of Normandy, but, in consideration of his being possessed of a part of the territories of France, he acknowledged the king of that country for his sovereign, and became what was called his vassal.

4. A great king, or sovereign prince, gave large provinces, or grants of land, to his dukes, earls, and noblemen ; and each of these possessed nearly as much power within his own district as the king did in the rest of his dominions. But then the vassal, whether duke, earl, or lord, or whatever he was, was obliged to come with a certain number of men to assist the sovereign, when he was engaged in war ; and in time of peace, he was bound to attend on his court when summoned, and do homage to him, — that is, acknowledge that he was his master and liege lord.

5. In like manner, the vassals of the crown, as they were called, divided the lands which the king had given them into estates, which they bestowed on knights and gentlemen whom they thought fitted to follow them in war and to attend them in peace ; for they, too, held courts and administered justice, each in his own province.

6. Then the knights and gentlemen who had these estates from the great nobles, distributed the property among an inferior class of proprietors, some of whom cultivated the land themselves, and others by means of husbandmen and peasants, who were treated as a sort of slaves, being bought and sold like brute beasts, along with the farms on which they labored.

7. The system of holding lands for military service, that is, for fighting for the sovereign when called upon,

was called the Feudal System. It was general throughout all Europe for a great many ages.

8. But as many of these great crown-vassals, as, for example, the dukes of Normandy, became extremely powerful, they were in the custom of making peace and war at their own hand, without the knowledge or consent of the King of France, their sovereign. In the same manner, the vassals of those great dukes and princes frequently made war on each other, for war was the business of every one; while the poor bondsman, who cultivated the ground, was subjected to the greatest hardships, and plundered and ill-treated by whichever side had the better.

9. The nobles and gentlemen fought on horseback, arrayed in armor of steel, richly ornamented with gold and silver, and were called knights or squires. They used long lances, with which they rode fiercely against each other, and heavy swords, or clubs, or maces, to fight hand to hand, when the lance was broken.

10. Inferior persons fought on foot, and were armed with bows and arrows, which, according to their form, were called longbows or crossbows, and served to kill men at a distance, instead of guns and cannon, which were not then invented.

11. The poor husbandmen were obliged to come to the field of battle with such arms as they had; and it was no uncommon thing to see a few of these knights and squires ride over and put to flight many hundreds of them; for the gentry were clothed in complete armor, so that they could receive little hurt, and the poor peasants had scarce

clothes sufficient to cover them. You may see coats of the ancient armor preserved in the Tower of London and elsewhere, as matters of curiosity.

12. It was not a very happy time this, when there was scarcely any law, but the strong took everything from the weak at their pleasure ; for as almost all the inhabitants of the country were obliged to be soldiers, it naturally followed that they were engaged in continual fighting.

II.

13. While things were in this state, William, the duke of Normandy, and the leader of that valiant people whose ancestors had conquered that province, began, upon the death of good King Edward the Confessor, to consider the time as favorable for an attempt to conquer the wealthy kingdom of England.

14. He pretended King Edward had named him his heir ; but his surest reliance was upon a strong army of his brave Normans, to whom were joined many knights and squires from distant countries, who hoped, by assisting this Duke William in his proposed contest, to obtain from him good English estates.

15. The Duke of Normandy landed (on the 28th of September) in Sussex, in the year 1066. He had an army of sixty thousand chosen men, for accomplishing his bold enterprise. Many gallant knights who were not his subjects joined him, in the hope of obtaining fame in arms and estates, if his enterprise should prosper.

16. Harold, who had succeeded Edward the Confessor

on the throne of England, had been just engaged in repelling an attack upon England by the Norwegians, and was now called upon to oppose this new and more formidable invasion. He was, therefore, taken at considerable disadvantage.

17. The armies of England and Normandy engaged in a desperate battle near Hastings, and the victory was long obstinately contested. The Normans had a great advantage from having amongst them large bands of archers, who used the longbow, and greatly annoyed the English, who had but few bowmen to oppose them, and only short darts called javelins, which they threw from their hands, and which could do little hurt at a distance.

18. Yet the victory remained doubtful, though the battle had lasted from nine in the morning until the close of the day, when an arrow pierced through King Harold's head, and he fell dead on the spot. The English then retreated from the field, and Duke William used his advantage with so much skill and dexterity that he made himself master of all England, and reigned there under the title of William the Conqueror. He divided a great part of the rich country of England among his Norman followers, who held lands of him for military service, according to the rules of the feudal system.

19. The Anglo-Saxons, you may well suppose, were angry at this, and attempted several times to rise against King William, and drive him and his soldiers back to Normandy. But they were always defeated; and so King William became more severe toward these Anglo-Saxons, and took away their lands and their high rank and

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appointments, until he left scarce any of them in possession of great estates, or offices of rank, but put his Normans above them, as masters, in every situation.

20. Thus the Saxons who had conquered the British, as you have before read, were in their turn conquered by the Normans, deprived of their property, and reduced to be the servants of those proud foreigners. To this day, though several of the ancient nobility of England claim to be descended from the Normans, there is scarcely a nobleman, and very few of the gentry, who can show that they are descended of the Saxon blood; William the Conqueror took so much care to deprive the conquered people of all power and importance.

21. It must have been a sad state of matters in England, when the Normans were turning the Saxons out of their estates and habitations, and degrading them from being freemen into slaves. But good came out of it in the end; for these Normans were not only one of the bravest people that ever lived, but they were possessed of more learning and skill in the arts than the Saxons.

22. They brought with them the art of building large and beautiful castles and churches composed of stone, whereas the Saxons had only miserable houses made of wood. The Normans introduced the use of the longbow also, which became so general that the English were accounted the best archers in the world, and gained many battles by their superiority in that military art.

23. Besides these advantages, the Normans lived in a more civilized manner than the Saxons, and observed among each other the rules of civility and good breeding

of which the Saxons were ignorant. The Norman barons were also great friends to national liberty, and would not allow their kings to do anything contrary to their privileges, but resisted them whenever they attempted anything beyond the power which was given to them by law.

24. Schools were set up in several places by the Norman princes, and learning was encouraged. Large towns were founded in different places of the kingdom, and received favor from the Norman kings, who desired to have the assistance of the townsmen in case of any dispute with their nobility.

25. Thus the Norman Conquest, though a most unhappy and disastrous event at the time it took place, rendered England, in the end, a more wise, more civilized, and more powerful country than it had been before.

I. Definitions: I. (1) pī′rāt*e*s, *robbers on the high seas;* (1) bōō′tў, *that which is seized by robbery;* (3) dō mĭn′ĭons (-yŭnz), *territories;* (3) sôv′ẽr ĕĭgn, *highest ruler:* (4) lĭc̆g*e*, *sovereign:* (5) ăd mĭn′ĭs tẽred, *served out, dispensed;* (6) ĭn fē′rĭ ŏr, *lower;* (6) prō prī′ė tŏrs̨, *owners;* (11) hŭs̨′band men, *farmers.*

II. (13) văl′iant (-yant), *brave;* (14) ĕs tāt*e*s̨′, *property in lands;* (16) rė pĕll′ĭng, *resisting successfully;* (16) fôr′mĭ dȧ ble, *alarming;* (16) ĭn vā′s̨ion, *a warlike entrance into another country;* (17) jāve′lĭn, *a sort of short spear;* (19) ăp point′ments, *offices;* (22) ăc count′ĕd, *considered;* (23) prĭv′ĭ lĕg̃ ĕs̨, *rights.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of the following: (1) originally; (3) consideration; (13) favorable; (16) considerable; (17) obstinately; (20) foreigners; (22) superiority; (23) national; (23) civility, civilized (suffix *ize* means *to make*); (25) disastrous.

III. Notes: (11) The Tower of London is historically one of the most interesting spots in England. It is an irregular mass of buildings erected at different times. It stands on the banks of the Thames

River, to the east of the city, and is a very old fortress — so old that there is little doubt that some kind of fortress stood here in the time of the Romans in England. But the present Tower of London really originated with William the Conqueror. In the Tower is a place called the Horse Armory, a long gallery built in 1826; this contains a collection of old armor carefully arranged.

(15) Sussex is the name of one of the most southern counties of England. Hastings is a town in Sussex, on the seashore.

IV. Review questions: Who were the Normans, and where did they come from originally? How was Normandy governed? What was the Feudal System, and what is your opinion of it?

When and by whom was the battle of Hastings fought? What were some of the results of this great battle?

XX. THE ACADIANS AND THEIR EXILE.

From "Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

1. Peace was declared between France and England in 1748. By one of the provisions of the treaty, Louisburg, which the New Englanders had been at so much pains to take, was restored to the King of France.

2. The French were afraid that, unless their colonies should be better defended than heretofore, another war might deprive them of the whole. Almost as soon as peace was declared, therefore, they began to build strong fortifications in the interior of North America.

3. It was strange to behold these warlike castles, on the banks of solitary lakes, and far in the midst of woods. The Indian, paddling his birch canoe on Lake Champlain, looked up at the high ramparts of Ticonderoga, stone piled on stone, bristling with cannon, and the white flag of France floating above.

4. There were similar fortifications on Lake Ontario, and near the great Falls of Niagara, and at the sources of the Ohio River. And all around these forts and castles lay the eternal forest; and the roll of the drum died away in those deep solitudes.

5. The truth was, that the French intended to build forts all the way from Canada to Louisiana. They would then have had a wall of military strength at the back of the English settlements, so as completely to hem them in. The King of England considered the building of these forts as a sufficient cause of war, which was accordingly commenced in 1754.

6. And now began what aged people call the Old French War. It would be going too far astray from the history of our chair, to tell you one half of the battles that were fought. I can not even allow myself to describe the bloody defeat of General Braddock, near the sources of the Ohio River, in 1755. But I must not omit to mention that when the English general was mortally wounded and his army routed, the remains of it were preserved by the skill and valor of George Washington.

7. At the mention of this illustrious name, the children started, as if a sudden sunlight had gleamed upon the history of their country, now that the great deliverer had arisen above the horizon.

8. Among all the events of the Old French War, Grandfather thought that there was none more interesting than the removal of the inhabitants of Acadia. From the first settlement of this ancient province of the French, in

1604, until the present time, its people could scarcely ever know what kingdom held dominion over them.

9. They were a peaceful race, taking no delight in warfare, and caring nothing for military renown. And yet, in every war, their region was infested with iron-hearted soldiers, both French and English, who fought one another for the privilege of ill-treating these poor, harmless Acadians. Sometimes the treaty of peace made them subjects of one king, sometimes of another.

10. At the peace of 1748, Acadia had been ceded to England. But the French still claimed a large portion of it, and built forts for its defense. In 1755, these forts were taken, and the whole of Acadia was conquered by three thousand men from Massachusetts, under the command of General Winslow. The inhabitants were accused of supplying the French with provisions, and of doing other things that violated their neutrality.

11. "These accusations were probably true," observed Grandfather; "for the Acadians were descended from the French and had the same friendly feelings toward them that the people of Massachusetts had for the English. But their punishment was severe. The English determined to tear these poor people from their native homes and scatter them abroad."

12. The Acadians were about seven thousand in number. A considerable part of them were made prisoners, and transported to the English colonies. All their dwellings and churches were burnt, their cattle were killed, and the whole country was laid waste, so that none of them might find shelter or food in their old homes, after

the departure of the English. One thousand of the prisoners were sent to Massachusetts.

13. A sad day it was for the poor Acadians, when the armed soldiers drove them, at the point of the bayonet, down to the seashore. Very sad were they, likewise, while tossing upon the ocean, in the crowded transport vessels. But, methinks, it must have been sadder still, when they landed on the Long Wharf, in Boston, and were left to themselves, on a foreign strand.

14. Then, probably, they huddled together, and looked into one another's faces for the comfort which was not there. Hitherto, they had been confined on board of separate vessels, so that they could not tell whether their relatives and friends were prisoners along with them. But, now, at least, they could tell that many had been left behind or transported to other regions.

15. Now, a desolate wife might be heard calling for her husband. He, alas ! had gone, she knew not whither, or perhaps had fled into the woods of Acadia, and had now returned to weep over the ashes of their dwelling.

16. Oh, how many broken bonds of affection were here ! Country lost ! friends lost ! their rural wealth of cottage, field, and herds, all lost together ! Every tie between these poor exiles and the world seemed to be cut off at once. They must have regretted that they had not died before their exile ; for even the English would not have been so pitiless as to deny them graves in their native soil. The dead were happy ; for they were not exiles !

17. "Certainly, their lot was as hard as death," said

Grandfather. "All that could be done for them, in the English provinces, was to send them to the almshouses, or bind them out to taskmasters. And this was the fate of persons, who had possessed a comfortable property in their native country.

18. "Some of them found means to embark for France; but, though it was the land of their forefathers, it must have been a foreign land to them. Those who remained behind always cherished a belief, that the King of France would never make peace with England, till his poor Acadians were restored their country and their homes.

19. "The exiles grew old in the British provinces, and never saw Acadia again. Their descendants remain among us to this day. They have forgotten the language of their ancestors, and probably retain no tradition of their misfortunes. But, methinks, if I were an American poet, I would choose Acadia for the subject of my song."

20. Since Grandfather first spoke these words, the most famous of American poets has drawn sweet tears from all of us by his beautiful poem of "Evangeline."

I. Definitions: (1) prŏ vĭ'sions (-vĭzh'ŭnz), *conditions or agreements;* (3) răm'pärts, *the main embankments which surround the walls of a fort;* (3) brĭs'tlĭng, *standing like bristles;* (7) ĭl lūs'trĭ oŭs, *distinguished, noble;* (9) rē nown', *fame, glory;* (9) ĭn fĕst'ĕd, *annoyed, overrun;* (10) çēd'ĕd, *given up;* (10) pōr'tion, *part:* (10) neū trăl'-ĭ tў, *the state of not taking part with either of two contending parties:* (12) trăns pōrt'ĕd, *removed;* (13) bāy'ō nĕt, *a pointed instrument of the dagger kind fitted on the muzzle of a gun:* (13) trăns'pōrt vĕs'sĕl, *a vessel employed in carrying soldiers, military stores, or convicts from one place to another;* (13) strănd, *shore;* (16) ĕx' ĭles, *persons expelled from*

their country by authority; (19) trȧ dĭ'tion, *information transmitted orally from father to son.*

II. Pronounce: (3) Çhăm plāin', (3) Tī cŏn dēr ō'gȧ, (5) Cän'ȧ dȧ, (5) Lọu ĭ ṣĭ ä'nȧ, (6) Brăd'dŏck, (8) Ȧ eā'dĭ ȧ, (10) Wĭnṣ'lōw.

III. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of the following: (2) fortifications, (11) accusations, (16) pitiless, (17) certainly, (17) taskmasters, (17) comfortable, (18) forefathers, (19) descendants, (19) misfortune (suffix *mis* means *wrong* or *ill*).

IV. Suggestions for study: What is meant by "Grandfather's Chair" as it appears at the head of this lesson? What can you tell about "Grandfather's Chair"?

Who wrote "Ė văn'ġe līne"? Have you read "Evangeline"? Quote something that was written by its author.

V. Notes: (1) Louisburg is a seaport on the southeast coast of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. Only a few fishermen live there now; but there still remain the ruins of the old town, which, under the French, was the strongest fortress in North America. It had a large trade in codfish.

(8) Acadia was the name given by the French settlers to Nova Scotia on its first settlement in 1604.

XXI. THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

From "Short History of United States," by Horace E. Scudder.

1. When the British troops reached Charlestown, they encamped on a hill called Bunker Hill. Just beyond, nearer to the water which separates Charlestown from Boston, was Breed's Hill. At the foot of these hills was the town of Charlestown. A ferry carried people across to Boston.

2. The men in the country who had been roused did not go back quietly to their farms. They had been drilling in militia companies for a long time, and now they

marched to Cambridge and encamped on Cambridge Common. The Provincial Congress at Concord, three days after the fight, resolved that an army of thirty thousand men should be raised, and proposed that nearly half the number should be enlisted in Massachusetts.

3. The other New England colonies voted to raise regiments, and troops quickly gathered and surrounded Boston. There was a Rhode Island army and a Connecticut army, an army of Massachusetts and an army of New Hampshire. There was, however, no united army, and no general commanding all the forces.

4. The news of Lexington and Concord was sent to Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress was assembled. It was evident that if there was an army of Americans encamped about Boston, that army was fighting for all the colonies, and not for New England only. The Provincial Congress at Concord asked the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to make the army a Continental army, and to appoint a commander-in-chief. The members agreed, without a dissenting voice, upon George Washington of Virginia.

5. Washington set out from Philadelphia for Cambridge, but on the way he heard a startling piece of news. The army of which he was to take command had not waited for him. It had fought the battle of Bunker Hill.

6. The way it came about was this. After the fight at Concord, the patriot camps about Boston really shut the British up in the town. The people in Boston who feared fighting were very anxious to get away. The

people outside of Boston, who were on the king's side, were anxious to get into Boston, where they would be under the protection of the British soldiers.

7. Thus there was a great deal of going back and forth. The king's men could at any time leave the town by sea, but, if they wished to hold the place, they must also hold the hills which overlooked it. The most important of these were Bunker and Breed's in Charlestown, and Dorchester Heights opposite Boston on the other side.

8. It was clear to the patriots also that if they wished to command Boston they must get possession of the hills. So, after much thought, just as the British were planning to occupy Dorchester Heights, the Americans made up their minds to seize upon the Charlestown hills and build a fort there.

9. On the night of the 16th of June, about two months after the Concord fight, a company of Americans marched from Cambridge Common to Charlestown. They came to Bunker Hill, but saw that they would not be safe unless they fortified Breed's Hill, which was nearer to Boston.

10. So, a little after midnight, they went to work with a will, a thousand men digging in the earth to raise an embankment on the top of the hill. Their leader was Colonel Prescott, whose grandson was afterward a famous American writer.

11. When the sun rose on the morning of the 17th of June, it shone on a fortification six or seven feet in height, behind which were a thousand men, who had

toiled through the night, and were still busily strengthening their defense.

12. As soon as the captain of a British man-of-war, lying in the stream, saw what had been done, he began firing on the fort. His guns gave notice in Boston, and the British officers at once met in council. At first they proposed to send a force of men to Charlestown Neck, to attack the fort from the rear. They decided, however, to cross to Charlestown and storm the fort in front.

13. The Americans, meanwhile, were sending messengers to Cambridge, to ask for more troops and guns. General Israel Putnam, a brave Connecticut soldier, was very busy, riding back and forth and cheering the men. He was the highest officer in rank on the ground, and while Prescott was in command behind the fort, Putnam took general charge of affairs.

14. It was noon before the British landed, but they kept up a constant fire from their ships to prevent the Americans in Cambridge from going to Charlestown. By three o'clock the British soldiers were formed in line at the foot of the hill; at the top were the Americans, with beating hearts, waiting the attack. There was a rail fence stretching down one side of the hill. They had hastily filled this in with sticks and grass, and some of the men were behind it.

15. They had very little powder and shot, and both Putnam and Prescott knew how needful it was for the men to save their ammunition. If they could have the courage to hold their ground until the enemy came close to them, it would be much in their favor.

16. "Wait till the enemy are within eight rods," they said. "Save your powder." "Men, you are all marksmen," said Putnam. "Don't one of you fire till you see the whites of their eyes."

17. The eager men, their hearts thumping at the approach of the enemy, could not restrain themselves. One and another fired, but their commanders indignantly ordered them to stop. On came the British, marching in a solid body. They came nearer. They were within eight rods. "Fire!" came the command; and the Americans, springing up, poured their fire down upon the advancing line.

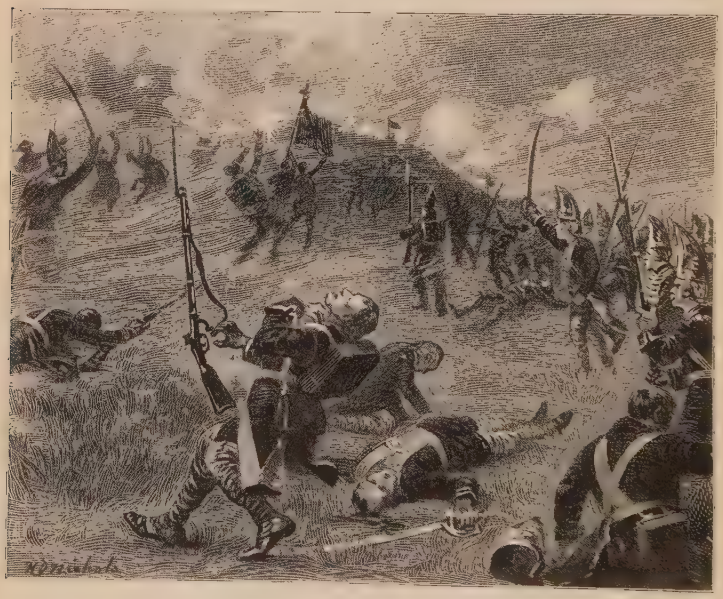
18. Still the enemy pressed forward. Again and again the Americans fired. The British hesitated. Their commander ordered a retreat. They turned and went down the hill, and a shout burst from the Americans.

19. Now, if only reënforcements and ammunition would come from Cambridge! But the fire from the ships made that next to impossible. Only a few could make their way across the narrow neck. The men who had worked all night and all day had to bear the brunt of the fight.

20. In a quarter of an hour more the second attack came. Again the dusty, smoke-covered men beat back the British soldiers. In vain the British officers pricked their men forward with the bayonet. They were forced to order a retreat. Once more the men behind the earthworks and the fence burst into a cheer.

21. When the third attack was made, the British were more cautious and more determined. They placed

their cannon where they could reach the inside of the fort, and again they advanced, their number increased by fresh troops. Once more the Americans received them, but their ammunition was gone. They seized their muskets by the barrel and used them as clubs. They hurled stones upon the advancing men, but such a fight could end only in one way.



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL — WARREN'S DEATH.

22. The Americans, fighting desperately hand to hand, now began to give way, and to retreat slowly toward Cambridge. They had fought a brave fight. They had lost; but the battle of Bunker Hill, as it is called,

was one of those memorable battles where the courage of the men who fought in it is remembered long, though the battle is lost.

I. Definitions: (2) mĭ lĭ'tia (-lĭsh'ă), *citizens enrolled for military drill, but not subject to actual service except in an emergency;* (2) Prō-vĭn'cial (-shal) Cŏn'grĕss, *the meeting of delegates from the different towns of the province;* (2) ĕn lĭst'ĕd, *enrolled for military service;* (4) Cŏn tĭ nĕn'tal Cŏn'grĕss, *the meeting of delegates from the different provinces or colonies in America;* (4) dĭs sĕnt'ĭng voice, *a vote in opposition;* (5) stär'tlĭng, *surprising;* (15) ăm mū nĭ'tion, *powder and bullets;* (19) re ĕn fōrçe'ments, *additional troops.*

II. Suggestions for study: When was the battle of Lexington fought? What important action was taken by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts shortly after this battle? What action was taken by the other New England colonies?

Why did Washington leave Philadelphia in the spring of 1775 and go to Massachusetts? What action on the part of the Americans led to the battle of Bunker Hill? Give an account of the battle. Why do you think it is considered an important battle?

XXII. JOHN PAUL JONES.

From "Stories of our Country."

I.

1. The firing of the cannon at Lexington and Bunker Hill, which brought the oppressed colonists the unwelcome fact of desolating war, was also a signal to bad men to use the opportunity of war to carry out their worst purposes. These men fitted out vessels called privateers with which they annoyed the settlements along the coasts, and plundered and robbed defenseless people. They also sailed upon the high seas, and seized many a ship laden

with merchants' goods bound for American ports. As a defense against these depredations, Congress found it necessary, in 1775, to organize a navy. Accordingly, an order was issued to construct and equip six vessels for cruising off the coasts of the Eastern colonies.

2. Among the commanders commissioned at the same time was John Paul Jones, a little, wiry Scotchman, not more than twenty years of age. He was slight in physical stature, with a thoughtful expression, and dark, piercing eyes. All the greatness of a true hero slumbered in his brain, his heart, and his sinews; and it only needed the electric spark of opportunity to awaken it to full development. That spark was not long withheld; and when the War for Independence had closed, he had fought twenty-three battles on the sea; made descents upon Great Britain or her colonies; snatched from her navy, by conquest, four large ships; compelled her to fortify her home ports, and to desist from cruel burnings in America, and from torturing American seamen in prisons and on prison-ships.

3. Among his many engagements and triumphs at sea, none, perhaps, is more interesting and exciting than that which occurred near Leith, on the coast of Scotland, in 1779. Here he encountered a merchant-fleet from the Baltic, convoyed by the *Serapis*, mounting forty guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, of twenty-four guns. The Scotch people knew Jones, and his approach filled them with terror. Late in the afternoon of the 16th of September, his little squadron of four vessels was distinctly seen from Edinburgh Castle.

4. The people believed that he was coming to plunder and destroy; and, at their earnest solicitation, the minister of the town, an eccentric and not always a very reverential man, led his flock to the beach, and, kneeling down, prayed for deliverance. While the minister was praying, the white caps began to dot the Frith. A heavy gale swept over the waters, and Jones was compelled to put to sea. The good people of Kirkcaldy always regarded that timely gale as an answer to the prayer of Mr. Shirra.

5. But the providence that protected the people of Leith and the neighborhood did not shield the convoy of the Baltic fleet from Jones's wrath less than a week afterward. His squadron now consisted of his own vessel, the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance*, and the *Alliance*, which was commanded by Landais, who was disposed to be disobedient. Jones pressed sail on the *Richard* and made chase, followed by the *Pallas* and *Vengeance*. Slowly the *Richard* and *Serapis* approached each other. Up went the red ensign of the British navy, and was nailed to the flagstaff of the *Serapis*.

6. Sluggishly in the gentle breeze fluttered the stars and stripes over the *Richard*, as she rounded to, her antagonist within pistol-shot distance. The *Serapis* displayed two complete batteries, and a well-armed spar-deck, all lighted and cleared for action. The *Richard* displayed her heavy guns at the same time, when the English commander hailed, "What ship is that?" Jones hurled an eighteen-pound shot in reply, that went crashing through a port of the *Serapis* and splintered a gun-

carriage. The tempest-cloud was now riven, and the lightning and thunder of two heavy broadsides flashed and boomed over the waters. Thus began one of the most terrible sea-fights recorded in history.

7. The *Richard* had a gunroom battery on her lower deck which had served faithfully for thirty years. At the first discharge, two of the guns were bursted, killing almost every man in the gunroom. The firing was

"BON HOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS" IN ACTION.

incessant, and each ship tried to gain an advantage over the other. Their spars and rigging became entangled. The great guns of the combatants were now almost useless, and Jones at the head of his Americans attempted to board the enemy. After a sharp and close contest he was repulsed, and Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*, who could not see the American flag in the midst of the smoke,

cried out, "Has your ship struck?" Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

II.

8. It was now half-past eight in the evening, and the conflict had raged for an hour. It grew more furious, and from deck to deck of the entangled vessels the combatants rushed madly, fighting like demons. The *Richard* and her crew suffered terribly, yet they fought on. She had been pierced by several eighteen-pound balls below water, and leaked badly.

9. A new enemy now appeared. When the *Richard* gave chase to the *Serapis*, Landais placed the *Alliance* at a safe distance and looked calmly on the unequal contest. When it had raged for two hours, he ran toward the grappled ships, fired a broadside into the *Richard's* quarter, and killed several of her men. It was the right ship for him. He had made no mistake, but was practicing foulest villainy — blackest treason. He hoped to kill Jones, make an easy prize of the *Serapis*, and gain all the honors of a great victory.

10. The courage of Jones quailed not in that dreadful hour, nor were his wonderful efforts slackened. Soon the commander of the *Alliance* was badly wounded and his men were scattered. Jones took his place. The marines in the tops of the *Richard* soon killed or dispersed those of the enemy, and they cast hand grenades with such energy and success, that the *Serapis* was set on fire in a dozen places at the same time.

11. In the midst of the appalling scene, when both

ships were on fire, the wounded carpenter of the *Richard* said she must sink. The frightened gunner ran aft to pull down the American flag, but a round shot had carried away the ensign yard an hour before. Then the gunner cried: "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!" He continued his cries until Jones silenced him by hurling a discharged pistol at his head, which sent him headlong down the hatchway.

12. "Do you call for quarter?" shouted Captain Pearson to Jones. "Never!" responded the lion-hearted commodore. "Then I'll give none!" replied Pearson, and immediately sent a party to board the *Richard*. They were met at the rail by Jones, with pike in hand, and, supposing he had many at his back, the enemy retreated. At that moment there was a sound of many feet rushing to the upper deck of the *Richard*. The master-at-arms had released all the prisoners on board. One of them had escaped to the *Serapis* and informed the commander of the utterly crippled condition of the *Richard*. Encouraged by this information, Pearson renewed the battle with increased vigor.

13. The situation of Jones was now extremely critical. His ship was sinking, his heavy guns were all silenced, except where he was fighting; some of his officers were determined on surrendering; others were crying for quarter and a large number of prisoners were free to do as they pleased. Nothing ever appeared more hopeless than his prospect of success. But he had resources in himself, at such an hour, possessed by few men. He saw the affright of the prisoners at the idea of sinking, and ordered them to

the pumps to save their lives. As he expected, the first law of nature overcame their desire for liberty and duty to the king.

14. Suddenly, now, the flames began to creep up the rigging of the *Serapis*, and in their glare and the full light of the moon, Jones saw that her mainmast had been hewed almost asunder by his double-headed shots. He immediately renewed the assault at that point, and the tall mast reeled. Captain Pearson perceived his danger, and, lacking the courage and obstinacy of Jones in the moment of great peril, he struck his flag, and surrendered to his really weaker foe.

15. "It is painful," he said, in a surly manner to Jones, "to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halter round his neck." Jones preserved his temper, and courteously replied, as he returned the weapon: "Sir, you have fought like a hero; and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

16. Even so it happened, for knighthood awaited Captain Pearson at the hands of King George III., because of his bravery on this occasion. It is said that when Jones was told of the honor conferred upon his antagonist, he remarked: "Well he deserves it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him!"

I. Definitions: I. (1) prī vā teerz′, *armed private vessels which bear the commission of a government to cruise against an enemy;* (1) dĕp rē-dā′tions, *acts of plunder;* (2) ĕom mĭs′sioned, *appointed;* (2) phŷz′ĭe al stăt′ūre, *size of body;* (2) dē scĕnts′, *sudden attacks;* (3) ĕon voyed′, *attended, escorted;* (3) squåd′rŏn, *a number of vessels under the command of a senior officer;* (4) sō lĭç ĭ tā′tion, *persistent asking;* (4) ĕe-

çĕn′trĭe, *odd, peculiar;* (5) dĭs pōsed′, *inclined;* (6) slŭg′gĭsh lў, *lazily;* (6) round′ĕd to, *turned her head toward the wind;* (6) pōrt, *an opening in the side of a vessel;* (7) spärş, *round pieces of timber;* (7) rĭg′gĭng, *the ropes, chains, etc., that are attached to the masts and spars of a vessel;* (7) eŏm′bät ants, *those engaged in a struggle;* (7) bōard, *go aboard.*

II. (10) quāĭled, *quaked, trembled;* (10) mà rĭneş′, *soldiers serving on shipboard;* (10) grĕ nādeş′, *hollow balls of iron filled with powder or other explosives;* (11) ăp pạll′ĭng, *terrifying, frightful;* (11) åft, *near or toward the stern of a ship;* (11) ĕn′sīgn yärd, *flagstaff;* (11) quạr′tẽr, *mercy;* (11) hätch′wāy, *an opening in the deck of a vessel;* (12) eŏm′mŏ dōre, *the commander of a squadron;* (12) rāĭl, *the light structure that surrounds a deck;* (12) pīke, *a weapon consisting of a long staff with a pointed steel head;* (13) erĭt′ĭe al, *dangerous;* (14) ŏb′stĭ-nà çў, *firmness of will;* (14) strŭck, *hauled down;* (15) ăm′ple, *liberal.*

II. Pronounce: (3) Lēith, (3) Bạl′tĭe, (3) Sē rā′pĭs, (3) Seär′bor-ough (-bŭr rō), (3) Ed′in burgh (Ĕd′ĭn bŭr rō), (4) Kĭr*k* eạl′dў, (5) Bon Homme Richard (Bŏn ōm rĕ shär′).

III. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of, — (1) unwelcome, (1) defenseless, (1) colonist (suffix *ist* means *one who*), (2) development, (2) thoughtful, (3) engagement (suffix *ment* means *act, state,* or *condition of*), (4) deliverance, (5) disobedient (prefix *dis* means *not,* or *taking from*), (6) antagonist, (7) incessant, (8) terribly, (9) unequal, (10) wonderful, (15) courteously, (16) knighthood.

IV. Notes: John Paul Jones, the earliest of the great American naval heroes, was born at Kirkbean, Scotland, July 6, 1747. After winning fame on the sea in the Revolutionary War, he entered the naval service of France and afterward that of Russia. He died in Paris in 1792.

(3) Edinburgh Castle, in Edinburgh, Scotland, was the ancient home of the Scottish kings. It is grandly situated on the summit of a high rock, from which there is an extended and beautiful view.

(16) George III. was king of England from 1760 to 1820, that is during the period of the Revolutionary War, and also during the War of 1812. His persistent disregard of the petitions and rights of the American people brought on both wars, and resulted in the independence of the thirteen colonies, and the organization of the United States of America.

THREE FAMOUS POEMS.

XXIII. THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language;
Their voice can not be heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever;
The judgments of the LORD are true, and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect,
And I shall be clear from great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,
O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

I. Definitions: (1) fĭr′mȧ ment, *the sky or heavens;* (1) shew′eth (shō′ĕth), *reveals, makes known;* (4) līne, *instruction;* (4) tăb′ẽr nȧ ele, *a temporary habitation;* (12) dis cern′ (dĭz zẽrn′), *see by the eye;* (13) prē sŭmp′tŭ oŭs, *willful;* (13) trăns gres′sion (-grĕsh′ŭn), *violation of law;* (14) mĕd ĭ tā′tion, *thought.*

II. Notes: Poetry is usually written in one or other of two forms, — rhyme or blank verse. Rhyme demands that the final sounds of certain lines shall be similar. Blank verse demands simply that there shall be a certain number of syllables, definitely accented.

Hebrew poetry, of which the foregoing selection is a good illustration, was not determined by rhyme, nor by any definite measuring of accented syllables. It is distinguished by *parallelisms,* — that is,

one statement is followed by another of equal weight of meaning, either confirming or contradicting the first. Usually there are only two, although at times there are three parallel statements. In most cases the second parallel confirms and strengthens the first, but this is not always the case. It will be of interest to trace the parallelisms in this lesson.

XXIV. THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

By Joseph Addison.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Nearly two hundred years ago there appeared a new form of English literature. It was published in a periodical, containing a little general news, and consisted of short, lively essays on some moral or critical theme.

The most illustrious writer of this literature was Joseph Addison, and the most noted publication of its kind was called *The Spectator*. It was issued six times a week, and continued for some years. Addison contributed more than one half of its material.

Joseph Addison was born in England in 1672 and died in 1719. His prose writings are considered models of elegant English; his lyrical verses are pleasing and musical, and his hymns breathe a fervent and tender spirit of piety. The one given herewith is his well-known adaptation of the XIXth Psalm, with which it should be compared.

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2. Soon as the even shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

I. Suggestion: In order that the style of its expression may be in harmony with the dignity of its subject and language, this grand poem should be read with clear, full tones, and with deliberate rate of utterance.

II. A great writer's estimate: "I can hardly fancy a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe? . . . It

seems to me these verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer."

— From Thackeray's Essay on Addison.

XXV. THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

By Thomas Moore.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore began to print verses when he was but thirteen years of age; when he was twenty years old, he left his home in Ireland, and went to London, where he became at once a favorite in society. The whole fashionable world was charmed by his sweet singing of his own sweet songs. He wrote a great many short poems, some of which he published under the name of "Irish Melodies."

Everything he wrote was read with eagerness and delight, and, during his life, he was thought to be one of the greatest of English poets. This reputation has not been sustained since his death, in 1852, and at this time his lyrical poems are the only ones that retain great popularity.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light
   Of all this wondrous world we see;
   Its glow by day, its smile by night,
   Are but reflections caught from thee.
   Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
   And all things fair and bright are thine.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4. When youthful Spring around us breathes
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

I. **Suggestion**: Compare the thought of this beautiful poem with that of the two lessons immediately preceding it. These three selections illustrate the variety and wealth of English literature. The devout spirit which pervades them should be exemplified in their oral reading, and to learn them would be to make their beauty a permanent possession of the mind.

II. **Questions**: How many poetic feet in each line of this poem? Copy the first stanza and indicate the feet.

What is the meaning of "even" in line 2 of second stanza? Why did the poet use this word? What is meant by "those fires divine," in the third stanza?

LESSONS FOR LIFE.

XXVI. IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

By James T. Fields.

(An American author and publisher ; born 1817, died 1881.)

1. If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

2. If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once.

3. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then ; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning ; we wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of.

4. If I were to live my life again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately ; but memory soon

helps itself, and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

5. If I were a boy again, I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study, it is surely the history of our own land; and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely.

6. If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return.

7. If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point when a young man can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

8. If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows, that now sing to us all winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

9. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve happiness.*

I. Word study. Analyze and give the meaning of each of the following words: (1) perseverance; (1) inconvenient; (1) valuable; (1) determination; (2) nothing; (4) cultivation; (4) accurately; (4) everybody; (5) completely; (6) cheerful; (7) unworthy; (8) rigorously; (8) endurable.

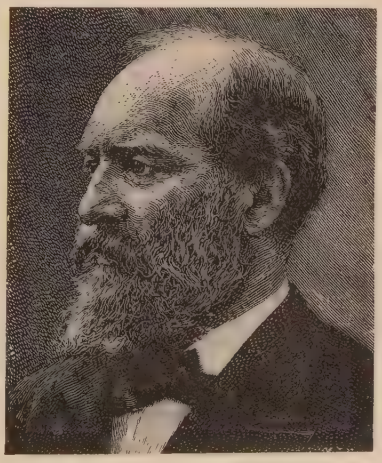
II. Exercise on synonyms: Copy the first three paragraphs, substituting another word or expression for each of the following: (1) "practice perseverance"; (1) "give a thing up"; (1) "conquer"; (1) "trait"; (1) "determination"; (2) "school"; (2) "come between"; (2) "subject in hand"; (3) "attend strictly"; (3) "are about"; (3) "bend our energies."

XXVII. SUCCESS IN LIFE.

By James A. Garfield.

James Abram Garfield was born in Ohio in 1831. His early youth was spent in poverty, but his eager desire for knowledge enabled him to overcome every obstacle and to acquire a college education.

He served some years in the national House of Representatives, and was elected President of the United States in 1880. Having held this great office a few months, he was shot by an assassin, and, after lingering three months, he died in September, 1881. His own experiences and success render this address worthy of the most careful attention and study.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

1. Poets may be born, but success is made; therefore let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck.

2. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

3. Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion can not make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours — a part of yourself.

4. Again: in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge — not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for

themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles.

5. Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours.

6. The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resemble rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart.

7. In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore

you to cherish, and guard, and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

I. Definitions: (2) ĭg′nĭs făt′ŭ ŭs, *a phosphorescent light that sometimes appears, in the night, over marshy grounds*, — hence a misleading influence, a decoy; (4) ĕm′ĭ nenṣe, *high rank, distinction;* (6) ăr ĭs tŏc′rå ṣĭeṣ, *governments in which certain privileged classes are regarded as superior to the rest of the community;* (6) strā′tŭm (plural, strā′tå), *a layer of soil or rock of one kind*, — strata are a series of these layers as they appear in the crust of the earth; (7) eā på bĭl′ĭ tĭeṣ, *intellectual powers or abilities;* (7) mĕch′an ĭṣm, *the parts of a machine taken collectively.*

II. Suggestions: Notice that this selection is composed largely of short, direct sentences, and, therefore, it requires clear, crisp tones, and an emphatic style of delivery.

Observe, too, that some sentences contain *contrasted* words, and that these must be indicated in oral reading by emphasizing them. Thus, in the first sentence, *poets* is contrasted with *success*, and *born* with *made*. Point out the contrasted words in the following sentences, and give them proper emphasis:

(2) "You may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

(2) "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

(3) "If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them."

(4) "If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it."

(5) "In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving."

XXVIII. THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

By Dr. Samuel Smiles.

Samuel Smiles was a man of varied talents. He wrote a biography of the great engineer, George Stephenson, and afterward delivered a series of talks to some young mechanics of Leeds, England. Through the influence of this work Dr. Smiles was led to compile a book consisting of biographies, sketches, anecdotes, and moral reflections, which was published under the title, "Self Help." Hundreds of thousands of copies of this work have been sold in its English form or in translations. Other books of a similar character, since published, have served to increase the fame of "Self Help" as a powerful influence upon the young toward courageous action in the battle of life.

"He that despiseth little things shall perish by little and little."
— Ecclesiastes.

1. Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with. Character is built up on little things — little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for. Good government can only be accomplished in the same way — by well-regulated provisions for the doing of little things.

2. Accumulations of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life are set down

as failures — because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

3. There has long been a popular belief in "good luck"; but, like many other popular notions, it is gradually giving way. The conviction is extending that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be proportionate to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not use the proper efforts to secure them.

4. It is not luck, but labor, that makes men. Luck, says an American writer, is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labor on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence; Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

5. A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking out for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, of whom he was partially enamored, one day entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned

and her hair untidy ; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin"; but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterward made a good husband. He judged of women as of men — by little things ; and he was right.

6. Neglect of the little things has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises. The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost, because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. For want of a nail, the shoe of the aid-de-camp's horse was lost ; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost ; for want of the horse, the aid-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him ; and for want of the aid-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost ; and all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in a horse's shoe.

7. "It will do!" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do!" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burned down many a house, and irretrievably ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a makeshift. It is a failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do, is the point to be aimed at. Let a man once adopt the maxim of "it will do," and he is given over to the enemy — he is on the side of incompetency and defeat — and we give him up as a hopeless subject.

8. M. Say, the French political economist, has related the following illustration of the neglect of little things:

"Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, inclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two and a few minutes' time, would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

9. "One day a fine porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farmhouse, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milkmaid, having forgotten in her haste to tie up the cattle in the cow house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed.

10. "The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth full five pounds, and the colt worth nearly double that money, so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half-pence."

11. Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich, and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.

I. Definitions: (1) cŏm păr'ā tĭve lў, *in comparison, relatively;* (2) ăe eū mū lā'tions, *stores;* (3) cŏn vĭe'tion, *fixed belief;* (4) lĕg'ā çў, *a gift of property by will;* (4) eŏm'pē tençe, *property or means sufficient to provide the necessaries and conveniences of life;* (5) ĕn ăm'ŏred, *charmed, captivated;* (6) märred, *injured;* (6) ĕn tēr prīṣ'ēṣ, *projects, undertakings;* (6) āid'-de-camp (-käng), *an officer selected by a general to carry orders;* (7) ĭr rē trĭēv'ā blў, *beyond repair;* (8) pō lĭt'ĭ cal ē cŏn'ō mĭst, *one skilled in the science of wealth, its production, distribution, etc.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of the following derivative words: (1) honorably; (1) unimportant; (2) carefully; (3) gradually; (3) proportionate; (4) postman; (4) self-indulgence; (4) independence; (5) partially; (5) unpinned; (5) untidy; (6) intelligence; (7) incompetency; (8) illustration; (8) expenditure; (9) gardener; (9) milkmaid; (11) habitually; (11) insignificant.

III. Suggestion: This and the selection following depend for their value upon their practical good sense, and the sound advice which they contain. Read them, therefore, carefully and plainly, so as to express clearly the thought contained in each sentence.

XXIX. DESIRABLE OBJECTS OF ATTAINMENT.

By John Stoughton.

1. Aim at the attainment of clear and accurate habits of thought. A man may think a great deal, and not think clearly; and it is quite possible to mistake muddiness for depth. There are men who appear very thoughtful; but there seems to be neither beginning, nor middle, nor end to what they say. All is a confused jumble. Writing carefully is a good plan for acquiring habits of clear and concerted thought, since a man is more likely to detect the disorder of his thoughts in writing than in talking.

2. Aim at independence of thought. There are some men who go in leading strings all their days. They always follow in the path of others, with no good reason for their own opinions. Independence of mind is not presumptuous self-confidence, which is the associate of ignorance; but it is a modest yet firm exercise of judgment upon subjects which the mind understands, — the opposite of that slavish habit which makes one man the mere shadow of another.

3. Acquire habits of observation. We live in a world of wonders. A thousand objects appeal to a proper use of our eyes and our ears. Books teach much; but that practical knowledge, so useful in the progress of life, that tact in business, so desirable, can only be gained by observation. As a mode of study, it is the cheapest and most convenient of all. Its handmaid is curiosity; and we should never let false pride, lest we should display ignorance, prevent us from asking a question, when it can be answered. The learned John Locke, on being asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, deep, and extensive, answered that "he attributed what little he knew to the not being ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own professions and pursuit."

4. Cultivate humility. It is the attribute of great and noble minds. Sir Isaac Newton spoke of himself, at the close of life, as "a child who had spent his time in gathering pebbles on the shore, while the ocean remained untraversed"; and Mozart, the great musician, just before he

died, said, "Now I begin to see what might be done in music." These ascended to a high elevation on the mountain of knowledge; but this gave them a better idea of the loftiness of the summit.

5. The more we know, the more we shall be convinced of our own ignorance. This is trite enough; but if the great apostles of science and philosophy confessed they knew so little, what ground of boasting can there be for the tyro in their schools? Humility — so beautiful and becoming, so allied to true intellectual greatness — is of itself favorable to mental improvement. It opens the mind to receive instruction with docility, and makes one willing to be taught and corrected. Cultivate humility.

I. Definitions: (2) lēad′ĭng strĭngs, *strings by which children are supported when beginning to walk;* (3) ăc ēū′mŭ lāte, *bring together,* (3) ăt trĭb′ū tĕd, *ascribed, referred;* (3) dē sĕrĭp′tions, *classes;* (3) tŏp′ĭcs, *subjects;* (4) hŭ mĭl′ĭ tў, *freedom from pride;* (4) ăt′trĭ būte, *quality;* (5) trīte, *common;* (5) tў′rŏ, *a beginner;* (5) ăl līed′, *united;* (5) dŏ-cĭl′ĭ tў, *willingness to be taught.*

II. Word study: Analyze and define: (1) attainment; (1) muddiness; (1) disorder; (2) slavish (suffix *ish* means *like*); (3) observation; (3) information; (3) profession; (4) untraversed; (4) loftiness; (5) intellectual; (5) improvement.

III. Note: Sir Isaac Newton was a famous English mathematician and natural philosopher who was born in 1642, and died in 1727. He it was who discovered the law of gravitation.

As the story goes, he was sitting in his orchard one day when his attention was awakened by a falling apple. "What makes the apple fall to the earth?" said Newton. He pursued this inquiry until he was able to account for it by the *law of gravitation.* According to this law, "every two bodies or portions of matter in the universe attract each other with a force proportional directly to the quantity of matter they contain, and inversely to the squares of their distances."

XXX. ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

1. In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

2. 'Twas on a May day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ

Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

3. Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But, be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath sent me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

4. Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

5. And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

I. Definitions: (1) breech'es (brĭch'ĕs), *a garment worn by men, usually called knee-breeches;* (1) Sound, *a narrow body of water between an island and the mainland,* — here Long Island Sound; (2) ŏm'ĭ nŏŭs, *indicating some terrible future event;* (2) ĭn ĕx'ō rȧ ble, *firm, unyielding;* (3) ăd jŏûrn', *to close a meeting for the day or time;* (3) ĭn tōl'ẽr ȧ ble, *unbearable, deep;* (4) Spēak'ẽr, *the presiding officer;* (4) ȧl bē'ĭt, *although;* (4) ālē'wīve, *a kind of herring;* (4) eŏl' lēagues, *associates.*

II. For study: Tell the meanings of: (1) "a brown homestead"; (1) "councils of the State"; (2) "the low-hung sky"; (3) "State House"; (3) "Lord's Great Day"; (4) "figures of speech"; (4) "ten Arab signs."

What is the moral of this poem? What lesson did the poet intend to teach his readers?

III. Note: (2) A sā'gȧ is an old story of Northern Europe. It may be a religious or historic tale, or only a mythical legend. More often than otherwise, it is the latter. By the expression "Norland sagas" is meant the poetic tales and legends of the Norsemen, the early people of Scandinavia.

IV. Questions: In what kind of verse is this poem written? How many poetic feet in each line? How do the lines in this poem differ from those of "Hiawatha"?

SHORT READINGS IN POPULAR SCIENCE.

XXXI. THE MOON.

By Richard A. Proctor.

(A noted English astronomer, born 1837, died 1888.)

1. I am going to say a few words about the moon ; but there are many matters relating to her of great interest which I must leave untouched, for the simple reason that there is not room to speak of them in a single paper.

2. Thus the moon's changes of shape from the horned moon to the half, and thence to the full moon, with the following changes from full to half, and so to the horned form again, are well worth studying ; but I should want all the space I am going to occupy, merely to explain properly those changes alone.

3. So a study of the way in which the moon rules the tides would, I am sure, interest every thoughtful reader ; but there is not room for it here.

4. Let us now turn to consider the moon ; not as the light which makes our nights beautiful, nor as the body which governs the mighty ocean in its tidal sway, but as another world, — the companion planet of the earth.

5. It has always been a matter not only of the deepest curiosity, but of the greatest scientific import, whether other planets, and particularly our own satellite, are inhabited or exhibit any traces whatever of animal or vegetable life.

6. One or two astronomers have claimed the discovery of vegetation on the moon's surface, by reason of the periodic appearance of a greenish tint; but as the power of the telescope is such as to bring the moon to within about a hundred and twenty miles of us, these alleged appearances can not be satisfactorily verified.

7. The moon is a globe, two thousand one hundred and sixty-five miles in diameter; very much less, therefore, than our earth, which has a diameter of about seven thousand nine hundred and twenty miles.

8. Thus the moon's surface is less than one thirteenth of the earth's. Instead of two hundred millions of square miles as the earth has, the moon has only about fourteen millions of square miles, or about the same surface as North and South America together, without the great American islands of the Arctic regions.

9. The volume of the earth exceeds that of the moon more than forty-nine times. But the moon's substance is somewhat lighter. Thus the mass, or quantity of matter in the moon, instead of being a forty-ninth part of the earth's, is about an eighty-first part.

10. This small companion world travels like our own earth around the sun, at a distance of ninety-three millions of miles. The path of the moon around the sun is, in fact, so nearly the same as that of the earth that it would be almost impossible to distinguish one from the other, if they were both drawn on a sheet of paper a foot or so in diameter.

11. You may perhaps be surprised to find me thus saying that the moon travels round the sun, when you have

been accustomed to hear that the moon travels round the earth. In reality, however, it is round the sun the moon travels, though certainly the moon and the earth circle around each other.

12. The distance of the moon from the earth is not always the same; but the average, or mean distance, amounts to about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight miles. This is the distance between the centers of the two globes. With this distance separating them, the companion worlds — the earth and the moon — circle round each other, as they both travel round the central sun.

13. But now you will be curious to learn whether our companion planet, the moon, really presents the appearance of a world, when studied with a powerful telescope.

14. If we judged the moon in this way, we should say that she is not only not inhabited by living creatures, but that she could not possibly be inhabited. What is it that makes our earth a fit abode for us who live upon it? Her surface is divided into land and water. We live on the land; but without the water we should perish.

15. Were there no water, there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no rivers, brooks, or other streams. Without these, there could be no vegetable life; and without vegetable life, there could be no animal life, even if animals themselves could live without water.

16. Yet again, the earth's globe is enwrapped in an atmosphere, — the air we breathe. Without this air, neither animals nor vegetables could live. I might go further and show other features of the earth, which we are

at present justified in regarding as essential to the mere existence, and still more to the comfort, of creatures living upon the earth.

17. Now, before the telescope was invented, many astronomers believed that there was water on the moon, and probably air also. But as soon as Galileo examined the moon with his largest telescope (and a very weak telescope it was), he found that whatever the dark parts of the moon may be, they certainly are not seas.

18. More and more powerful telescopes have since been turned on the moon. It has been shown that there are not only no seas, but no rivers, pools, lakes, or other water surfaces. No clouds are ever seen to gather over any part of the moon's surface. In fact, nothing has ever yet been seen on the moon which suggests in the slightest degree the existence of water on her surface, or even that water could at present possibly exist, and, of course, without water it is safe to infer there could be neither vegetable nor animal existence.

19. It would seem, then, that apart from the absence of air on the moon, there is such an entire absence of water that no creatures now living on the earth could possibly exist upon the moon. Certainly man could not exist there, nor could animals belonging to any except the lowest orders of animal life.

I. Definitions: (4) tīd′al, *pertaining to the tides, which are the alternate rising and falling of the waters of the ocean*: (4) plān′ĕt, *a heavenly body revolving around the sun*; (5) săt′ĕl līte, *a body revolving around another planet,—for example, the moon*: (6) ăs trŏn′ō mērs, *persons who*

have a knowledge of the heavenly bodies and their laws; (6) pē rĭ ŏd′ĭe, *occurring at regular intervals;* (6) ăl lĕġed′, *asserted;* (6) vĕr′ĭ fied, *proved true;* (18) ĭn fĕr′, *conclude.*

II. Notes: (17) Găl ĭ lē′ō was born at Pisa, Italy, in 1564. He was a famous philosopher and made many discoveries.

The planets that revolve around the sun, in the order of their distances from it, are the following: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, the asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Ū′rà nŭs, Neptune.

XXXII. FOSSILS AND THEIR LESSONS.

From "Ages Ago," by Edith Carrington.

1. When a historian wishes to write the story of a nation from its remotest period, he must depend for information on traditions, on ancient manuscripts, monuments, relics, and other dubious sources. Owing to these vague and unreliable records, historians often err. But Nature, in order that there may be no mistakes about the story of the world, has clearly set before our very eyes a complete record in letters of stone.

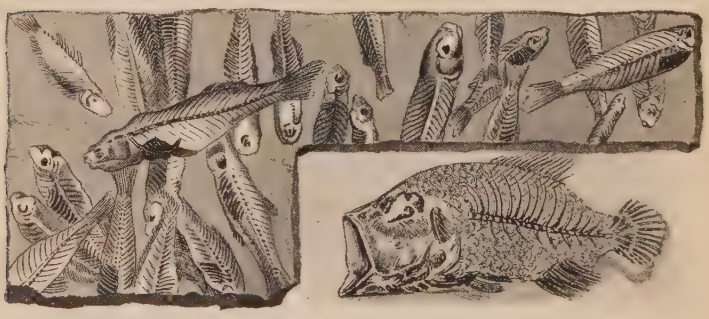
2. Investigation of the earth's crust not only teaches us that a mighty chain of living links stretches down from the first plants and animals to those of our own day, but it shows the exact order in which these plants and animals succeeded each other. The resemblance between the old forms and those now in existence proves the relationship which all living creatures bear to each other.

3. The succession of plants and animals is determined by the age of the rock in which their traces or actual forms are found; the oldest are, of course, found under-

most, and the newest next the surface. The remains of early animals and plants are called fossils (from the Latin *fossilis, something dug up*).

4. Fossils are found in various conditions. Sometimes, for instance, what was once a piece of coral in the primeval seas is a coral still, like that now in the Pacific Ocean. At another time the coral will be found in a changed condition, the original substance having been replaced by flint or some other mineral, but without the slightest change in the form.

5. In other cases an impression or stamp only is found of an animal or plant. These traces form an outline



FOSSIL FISH.

sketch from which its appearance and habits may be guessed. At one time the quarryman or geologist who breaks a mass of stone sees suddenly placed before him a model of the softest and most delicate parts of a plant or animal. At another time he may discover the actual bones, teeth, and scales of strange creatures, scarcely altered from their condition in the once living animal.

6. The remains of fish have been unearthed, which, though they exhibit weird and fantastic forms unlike those which now haunt our seas and rivers, are yet sufficiently like modern types as to put the fact beyond doubt that the former were ancestors of the latter. And these fossil fishes are sometimes so perfect that not one bone, nor one scale, is out of place or wanting.

7. Astonishing as it may seem, even the delicate wings of insects are preserved in the stone where ages ago they were embedded. Occasionally shells, some of them not unlike those which we pick up on the seashore to-day, and not only keeping their forms but their delicate color, are unearthed from among the remains of others now extinct.

8. All this shows the antiquity of our present races of animals. Long before a human foot trod this earth of ours, trees waved, butterflies flitted upon brilliant wings, and hosts of creatures basked in the sunshine.

9. Some vain mortals pique themselves on being able to trace their descent backward through a few centuries. But there is a humble little creature haunting most people's back yards or gardens who can count his pedigree by millions of years instead of by paltry hundreds. Though the common wood louse is shy and modest, he might boast if he liked; for he is the scion of an ancient and noble family, that of the *Trilobites*, once the monarchs of the world, because the most numerous and highly organized creatures in it.

10. The remains of their ancestry are found embedded in stone, and they show that at one time animals of the wood louse kind reached the length of nearly two feet.

They were covered as he is with a coat of armor. The plates or scales of this coat were arranged on the back of the trilobite in such a way as to be flexible, so that he could curl himself into a big ball.

11. The food of the trilobite must have been similar to that of his species nowadays. Since his eyes resemble those of living creatures, there is no reason to doubt that his habitation, manners, and customs were similar to theirs, and that light, air, and water were in the days of trilobites much what they are now.

12. But the age of trilobites passed away, and their reign gave place to that of other kindred, a kind of crab, closely allied to the king crab, now found in the Indian and American seas. The king crab was and is armed with a swordlike weapon at his tail, and his head is protected by a horseshoe-shaped helmet, so he is well armed for the battle of life. Since he and his ancestry have assisted in purifying the sea, we can perceive the wisdom which preserved them from age to age.

I. Definitions: (1) dū′bĭ *oŭs*, *doubtful, uncertain;* (4) prī mē′val, *belonging to the first ages;* (5) ġē ŏl′ō ġist, *one versed in the science which treats of the structure of the earth;* (6) wēird, *wild, magical;* (6) făn tăs′tĭc, *fanciful;* (7) ĕx tĭnct′, *without a survivor;* (8) ān tĭq′-uĭ tў, *great age;* (9) pique (pēk), *pride;* (9) pĕd′i gree, *record of a line of ancestors;* (9) pąl′trў, *mean;* (9) scī′ŏn, *a descendant, an heir;* (9) trī′lō bītes, *an extinct order of animals, protected by shells;* (10) flĕx′-ĭ ble, *able to be bent.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of: (1) unreliable; (2) resemblance; (2) relationship; (4) replaced; (5) outline; (5) appearance; (5) quarryman; (6) unearthed; (7) embedded; (9) backward; (11) habitation; (12) purifying.

XXXIII. ONE OF NATURE'S GIANTS.

From "Ages Ago," by Edith Carrington.

1. If Nature prefers to work with little tools, it is not because she can not forge big ones for her purpose. We can almost shudder at the thought of what one might have seen during the "Age of Reptiles," judging from those portions of their frames which are left behind. They were Nature's giant workers.

2. Were it not for these immense fossils, nobody would believe that such animals had ever existed. But we are forced to believe the history of their birth and death, because we see indubitable signs of them.

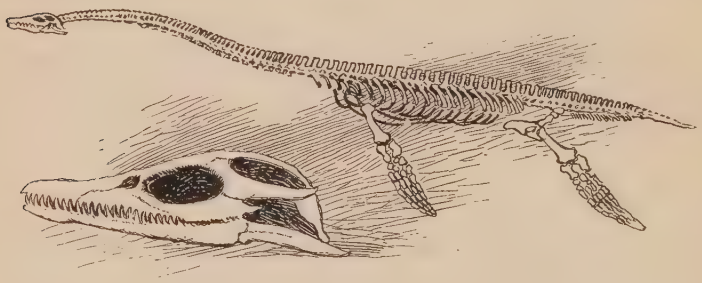
3. The only true notion of these primeval beasts can be formed by closely observing the living creatures most nearly resembling them. Amid the lonesome swamps of tropical lands enormous serpents may still be seen; these are the best imitations remaining of a once reptile-governed world.

4. But what are these puny representatives of the race of reptiles as compared with the monster lizards of old? The world wanted lizards at that time; its condition was suited to their peculiar structure and to that of no other more advanced creature.

5. Early in the present century, a poor girl living in a locality in England in which fossils abound was in the habit of earning a bare subsistence by the sale of these relics. One day as she was hard at work with her hammer, she noticed something which looked like a large

bone carved on the cliff. Eagerly she scraped away the surrounding rubbish, and was rewarded by finding the huge skeleton of a fossilized creature.

6. It was a monster some thirty feet in length, with jaws nearly six feet long and huge saucer eyes, which were afterwards found so perfect that the petrified lenses were split off and used as magnifiers. She hired workmen to remove this fine specimen of the fish-lizard, and it now stands in the British Museum. Remains of the same



FOSSIL SKELETON OF FISH-LIZARD.

species abound in many parts of England, some of them larger than this.

7. From the fossil skeletons and other relics of this mighty creature, naturalists have been able to find out to a great extent what its habits were; for to the way in which an animal has lived its form is a sure index. The great French naturalist Cuvier (Cü ve ä′) says of the fish-lizard, "It possessed the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, the teeth and jaws of a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, paddles like those of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped."

8. As the eyes of this huge lizard, which are as large as moderate-sized cannon balls, were protected by a ring of bony plates, it is supposed that he occupied or dived into deep seas, for this covering was meant to protect them from the pressure of the water. His paddles, too, are such as would belong to a creature swimming freely through wide and stormy oceans, being well developed and strong.

9. There can be no doubt that the fish-lizard was monarch of the early seas for a time. Kill or be killed must have been the rule of his life. His warlike tribe was armed with terrible weapons of offense, but it was short-lived.

10. It would seem that the coat of mail worn by the tortoises and turtles was a better protection in the long run than the powerful claws and jaws of the fish-lizard; the former are alive and flourishing to this day, while the latter have altogether vanished.

I. Definitions: (1) fôrġe, *form or shape;* (1) rĕp′tĭleṣ, *animals that crawl either like worms or upon short legs, but unlike worms they have bony skeletons;* (2) ĭn dū′bĭ tȧ ble, *not to be doubted;* (4) pū′nў, *small and feeble;* (5) sŭb sĭst′enċe, *means of support;* (6) spē′cies (-shēz), *kind, variety;* (6) pĕt′rĭ fīed, *converted into stone;* (6) lĕnṣ′ĕṣ, *pieces of glass or other transparent substances, shaped so as to make objects seen through them appear nearer, or farther away;* (7) ĭn′dĕx, *pointer, guide;* (7) quạd′rụ pĕd, *an animal having four feet;* (10) tôr′toĭs ĕṣ, *reptiles whose bodies are covered with upper and lower shells.*

II. Word study: Analyze and define the following: (3) tropical; (3) imitations; (4) representatives; (5) locality; (5) fossilized (suffix *ize* means *to make*); (7) naturalist; (9) short-lived; (10) powerful.

III. Questions: (7) What famous naturalist is mentioned in the above lesson? In what book can you learn something about him?

XXXIV. LECTURE ON A CANDLE.

From "The Chemical History of a Candle," by Michael Faraday, F.R.S.

1. I purpose, in return for the honor you do us by coming to see what are our proceedings here, to bring before you, in the course of these lectures, the Chemical History of a Candle. I have taken this subject on a former occasion, and, were it left to my own will, I should prefer to repeat it almost every year, so abundant is the interest which attaches itself to the subject, so wonderful are the varieties of outlet which it offers into the various departments of philosophy.

2. There is not a law under which any part of this universe is governed which does not come into play and is touched upon in these phenomena. There is no better, there is no more open door by which you can enter into the study of natural philosophy than by considering the physical phenomena of a candle. I trust, therefore, I shall not disappoint you in choosing this for my subject rather than any newer topic, which could not be better, were it even so good.

3. And, before proceeding, let me say this also: that, though our subject be so great, and our intention that of treating it honestly, seriously, and philosophically, yet I mean to pass away from all those who are seniors among us. I claim the privilege of speaking to juveniles as a juvenile myself.

4. I have done so on former occasions, and, if you please, I shall do so again. And, though I stand here

with a knowledge of having the words I utter given to the world, that shall not deter me from speaking in the same familiar way to those whom I esteem nearest to me on this occasion.

5. And now, my boys and girls, I must first tell you of what candles are made. Some are great curiosities. I have here some bits of timber, branches of trees particularly famous for their burning. And here you see a piece of that very curious substance, taken out of some of the bogs in Ireland, called *candle-wood;* a hard, strong, excellent wood, evidently fitted for good work as a register of force, and yet, withal, burning so well that where it is found they make splinters of it and torches, since it burns like a candle and gives a very good light indeed.

6. In this wood we have one of the most beautiful illustrations of the general nature of a candle that I can possibly give. The fuel provided, the means of bringing that fuel to the place of chemical action, the regular and gradual supply of air to that place of action — heat and light — all produced by a little piece of wood of this kind, forming, in fact, a natural candle.

7. But we must speak of candles as they are in commerce. Here are a couple of candles commonly called dips. They are made of lengths of cotton cut off, hung up by a loop, dipped into melted tallow, taken out again and cooled, then redipped, until there is an accumulation of tallow around the cotton.

8. Now as to the light of a candle. We will light one or two, and set them at work in the performance of their proper functions. You observe a candle is a very

different thing from a lamp. With a lamp you take a little oil, fill your vessel, put in a little moss or some cotton prepared by artificial means and then light the top of the wick.

9. Now I have no doubt you will ask how it is that the oil, which does not burn of itself, gets up to the top of the cotton where it will burn. We shall presently examine that; but there is a much more wonderful thing about the burning of a candle than this. You have here a solid substance with no vessel to contain it; and how is it that this solid substance can get up to the place where the flame is? How is it that this solid gets there, it not being a fluid? Or, when it is made a fluid, then how is it that it keeps together? That is a wonderful thing about a candle.

10. As the air comes to the lighted candle, it moves upward by the force of the current which the heat of the candle produces, and it so cools all the sides of the wax or tallow as to keep the edge much cooler than the part within. The part within melts by the flame and runs down the wick as far as it can go before it is extinguished; but the part on the outside does not melt, and thus a beautiful cup is formed.

11. This cup is made by the beautifully regular ascending current of air playing upon all sides, which keeps the exterior of the candle cool. No fuel would serve for a candle which has not the property of giving this cup, except such fuel as the Irish bog-wood, where the material itself is like a sponge and holds its own fuel.

12. You see now why you would have had such a bad

result if you were to burn these beautiful candles that I have shown you, which are irregular, intermittent in their shape, and can not, therefore, have that nicely formed edge to the cup, which is the great beauty of the candle. I hope you will now see that the perfection of a process — that is, its utility — is the better point of beauty about it. It is not the best looking thing, but the best acting thing, which is the most advantageous to us.

13. Now the greatest mistakes and faults with regard to candles, as in many other things, often bring with them instruction which we should not receive if they had not occurred. We come here to be philosophers, and I hope you will always remember that whenever a result happens, especially if it be new, you should say, "What is the cause? Why does it occur?" and you will, in the course of time, find out the reason.

14. Then there is another point about these candles which will answer a question — that is, as to the way in which this fluid gets out of the cup, up the wick, and into the place of combustion. You know that the flames on burning candles made of beeswax or spermaceti do not run down to the wax or other matter and melt it all away, but keep to their own right place. They are fenced off from the fluid below, and do not encroach on the cup at the side.

15. I can not imagine a more beautiful example than the condition of adjustment under which a candle makes one part subserve the other to the very end of its action. A combustible thing like that, burning away gradually, never being intruded upon by the flame, is a very beautiful sight,

especially when you come to learn what a vigorous thing a flame is, what power it has of destroying the wax itself when it gets hold of it, and of disturbing its proper form if it come only too near.

16. But how does the flame get hold of the fuel? There is a beautiful point about that — *capillary attraction.* "Capillary attraction!" you say — "the attraction of hairs."

17. Well, never mind the name; it was given in old times, before we had a good understanding of what the real power was. It is by what is called capillary attraction that the fuel is conveyed to the part where combustion goes on, and is deposited there, not in a careless way, but very beautifully in the very midst of the center of attraction which takes place around it.

18. Now I am going to give you one or two instances of capillary attraction. It is that kind of action or attraction which makes two things that do not dissolve in each other still hold together. When you wash your hands, you wet them thoroughly; you take a little soap to make the adhesion better, and you find your hand remains wet. This is by that kind of attraction of which I am about to speak.

19. After washing your hands, you take a towel to wipe off the water; and it is by that kind of wetting, or that kind of attraction which makes the towel become wet with water, that the wick is made wet with the tallow.

20. The particles of melted tallow ascend the cotton and get to the top; other particles then follow by their mutual attraction for each other, and as they reach the flame they are gradually burned.

21. Here is another application of the principle. You see this bit of cane. I have seen boys about the streets, who are very anxious to appear like men, take a piece of cane or grapevine, and light it and smoke it, as an imitation of a cigar. If I place this piece of cane on a plate containing some camphene, the fluid will rise through the piece of cane.

22. Already the fluid is at the top of the cane; now I can light it and make it serve as a candle. The fluid has risen by the capillary attraction of the piece of cane, just as it does through the cotton in the candle.

23. Now, the only reason why the candle does not burn all down the side of the wick is that the melted tallow extinguishes the flame. You know that a candle, if turned upside down so as to allow the fuel to run upon the wick, will be put out. The reason is, that the flame has not had time to make the fuel hot enough to burn, as it does above, where it is carried in small quantities into the wick, and has all the effect of the heat exercised upon it.

I. Definitions: (2) phĕ nŏm′ĕ nă (plural of phĕ nŏm′ĕ nŏn), *appearances, things visible;* (3) sēn′iors (-yẽrz), *the older persons;* (3) jū′vē-nīles, *young persons;* (4) ĕs teem′, *reckon;* (5) bŏgs, *wet, marshy grounds;* (8) är tĭ fĭ′cial (-shal), *made by human skill or labor;* (10) ĕx-tĭn′ guĭshed (t), *put out;* (11) ĕx tē′rĭ ŏr, *outside;* (12) ū tĭl′ĭ tў, *usefulness;* (13) phĭ lŏs′ō phẽrs, *persons who seek for the cause;* (14) eŏm-bŭs′ tion (-chŭn), *burning;* (14) spẽr mă çē′tĭ, *a white, waxy substance obtained from the head of whales;* (18) dĭs sŏlve′, *to become liquefied:* (18) ăd hē′sion (zhŭn), *the act of sticking.*

II. Word study: Analyze and give the meanings of: (1) outlet; (2) disappoint; (3) philosophically; (7) redipped; (11) ascending; (12) irregular; (12) intermittent; (12) advantageous; (14) beeswax; (15) adjustment; (15) combustible; (15) gradually; (15) vigorous.

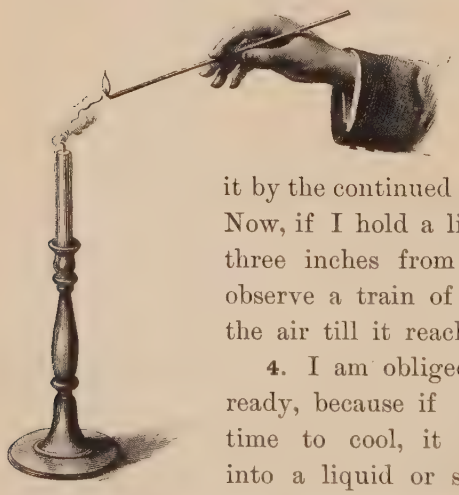
XXXV. COMBUSTION AND RESPIRATION.

From "The Chemical History of a Candle," by Michael Faraday, F.R.S.

I.

1. There is another condition which you must learn as regards the candle, without which you would not be able fully to understand the philosophy of it, and that is the vaporous condition of the fuel.

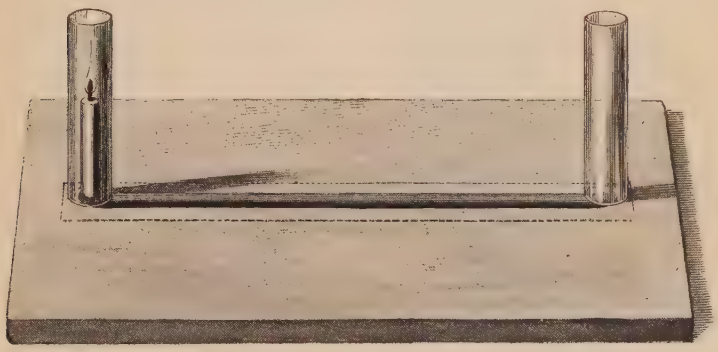
2. In order that you may understand that, let me show you a very pretty but very commonplace experiment. If you blow a candle out cleverly, you will see the vapor rise from it. You have, I know, often smelt the vapor of a blown-out candle, and a very bad smell it is; but if you blow it out cleverly, you will be able to see pretty well the vapor into which this solid matter is transformed.



3. I will blow out one of these candles in such a way as not to disturb the air around it by the continued action of my breath. Now, if I hold a lighted taper two or three inches from the wick, you will observe a train of fire going through the air till it reaches the candle.

4. I am obliged to be quick and ready, because if I allow the vapor time to cool, it becomes condensed into a liquid or solid, or the stream of combustible matter gets disturbed.

5. Now I must take you to a very interesting part of our subject, — that is, to the relation between the combustion of a candle and that living kind of combustion which goes on within us. In every one of us there is a living process of combustion going on very similar to that of a candle, and I must try to make that plain to you, for it is not merely true in a poetical sense — the relation of the life of man to a taper ; and if you will follow, I think I can make this clear.



IMPURE AIR OR LACK OF AIR STOPS COMBUSTION.

6. In order to make the relation very plain, I have devised a little apparatus which we can soon build up before you. Here is a board and a groove cut in it, and I can close the groove at the top part by a little cover ; I can then continue the groove as a channel by a glass tube at each end, there being a free passage through the whole.

7. Suppose I take a taper or candle and place it in one of the tubes; it will go on, you see, burning very well. You observe that the air which feeds the flame passes

down the tube at one end, then goes along the horizontal tube and ascends the tube at the other end in which the taper is placed. If I stop the aperture through which the air enters, I stop combustion, as you perceive. I stop the supply of air, and consequently the candle goes out.

8. But now what will you think of this fact? If I took the air proceeding from another candle and sent it down by a complicated arrangement into this tube, I should put this burning candle out. But what will you say when I tell you that my breath will put out that candle? I do not mean by blowing at all, but simply that the nature of my breath is such that a candle can not burn in it.

9. I will now hold my mouth over the aperture, and without blowing the flame in any way, let no air enter the tube but what comes from my mouth. You see the result. I did not blow the candle out. I merely let the air which I expired pass into the aperture, and the result was the light went out solely for want of oxygen.

10. Something or other — namely, my lungs — had taken away the oxygen from the air, and there was no more to supply the combustion of the candle. It is, I think, very pretty to see the time it takes before the bad air which I throw into this part of the apparatus has reached the candle. The candle at first goes on burning, but as soon as the air has had time to reach it, it goes out.

11. And now I will show you another experiment, because this is an important part of our philosophy. Here is a jar which contains fresh air, as may be shown by the circumstance of a candle or gaslight burning in it.

12. I close it for a little time, and by means of a pipe, I get my mouth over it so that I can inhale the air. By putting it over water, in the way that you see, I am able to draw up this air (supposing the cork to be quite tight), take it into my lungs, and throw it back into the jar; we can then examine it and see the result.

13. You observe, I first take up the air, and then throw it back, as is evident from the ascent and descent of the water; and now, by putting a taper into the air you will see the state in which it is by the light being extinguished. Even one inspiration, you see, has completely spoiled this air, so that it is no use my trying to breathe it a second time.

ANOTHER EFFECT OF IMPURE AIR.

14. Now you understand the ground of the impropriety of many of the arrangements among the houses of the poorer classes, by which the air is breathed over and over again for the want of a supply, by means of proper ventilation, sufficient to produce a good result. You see how bad the air becomes by a single breathing, so you can easily understand how essential fresh air is to us.

15. To pursue this a little farther, let us see what will happen with limewater. Here is a globe which contains a little limewater, and it is so arranged as regards the pipes

as to give access to the air within, so that we can ascertain the effect of respired or unrespired air upon it.

16. Of course, I can either draw in air and so make the air that feeds my lungs go through the limewater, or I can force the air out of my lungs through the tube which goes to the bottom, and so show its effect upon the limewater.

17. You will observe that however long I draw the external air into the limewater, and then through it to my lungs, I shall produce no effect upon the water, — it will not make the limewater turbid. But if I throw the air *from* my lungs through the limewater several times in succession, you see how white and milky the water is getting. This shows the effect which expired air has had upon it; and now you begin to know that the atmosphere which we have spoiled by respiration is spoiled by carbonic acid, for you see it here in contact with the limewater.

II.

18. Let us now go a little farther. What is all this process going on within us which we can not do without, either day or night, which is so provided by the Author of all things that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves.

19. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration and the parts that are associated with them still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of the air with the lungs. I must tell you in the briefest possible manner what this process is.

20. We consume food. The food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially. Alternately, the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle.

21. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but as in this case placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place. We may thus look upon food as fuel.

22. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions being as shown in this table:

SUGAR.

Carbon	72	
Hydrogen	11	99
Oxygen	88	

23. This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly

the same proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of seventy-two parts of carbon, and ninety-nine parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process.

24. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment, I will use some sirup, which contains about three fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little sulphuric acid on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar.

25. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidize the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidizer — a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidize this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind.

26. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs — taking in oxygen from another source, namely the atmosphere — takes place here by a more rapid process.

27. You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go up from us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration!

28. A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration to supply his natural warmth in that time.

29. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours.

30. And where does all this go? Up into the air. As charcoal burns, it becomes a vapor and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places.

31. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we can not breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that

grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

32. And all the plants growing upon the surface of the earth absorb carbon; the leaves take up the carbon from the atmosphere to which we have given it in the form of carbonic acid, and they grow and prosper. Give them a pure air like ours, and they could not live in it; give them carbon with other matters, and they live and rejoice. A piece of wood gets all its carbon, as the trees and plants get theirs, from the atmosphere. As we have seen, the atmosphere carries away what is bad for us and at the same time what is good for them; what is disease to the one is health to the other. So are we made dependent not merely upon our fellow-creatures, but upon our fellow-existers, all nature being tied together by the laws that make one part conduce to the good of another.

33. In the lungs, as soon as the air enters, it unites with the carbon; even in the lowest temperature which the body can bear short of being frozen, the action begins at once, producing the carbonic acid of respiration; and so all things go on fitly and properly. Thus you see the analogy between respiration and combustion is rendered still more beautiful and striking.

34. Indeed, all I can say to you at the end of these lectures is to express a wish that you may, in your generation, be fit to compare with a candle; that you may, like it, shine as lights to those about you; that, in all

your actions, you may justify the beauty of the taper by making your deeds honorable and effectual in the discharge of your duty to your fellow-men.

I. Definitions: I. (2) trăns fôrmed′, *changed, converted;* (6) dē vīsed′, *contrived, invented;* (6) ăp pā rā′tŭs, *instrument;* (7) ăp′ĕr tûre, *opening;* (8) ĕŏm′plĭ eā tĕd, *complex,* — literally, folded or twisted together; (9) ĕx pīred′, *breathed out;* (12) ĭn hāle′, *breathe or draw into the lungs;* (14) vĕn tĭ lā′tion, *the process of replacing foul air by that which is pure;* (15) ăe′çĕss, *admission;* (17) tûr′bĭd, *roiled, muddy.*

II. (20) dĭ ĝĕst′ĭve, *pertaining to digestion,* — that is, the process of changing food by the organs of the body into such a form that it can be absorbed by the blood; (20) ăl tĕr′nāte lў, *by turns;* (21) ē vŏlves′, *throws out;* (22) ĕŏm′pound, *a combination;* (25) ŏx′ĭ dīze, *combine with oxygen;* (28) eŏn vĕrts′, *changes;* (29) ĕx traôr′dĭ nā rў, *remarkable, wonderful;* (33) ā năl′ō ĝў, *likeness.*

II. Word study: Analyze and define: (1) vaporous; (2) cleverly; (5) poetical; (7) horizontal; (13) inspiration; (14) impropriety; (14) arrangements; (14) essential; (15) unrespired; (17) external.

II. (18) independent; (18) restrain; (19) briefest; (20) inhale; (20) exhale; (23) sustenance; (29) combination; (29) conversion; (30) carrier; (31) injurious; (32) dependent; (33) fitly.

III. Note: Mī′*ch*ă ĕl Făr′*a* dă*y* was born in England in 1791. Beginning life as a bookbinder, he early devoted himself to the study of chemistry. In 1813 he was appointed to a position in the Royal Institution, and twenty years later became its Professor of Chemistry. Faraday made notable discoveries in chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, and holds high rank among men of science. He died in England in 1867.

IV. Topics for study:

(*a*) Give several examples of direct combustion.

(*b*) How did Faraday prove that there is a relation between the combustion of a candle and a process going on in our bodies?

(*c*) What is the effect of foul air on a burning candle, and on our own bodies? Why should this interest us?

(*d*) What is one of the products of respiration, and of what use is this product to plant life?

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

XXXVI. A WEEK IN LONDON.

By Bayard Taylor.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

In 1844, Bayard Taylor, who was then a young man of nineteen, started from New York City to make a tour of Europe. In the introductory chapter to his "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," he gives many interesting details as to how he procured "a fund of one hundred and forty dollars, which at that time seemed to him sufficient to carry him to the end of the world."

Though not rich in purse, he was equipped with youth, health, and enthusiasm. In "Views Afoot" we have a series of charming letters whose perusal can not fail to interest and instruct their reader.

Later in life Bayard Taylor became one of America's most distinguished travelers, writers, and poets. He died in Berlin, Prussia, in 1878.

London, Aug. 22.

1. In the course of time we came to anchor in the stream; skiffs from the shore pulled alongside, and after some little quarreling, we were safely deposited in one, with a party who desired to be landed on the Tower Stairs. The dark walls frowned above us as we mounted from the water, and passed into an open square on the outside of the moat.

2. Our first care was to find a resting place, and we had not wandered far along Whitechapel Street before the signs "Chop House," "Lodgings," met our eye. We selected one of the most decent of these places, where we obtained bare rooms and questionable beds for a shilling a day, while the public room supplied us with a chop and potatoes for a sixpence.

3. After breakfast on the first day, we set out for a walk through London. Entering the main artery of this mighty city, we passed on through Aldgate and Cornhill, to St. Paul's, with still increasing wonder. Farther on, through Fleet Street and the Strand — what a world! Here come the ever thronging, ever rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career.

4. Here day and night pours the stream of human beings, seeming, amid the roar, and din, and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat. How lonely it makes one to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him, not a being knows or cares for him. There is a sublimity in this human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.

5. St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling everything I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance, that startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches; blackened for two hundred years with the coal smoke of Lon-

don, it stands like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world.

6. The interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side encompasses the dome, at which you gaze up as at the sky ; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side.

7. I never was more impressed with the grandeur of human invention than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. The dome is like the summit of a mountain, so wide is the prospect and so great the pile upon which you stand.

8. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sounds of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up ; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the thousands of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted serpent.

9. It was a relief to get into St. James Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of waterfowl. Merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming everywhere, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

10. At the western end of the park stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees toward St. Paul's; and through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James could be seen. But there was a dim building with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to *Westminster Abbey*.

11. We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes was the words "OH RARE BEN JONSON," under his bust.

12. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces farther looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the association of my childhood.

13. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson; and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the tablet to Shakespeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave.

14. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected

— what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit; everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still "rule us from their urns."

I. Definitions: (3) är′tẽr ў, (*a*) *one of the tubes that carry blood from the heart*, (*b*) *any continuous channel of communication, as a street, canal, or river;* (5) är′ehĭ tēe tūre, *the method or style of building;* (6) nĭche, *a cavity or recess in a wall, intended for a statue or other ornament;* (7) ĕd′ĭ fĭçe, *building;* (8) eråft, *vessels;* (10) Gŏth′ĭe, *a style of architecture in which the prominent lines run vertically, and the openings are surmounted by pointed arches;* (10) pĭn′nå eleş, *small ornamental spires, much used in Gothic architecture;* (10) ăp pĕnd′ăġ ĕş, *things attached;* (10) prō fū′sion (-zhŭn), (literally, a pouring out without stint), *abundance;* (14) găl′ăx ў, *a band of light encircling the heavens, caused by the very distant stars; hence, any circle of famous persons or things;* (14) cŏn stĕl lā′tion, *a group of stars, hence a group of brilliant persons or things;* (14) ûrn, *a vessel in which a dead body or its ashes is kept.*

II. Word analysis: Give the meanings of: (1) alongside; (2) questionable; (2) sixpence; (3) breakfast; (3) tumultuous; (5) immensity; (5) grandeur; (7) invention; (8) ant-hill; (9) waterfowl; (9) bipeds; (10) royalty; (12) religious.

III. Suggestions on subject-matter: The author begins his trip through London at the outside, eastern limit of the original city (*i.e.* the Tower and Whitechapel), which forms but a small portion of modern London. The old city walls were pierced by gates, passing one of which (Aldgate), he moves west past the business section (Cornhill) to the central cathedral (St. Paul's). Thence, still moving west, he issues from the old city and moves along business streets parallel with the river (Fleet Street and the Strand) until he reaches the district occupied by the monarch and the government (St. James and Buckingham palaces, and the barracks of the Horse Guards), and, a little to the south, the most celebrated cathedral in England, Westminster Abbey. Here the noble building interests him less than do the memorials of great persons with which it abounds.

Observe how skillfully the author masses the various features which make London interesting to the visitor; how he suggests its place in

history by his reference to the Tower, the statues in St. Paul's, and the tombs in Westminster; he appeals to curiosity in dwelling on the size of London, the richness of its palaces, and the activity of its millions of inhabitants. He appeals to the spirit of romance in his allusions to royalty and to literary celebrity; and he stimulates the imagination by his comparison of the main street to an artery, the business district to an ant-hill, the Thames to a serpent, and the illustrious dead in Westminster to a constellation.

As he begins with trivial incidents and scenes, the quarreling of watermen, the search for lodgings, and passes by degrees to the great abbey and to the society of the lofty-minded poets who, though dead, live forever, — so the pupil should begin his reading in a conversational manner, and endeavor to have his tone and manner grow in seriousness and dignity.

XXXVII. RESIDENCE IN FRANKFORT.

From "Views Afoot," by Bayard Taylor.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, December 4.

1. This is a genuine old German city. Founded by Charlemagne, afterward a rallying point of the Crusaders, it was for a long time the capital of the German Empire. It has no lack of interesting historical recollections, and notwithstanding it is now fast becoming modernized, one is everywhere reminded of the Past.

2. The cathedral, old as the days of Peter the Hermit, the grotesque street of the Jews, the many quaint, antiquated dwellings, and the moldering watchtowers on the hills around, give it a more interesting character than any German city I have yet seen. The house we dwell in is more than two hundred years old.

3. Directly opposite is a great castellated building, gloomy with the weight of six centuries, and a few steps

to the left bring me to the square of the Römerburg, where the emperors were crowned, in a corner of which is a curiously ornamented house, formerly the residence of Luther. There are legends innumerable connected with all these buildings, and even yet discoveries are frequently made in old houses of secret chambers and staircases. When you add to all this the German love of ghost-stories, and, indeed, their general belief in spirits, the lover of romance could not desire a more agreeable residence.

4. We have two rooms on the second floor, overlooking the crowded market. As in all old German houses, there are no carpets, and the furniture is of the simplest and plainest character.

5. I often look out on the singular scene below my window. On both sides of the street, leaving barely room to enter the houses, sit the market women, with their baskets of vegetables and fruit. The middle of the street is filled with female purchasers, and every cart or carriage that comes along has to force its way through the crowd. The country women in their jackets and short gowns go backward and forward with great loads on their heads, sometimes nearly as high as themselves.

6. The market women sit here from sunrise till sunset, day after day, for years. They have little furnaces for cooking and for warmth in winter, and when it rains they sit in large wooden boxes. One or two policemen are generally on the ground in the morning to prevent their disputing about places, which often gives rise to grotesque scenes. Perhaps this kind of life in the open

air is conducive to longevity ; for certainly there is no other country on earth that has as many old women.

7. On the 21st of October a most interesting fete took place. The magnificent monument of Goethe, cast in bronze, was unveiled. It arrived a few days before, and was received with much ceremony, and erected in the destined spot — an open square in the western part of the city.

8. I went there at ten o'clock, and found the square already full of people. Seats had been erected around the monument for ladies, the singers, and musicians. A company of soldiers was stationed to keep a vacant space for the procession, which at length arrived with music and banners, and entered the inclosure.

9. A song for the occasion was sung by the choir with such perfect harmony and unity that it seemed like some glorious instrument touched by a single hand. Then a poetical address was delivered, after which four young men took their stand at the corners of the monument; the drums and trumpets gave a flourish, and the mantle fell.

10. The noble figure seemed to rise out of the earth; and thus amid shoutings and the triumphal peal of the band, the form of Goethe greeted the city of his birth. He is represented as leaning on a tree, holding in his right hand a roll of parchment, and in his left a wreath.

11. Within the walls the greater part of Frankfort is built in the old German style — the houses six or seven stories high, and every story projecting out over the other, so that those living in the attics can nearly shake hands out of the windows. At the corners one sometimes sees grotesque figures bearing the projecting upper stories

on their shoulders and making horrible faces at the weight.

12. When I state that in all these narrow streets which constitute the greater part of the city, there are no sidewalks, while the windows of the lower stories have iron gratings extending a foot or so into the street, which is only wide enough for one cart to pass along, you can have some idea of the facility of walking through them. Besides, there are the market women with baskets of vegetables, which one is continually stumbling over.

13. As I walked across the Main, and looked down at the swift stream on its way from the distant forests to join the Rhine, I thought of the time when Schiller stood there in the days of his early struggles. He was an exile from his native land, and, looking over the bridge, he said in the loneliness of his heart, "That water flows not so deep as my sufferings!"

14. One evening after sunset, we took a stroll around the promenades. The swans were still floating on the little lake, and the American poplar beside it was in its full autumn livery. As we made the circuit of the walks, guns were firing far and near, celebrating the opening of the vintage the next day, and rockets went glimmering and sparkling up into the dark air. Notwithstanding the late hour and lowering sky, the walks were full of people, and we strolled about with them till it grew quite dark, watching the fireworks which arose from the gardens around.

15. The next day we went into the Frankfort wood. As we ascended the hill, the sound of muskets was heard in every direction, and from many vineyards arose the

smoke of fires, where groups of merry children were collecting and burning the rubbish. We became lost among the winding paths of the forests, so that by the time we came out on the eminence overlooking the valley of the Main, it was quite dark.

16. From every side, far and near, rockets of all sizes and colors darted high up into the sky. The full moon had just risen, softening and mellowing the beautiful scene, while beyond, over the towers of Frankfort, rose and fell the meteors that heralded the vintage.

I. Definitions: (1) răl′lĭ ĭng, *assembling, uniting;* (2) grō tĕsque, *wildly or strangely formed;* (2) ăn′tĭ quā tĕd, *old, ancient;* (3) eās′tĕl-lā tĕd, *built in the style of a castle;* (4) mär′kĕt, *a public place or a large building where a market is held;* (6) eŏn dū′çĭve, *leading to, promoting;* (6) lŏn ġĕv′ĭ tў, *length of life;* (7) fete (fāt), *a festival, a holiday;* (10) pärch′ment, *the skin of a sheep or other animal prepared for writing on;* (12) fâ çĭl′ĭ tў, *ease;* (14) prŏm ė nädeş′, *public walks;* (14) lĭv′ĕr ў, *peculiar dress;* (14) vĭnt′âġe, *time of gathering the crop of grapes;* (14) low′ĕr ĭng, *dark and threatening;* (16) mē′tē ōrş, *luminous bodies seen in the atmosphere.*

II. Word analysis: Give the meanings of: (1) historical; (1) modernized; (2) watchtowers; (5) purchasers; (5) forward: (6) sunrise; (6) policemen; (7) unveiled; (8) inclosure; (10) triumphal; (11) horrible; (12) continually; (13) loneliness; (15) vineyards.

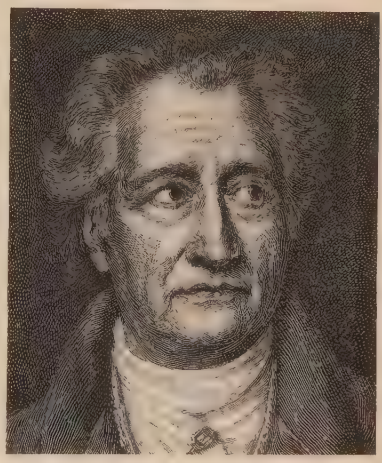
III. Notes: (1) Çhär′lē māgne, or Charles the Great, was born at Aix la Chapelle in 742. He was King of the Franks and Roman Emperor.

(1) In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Christian powers of the world undertook many military expeditions to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans; those who engaged in these expeditions were called Crusaders.

(2) Peter the Hermit was the apostle of the First Crusade. He was born about the middle of the eleventh century. At the end of the crusade he returned to Europe and founded a monastery.

XXXVIII. HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

By Goethe.



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The greatest literary genius of Germany, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen, was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (Gē'tă). He was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. He spent his youth in his native city, and after studying at the universities of Leipsic and Strasburg, he returned to Frankfort on his twenty-second birthday.

For the next sixty years he was an active and prolific worker in the fields of literature. His writings include hundreds of short poems, as well as numerous dramas, romances, novels, and histories.

His most famous tragedy is "Faust," and his greatest novel is "Wilhelm Meister," from which this selection is taken. In 1787 his friendship with Schiller began, and until the latter's death in 1805, the foremost two writers of Germany were residents of the little city of Weimar, whither they had come on the invitation of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. For some forty years Goethe's home was at Weimar, and there he died in 1832.

1. Without haste! without rest!
   Bind the motto to thy breast;
   Bear it with thee as a spell;
   Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
   Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
   Bear it onward to the tomb!

2. Haste not; — let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not; — years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

3. Rest not; — life is sweeping by,
Do and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away!

4. Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide; —
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

XXXIX. THE MINSTREL.

From Second Book of "Wilhelm Meister," by Goethe.

1. "What tuneful strains salute mine ear
Without the castle walls?
Oh, let the song reëcho here,
Within our festal halls;"
Thus spake the king, the page out-hied;
The boy returned; the monarch cried:
"Admit the old man yonder!"

2. "All hail, ye noble lords to-night!
All hail, ye beauteous dames!
Star placed by star! What heavenly sight!
Who e'er can tell their names?
Within this glittering hall sublime,
Be closed, mine eyes! 'tis not the time
For me to feast my wonder."

3. The minstrel straightway closed his eyes,
And woke a thrilling tone;
The knights looked on in knightly guise,
Fair looks toward earth were thrown.
The monarch, ravished by the strain,
Bade them bring forth a golden chain,
To be his numbers' guerdon.

4. "The golden chain give not to me.
But give the chain to those
In whose bold face we shivered see
The lances of our foes.
Or give it to thy chancellor there;
With other burdens he may bear
This one more golden grain.

5. "I sing, like birds of blithesome note,
That in the branches dwell;
The song that rises from the throat
Repays the minstrel well.
One boon I'd crave, if not too bold —
One bumper in a cup of gold
Be as my guerdon given."

6. The bowl he raised, the bowl he quaffed:
"Oh, drink, with solace fraught!
Oh, house thrice-blest, where such a draught
A trifling gift is thought!
When Fortune smiles, remember me,
And as I thank you heartily,
As warmly thank ye Heaven!"

I. Definitions: (1) out-hīed′, *hastened out;* (1) pāġe, *a boy who attended a royal person;* (3) mīn′strĕl, *in the middle ages, one who lived by the arts of music and poetry, or who sang verses to the accompaniment of a harp,* — in modern times, a poet, a singer and harper; (3) "*knīght′lў guiṣe*," *in armor;* (3) răv′ished(t), *delighted;* (3) nŭm′bēr̤s, *verses;* (3) gu*ĕr′dŏn, *reward;* (4) chān′çĕl lōr, *a high officer of state;* (5) bo͞on, *favor;* (5) erāve, *ask;* (6) sŏl′ăçe, *comfort in grief.*

II. Word analysis: Give the meanings of: (1) tuneful; (1) without; (1) reëcho; (1) festal; (1) returned; (2) beauteous; (3) straightway; (5) blithesome; (5) repays; (6) heartily.

III. Suggestions as to preparation: Before attempting to read orally "The Minstrel," or any other great poem, the pupil should make careful preparation. The words and their meanings should be mastered; the characters and their circumstances should be considered, and not until the reader has in mind the picture and thought which the writer had in his, can he hope to give proper oral expression to any piece of composition. In this selection the pupil should distinguish by his style of reading the narrative portions from the language of the leading characters.

XL. LEIPSIC AND DRESDEN.

By Bayard Taylor.

Dresden, May 11.

1. Having found my friend in Leipsic, we went together to the Observatory, which gives a fine view of

the country around the city, and in particular the battle-field. The battle of Leipsic, which occurred in October, 1813, was one of the most bloody and hard-fought battles which history records.

2. The army of Napoleon stretched like a semicircle around the southern and eastern sides of the city, and the plain beyond was occupied by the allies, whose forces met together here. The combined forces of the Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and Swedes amounted to three hundred thousand; while those of Napoleon ranked at one hundred and ninety-two thousand men.

3. It must have been a terrific scene. The battle raged four days, and the meeting of half a million of men in deadly conflict was accompanied by the thunder of sixteen hundred cannon. After the battle, the vast plain was strewn with upward of fifty thousand dead.

4. It is difficult to conceive such slaughter while looking at the quiet and peaceful landscape below. It seemed more like a legend of past ages, when ignorance and passion led men to murder and destroy, than an event which the last half century witnessed. For the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped that the world will never see such another.

5. There are some lovely walks around Leipsic. We went in the afternoon with a few friends to a beautiful meadow bordered by forests of the German oak. There are Swiss cottages embowered in the foliage, where every afternoon the social citizens assemble to drink their coffee and enjoy a few hours' escape from the noisy and dusty streets. One can walk for miles along these lovely

paths by the side of the velvet meadows or the banks of some shaded stream.

6. We visited a little village a short distance from the city, where, on the second story of a little white house, hangs the sign, "Schiller's Room." A stone arch had been built over the entrance with the inscription: "Here dwelt Schiller in 1795, and wrote his Hymn to Joy." Everywhere through Germany the remembrances of Schiller are sacred. In every city where he lived they show his dwelling. They know and reverence the mighty spirit who has been among them.

7. The streets of Leipsic abound with bookstores, and one half of the business of the inhabitants appears to consist in printing, paper making, and binding. The publishers have a handsome Exchange of their own, and the amount of business transacted is enormous.

8. In no other place in Germany have I found more knowledge of our country, her men, and her institutions, than in Leipsic, and as yet I have seen few that would be preferable as a place of residence. Its attractions do not consist in its scenery, but in the social and intellectual character of its inhabitants.

DRESDEN.

9. We are in the "Florence of the Elbe," as the Saxons have christened Dresden. The railroad brought us in three hours from Leipsic over the eighty miles of plain that intervene.

10. Exclusive of its galleries of art, which are scarcely surpassed by any in Europe, Dresden charms the traveler

by the beauty of its environs. It stands in a curve of the Elbe, in the midst of green meadows, gardens, and fine old woods, with the hills of Saxony sweeping round like an amphitheater.

11. I have just taken a last look at the Picture Gallery this morning, and left it with real regret. During the visit, Raphael's heavenly picture of the Madonna and Child had so grown into my love and admiration, that it was painful to think I should never see it again. There are many more which clung so strongly to my imagination, gratifying in the highest degree the love for the Beautiful, that I left them with sadness, and the thought that I would now have only the memory.

12. As if I were still standing before the picture, the sweet, holy countenance of the Madonna still looks upon me. Though this picture is a miracle of art, the first glance filled me with disappointment. It has somewhat faded during the three hundred years that have rolled away since the hand of Raphael worked on the canvas, and the glass with which it is covered for better preservation injures the effect. However, after I had gazed on it awhile, every thought of this vanished. It is a picture which one can scarce look upon without tears.

13. By applying an hour before the appointed time, we obtained admission to the Royal Library. It contains three hundred thousand volumes — among them the most complete collection of historical works in existence. Each hall is devoted to a history of a separate country, and one large room is filled with that of Saxony alone.

14. In Dresden we were fortunate in seeing the Green

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Vaults, a collection of jewels, and other costly articles, unsurpassed in Europe. Admittance is only granted to six persons at a time. The first hall into which we were ushered contained works in bronze. They were all small, and chosen with regard to their artistic value. The next room contained statues and vases covered with reliefs in ivory.

15. However costly the contents of these halls, they were only an introduction to those which followed. Each one exceeded the other in splendor and costliness. The walls were covered to the ceiling with rows of goblets, vases, etc., made of jasper and agate, or gold and precious stones.

16. It is almost impossible to estimate the value of the treasures these halls contain. That of the gold and jewels alone must be many millions of dollars, and the amount of labor expended on these toys of royalty is incredible. As monuments of patient and untiring toil, they are interesting; but it is sad to think how much labor, and skill, and energy have been expended in producing things which are useless to the world, and only of secondary importance as works of art.

I. Definitions: (4) lĕg′ĕnd, *a wonderful story;* (8) prĕf′ẽr a ble, *more desirable;* (9) ehrĭst′ened, *named;* (9) ĭn tẽr vēne′, *come between;* (10) ĕn vī′rŏns, *surrounding places, suburbs;* (10) ăm phĭ thē′a tẽr, *an open or circular building with rising rows of seats about an open space called the arena;* (14) brŏnze, *an alloy of copper and tin, and small portions of other metals which is used for statues, bells, etc.;* (14) rē lēfs′, *figures that project from the plane or ground on which they are formed.*

II. Word analysis: Give the meanings of: (1) battlefield; (2) semicircle; (4) humanity; (5) afternoon; (5) embowered;

(7) bookstores; (7) publishers; (8) knowledge; (8) preferable; (8) scenery; (12) preservation; (14) collection; (14) unsurpassed; (14) admittance; (15) introduction; (15) costliness; (16) incredible; (16) untiring.

III. Note: (11) Răph'â el, a great and famous painter, was born in Italy in 1483 and died in 1520. Although his life was short, his work was most wonderful, and will always endure.

XLI. HYMN TO JOY

By Schiller.

SCHILLER.

The name next Goethe's on the roll of Germany's illustrious writers is that of Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller. Though born ten years later than Goethe, these two geniuses formed a friendship in 1787, which was maintained until Schiller's death in 1805. In a comparatively short life of forty-six years, Schiller achieved great fame as a poet, historian, and dramatist.

His career as a writer began with the publication of "The Robber," a drama which appeared in the year 1781. During his life Schiller was held in high esteem by his countrymen, and subsequent years have confirmed and widened his fame both at home and abroad.

1. Joy, thou Goddess, fair, immortal,
Offspring of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!

Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again ;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

Chorus.

2. Welcome, all ye myriad creatures !
Brethren, take the kiss of love !
Yes, the starry realms above
Hide a father's smiling features !

3. He, that noble prize possessing —
He that boasts a friend that's true,
He whom woman's love is blessing,
Let him join the chorus too !
Aye, and he who but *one* spirit
On this earth can call his own ! —
He who no such bliss can merit,
Let him mourn his fate alone !

Chorus.

4. All who nature's tribes are swelling
Homage pay to Sympathy ;
For she guides us up on high,
Where The Unknown has his dwelling.

5. From the breasts of kindly Nature
All of Joy imbibe the dew ;
Good and bad alike, each creature
Would her roseate path pursue.

'Tis through *her* the wine cup maddens,
Love and friends to man she gives!
Bliss the meanest reptile gladdens, —
Near God's throne the Cherub lives!

Chorus.

6. Bow before him, all creation!
Mortals, own the God of Love!
Seek him high the stars above, —
Yonder is his habitation!

7. Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mightiest cause of all is found;
And 'tis Joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower —
Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

Chorus.

8. As through Heaven's expanse so glorious,
In their orbits suns roll on,
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

9. Joy from Truth's own glass of fire
Sweetly on the Searcher smiles;
Lest on Virtue's steeps he tire,
Joy the tedious path beguiles.

High on Faith's bright hill before us,
See her banner proudly wave !
Joy, too, swells the Angels' chorus, —
Bursts the bondage of the grave !

Chorus.

10. Mortals, meekly wait for Heaven !
Suffer on in patient love !
In the starry realms above,
Bright rewards by God are given.

11. To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant ;
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to Grief and Want.
Quenched be hate and wrath forever,
Pardoned be our mortal foe —
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low !

Chorus.

12. Sense of wrongs forget to treasure —
Brethren, live in perfect love !
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we may measure.

I. Definitions: (1) pōr′tal, *entrance*: (1) e ly′sium (ē lĭzh′ŭm), *paradise*; (1) fāne, *a temple, a consecrated place*: (2) mўr′ĭ ad, *an immense number*; (4) hŏm′ăġe, *reverence*; (5) ĭm bībe′, *drink*; (5) rō′ṣè âte, *blooming, rosy*; (7) pĭn′ion (-yŭn), *a small wheel with cogs which are caught successively by the cogs of another wheel, and motion communicated thereby*; (8) ôr′bĭt, *the path described by a heavenly body in its revolution around another body*; (9) steeps, *hills, mountains*; (12) mēte, *measure*.

XLII. THE ALPINE HUNTER.

By Schiller.

1. Wilt thou not the lambkins guard?
Oh, how soft and meek they look,
Feeding on the grassy sward,
Sporting round the silv'ry brook!
"Mother, mother, let me go
On yon heights to chase the roe!"

2. Wilt thou not the flock compel
With the horn's inspiring notes?
Sweet the echo of yon bell,
As across the wood it floats!
"Mother, mother, let me go
On yon heights to hunt the roe!"

3. Wilt thou not the flow'rets bind,
Smiling gently in their bed?
For no garden thou wilt find
On yon heights so wild and dread.
"Leave the flow'rets, — let them blow!
Mother, mother, let me go!"

4. And the youth then sought the chase,
Onward pressed with headlong speed
To the mountain's gloomiest place, —
Naught his progress could impede;
And before him, like the wind,
Swiftly flies the trembling hind.

5. Up the naked precipice
Clambers she, with footstep light,

O'er the chasm's dark abyss
Leaps with spring of daring might:
But behind, unweariedly,
With his death-bow follows he.

6. Now upon the rugged top
Stands she, — on the loftiest height,
Where the cliffs abruptly stop,
And the path is lost to sight.
There she views the steeps below, —
Close behind, her mortal foe.

7. She, with silent woeful gaze,
Seeks the cruel boy to move;
But, alas! in vain she prays —
To the string he fits the groove.
When from out the clefts, behold!
Steps the Mountain Genius old.

8. With his hand the Deity
Shields the beast that trembling sighs;
"Must thou, even up to me,
Death and anguish send?" he cries, —
"Earth has room for all to dwell, —
Why pursue my lov'd gazelle?"

I. Definitions: (1) lăm*b*′kĭn̤s, *little lambs;* (1) swa̤rd, *the surface of land;* (1) rō*e*, *the female of any species of deer;* (2) ĕm pĕl′, *gather in a crowd;* (3) flow″rĕts, *little flowers;* (4) na̤*u*ght, *nothing;* (4) hīnd, *the female of the red deer;* (5) a̤ bўss′, *a deep, immeasurable space;* (7) elĕfts, *cracks, crevices;* (8) ga̤ zĕlle′, *a small, graceful antelope, noted for the luster and soft expression of its eyes.*

XLIII. VIENNA.

By Bayard Taylor.

Vienna, May 31.

1. I have at last seen the thousand wonders of this great capital — this German Paris — this connecting link between the civilization of Europe and the barbaric magnificence of the East. It is pleasant to be again in a city whose streets are thronged with people and resound with the din and bustle of business.

2. The morning of our arrival, we sallied out from our lodgings to explore the world before us. We passed down to the little arm of the Danube which separates this part of the new city from the old. A row of magnificent coffee-houses occupies the bank, and numbers of persons were taking their breakfasts in the shady porticos.

3. The Ferdinand's Bridge, which crosses the stream, was filled with people. In the motley crowd we saw the dark-eyed Greek, and Turks in their turbans and flowing robes. Little, brown Hungarian boys were selling bunches of lilies, and Italians with baskets of oranges stood by the sidewalk.

4. The throng became greater as we penetrated into the old city. The streets were filled with carts and carriages, and as there are no sidewalks it required constant attention to keep out of their way. Splendid shops, fitted up with great taste, occupied the whole of the lower stories, and goods of all kinds hung beneath the canvas awnings in front of them.

5. Almost every store or shop was dedicated to some particular person or place, which was represented on a large panel by the door. The number of these paintings added much to the brilliancy of the scene; and I was gratified to find, among the images of kings and dukes, one dedicated "To the American," with an Indian chief in full costume.

6. The old city is situated on a small arm of the Danube, and is encompassed by a series of public promenades, gardens, and walks, varying from a quarter to a half a mile in length. These once formed part of the fortifications of the city, but as the suburbs grew up so rapidly on all sides, they were appropriately changed to public walks.

7. It is a beautiful sight to stand on the summit of the old wall and look over the broad promenades, branching in every direction and filled with streams of people. The new cities stretch in a circle around beyond these. The mountains of the Vienna Forest bound the view, with here and there a stately castle on their wooded summits.

8. There is no lack of places for pleasure and amusement. Besides the numberless walks, there are the Imperial Gardens, with their cool shades, and flowers, and fountains. There is a large park on the island formed by the arms of the Danube. Broad carriageways extend through its forests of oak and silver ash, and over its verdant lawns to the principal stream, which bounds it on the north.

9. These roads are lined with stately horse-chestnuts, whose branches unite and form a dense canopy,

completely shutting out the sun. Every afternoon the beauty and nobility of Vienna whirl through the cool groves in their gay equipages, while the sidewalks are thronged with pedestrians, and the numberless tables and seats with which every house of refreshment is surrounded are filled with merry guests.

10. Here on Sundays and holidays the people repair in thousands. The woods are full of tame deer, which run perfectly free over the whole park. I saw several on one of the lawns, lying down in the grass, with a number of children playing around or sitting beside them. The free social life renders Vienna attractive to foreigners, and thousands of visitors are yearly drawn to it from all parts of Europe.

11. St. Stephen's Cathedral, in the center of the old city, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany. Its inside is solemn and grand. Its unrivaled tower, which rises to the height of four hundred and twenty-eight feet, is visible from every part of Vienna.

12. The Belvidere Gallery fills thirty-five halls, and contains three thousand pictures. It is absolutely bewildering to walk through such vast collections ; you can do no more than glance at each painting, and hurry by face after face and figure after figure on which you would willingly gaze for hours, and inhale the atmosphere of beauty that surrounds them.

13. Then, after you leave, the brain is filled with their forms — radiant faces look upon you, and you see constantly in fancy, the calm brow of a Madonna, the sweet young face of a child, or the blending of divine with

mortal beauty in an angel's countenance. I endeavor, if possible, always to make several visits — to study those pictures which cling *first* to the memory, and pass over those which make little or no impression. It is better to have a few images fresh and enduring than a confused and indistinct memory of many.

14. One bright afternoon we went a long way through the suburbs to a little cemetery about a mile from the city to find the grave of Beethoven. On ringing at the gate, a girl admitted us into the grounds, in which are many monuments of noble families who have vaults there.

15. I passed up the narrow walk, reading the inscriptions, until my eye fell on the word "Beethoven," in golden letters on a tombstone of gray marble. A simple gilden lyre decorated the pedestal, above which was a serpent encircling a butterfly — the emblem of resurrection to eternal life.

16. Here, then, moldered the remains of that restless spirit who seemed to have strayed to earth from another clime, from such a height did he draw his glorious conceptions. The perfections he sought for here in vain he has now attained in a world where the soul is free from the bars which bind it in this.

17. There were no flowers planted around the tomb by those who revered his genius. Only one wreath, withered and dead, lay on the grass, as if left long ago by some solitary pilgrim, and a few wild buttercups hung with their bright blossoms over the slab. I could not resist the temptation to pluck one or two. I thought that other buds would open in a few days, but those I took would be

treasured many a year as sacred relics. A few paces off is the grave of Schubert, the composer, whose beautiful songs are heard all over Germany.

18. It would employ one constantly for a week to visit all the rich collections of art in Vienna. They are all open to the public on certain days, and we have been kept in perpetual motion running from one part of the city to another, in order to arrive at some gallery at the appointed time.

19. We visited the Imperial Library a day or two ago. The hall is two hundred and forty-five feet long, with a magnificent dome in the center. The walls are of variegated marble, richly ornamented with gold, and the ceiling and dome are covered with brilliant fresco paintings. The library numbers three hundred thousand volumes and sixteen thousand manuscripts, which are kept in walnut cases, gilded and adorned with medallions.

20. The rich and harmonious effect of the whole can not easily be imagined. It is exceedingly appropriate that a hall of such splendor should be used to hold a library. The pomp of a palace may seem hollow and vain, for it is but the dwelling of a man ; but no building can be too magnificent for the hundreds of great and immortal spirits, who have visited earth during thirty centuries, to inhabit.

21. We also visited the Cabinet of Natural History which is open twice a week. Time forbids that I should attempt to describe what we saw there. The mineral cabinet had a great interest to me, inasmuch as it called up the recollections of many a schoolboy ramble over the

hills and into all kinds of quarries far and near. It is said to be the most perfect collection in existence.

22. I was pleased to find many old acquaintances there from the mines of Pennsylvania; Massachusetts and New York were also very well represented. I had no idea before that the mineral wealth of Austria was so great. Besides the iron, lead, and quicksilver mines, her mountains produce no small amount of gold and silver.

I. Definitions: (1) bär bär′ĭe, *rude, uncivilized;* (2) săl′lĭed, *hastened forth;* (3) mŏt′leў, *consisting of different colors;* (3) tûr′ban, *a head-dress worn by Mohammedans,* — it consists of a cap, and a sash or scarf wound about it; (5) dĕd′ĭ eā tĕd, *set apart, given up to;* (5) eŏs′tūme, *dress;* (6) ĕn cŏm′passed (t), *encircled, inclosed;* (6) sŭb′ûrbs, *the region which borders the limits of a city;* (9) eăn′ō pў, *covering;* (9) ĕq′uĭ pāġe, *a fine carriage with its horses, driver, etc.;* (9) pē dĕs′trĭ ans, *those who journey on foot;* (10) rē pâr′, *go, resort;* (15) lўre, *a stringed instrument of music;* (15) pĕd′ĕs tal, *the base or foot of a statue or monument;* (19) vā′rĭ ē gā tĕd, *marked with different colors;* (19) frĕs′eō, *painting on plaster;* (19) mē dăl′lion (-yŭn), *a circular or oval tablet bearing a figure represented in relief;* (22) quĭck sĭl vēr, *the metal mercury* — it is used in the tube of a thermometer.

II. Word analysis: Give the meanings of: (3) Hungarian; (5) brilliancy; (6) appropriately; (7) beautiful; (8) amusement; (8) numberless; (9) nobility; (9) refreshment; (10) visitors; (11) unrivaled; (12) collections; (13) indistinct; (15) encircling; (16) restless; (17) temptation; (20) harmonious; (21) schoolboy.

III. Questions: On what river, and in what country is Vienna? Why does the author call it "this German Paris"? What cities in Europe are larger than Vienna? What large city in the United States has nearly the same number of people as Vienna?

(22) What three mineral products of the greatest value to the world are obtained from Pennsylvania? What are the leading mineral products of Massachusetts and New York?

XLIV. BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

One of the world's greatest musical geniuses was Ludwig van Beethoven (Bā'tō ven). He was a native of Bonn, Germany. His musical compositions cover a wide field, and are suited to a great variety of instruments. Although his genius was recognized and honored by his contemporaries, his life was a sad one. Some years before his death, which occurred in Vienna, in 1827, he became deaf. Yet in spite of his deafness, he continued to produce immortal musical compositions.

1. It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven; for I wished him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. Hark! how well it is played!"

2. It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

3. "Ah! my sister," said her companion, "why create useless regrets? We can scarcely pay our rent."

4. "You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear really good music. But it is of no use."

5. Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

6. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "For what?"

7. "I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling — genius — understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

8. And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened, and we entered.

9. A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

10. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician." The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and annoyed.

11. "I — I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — shall I play for you?"

12. There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment. "Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

13. "No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the young lady —" He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I — I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

14. "We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

15. She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

16. The brother and the sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

17. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly.

18. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

19. "Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

20. He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more — only once more!"

21. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale — a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

22. "Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door; "farewell!"

23. "You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

24. He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

25. Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight. "Let us make haste

back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

26. We did so, and he sat over it until long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

I. Definitions: (2) fi na′le (fē nä′lā), *the closing part of a piece of music;* (12) spĕll, *charm;* (13) frē quĕnt′, *visit often;* (16) răp′tūre, *extreme joy or pleasure;* (19) sō nä′tà, *an extended musical composition for one or two instruments;* (19) bärs, *measures in music;* (21) ĕlf′ĭn, *relating to elves* — imaginary beings much like fairies; (21) trĭ′ple time, *that time in which each measure is divided into three equal parts;* (21) ĭn′tẽr lūde, *a short piece of instrumental music played between the parts of a song;* (21) ä ġĭ tä′tō, *a musical term which indicates a hurried, spasmodic movement;* (24) eŏm păs′sion āte lў, *in a tender, pitiful manner.*

II. Note: Bee′tho ven (Bā′tō ven) carried to the highest degree of perfection the art of musical composition in what we call the classical forms. Of these the most important form for the piano is the sonata, which generally consists of three parts or movements, each differing from the others in the time and the key in which it is written, but all so written as to combine variety with harmony. Beethoven wrote thirty-five sonatas for the piano, of which the "Moonlight Sonata" is the fourteenth. The first movement contains an unbroken succession of eighth notes from the first measure to the last, which gives it the flowing character referred to in the selection. The closing movement of a sonata, called the "finale," is usually the most spirited.

XLV. AMONG THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

By Bayard Taylor.

1. I wish I could convey in words some idea of the elevation of spirit experienced while looking on these eternal mountains. They fill the soul with a sensation of

power and grandeur which frees it awhile from the cramps and fetters of common life.

2. The soul rises and expands to the level of their sublimity, until its thoughts soar solemnly aloft, like their summits, piercing the heart of heaven. Their dazzling and imperishable beauty is to the mind an image of its own enduring existence.

3. When I stand upon some snowy summit, there seems a majesty in my weak will which might defy the elements. This sense of power, inspired by a silent sympathy with the forms of Nature, is beautifully described as shown in the free, unconscious instincts of childhood, by the poet, Uhland, in his ballad of the "Mountain Boy."

A herd-boy on the mountain's brow,
I see the castles all below,
The sunbeam here is earliest cast,
And by my side it lingers last —
I am the boy of the mountain!

The mountain-house of streams is here,
I drink them in their cradles clear;
From out the rock they foam below,
I spring to catch them as they go —
I am the boy of the mountain!

To me belongs the mountain's bound,
Where gathering tempests march around;
But though from north and south they shout,
Above them still my song rings out —
"I am the boy of the mountain!"

Below me clouds and thunders move ;
I stand amid the blue above.
I shout to them with fearless breast ;
"Go leave my father's house in rest!"
I am the boy of the mountain!

And when the loud bell shakes the spires
And flame aloft the signal-fires,
I go below and join the throng,
And swing my sword and sing my song:
"I am the boy of the mountain!"

SALZBURG.

4. Salzburg lies on both sides of the Salzach River, hemmed in on either bend by precipitous mountains. A large fortress overlooks it on the south, from the summit of a perpendicular rock, against which the houses in that part of the city are built.

5. The streets are narrow and crooked, but the newer part contains many open squares adorned with handsome fountains. The variety of costume among the people is very interesting. The inhabitants of the salt district have a peculiar dress ; the women wear round fur caps, with little wings of gauze at the side. I saw other women with headdresses of gold or silver filigree, something in shape like a Roman helmet, with a projection at the back of the head, a foot long.

6. The most interesting objects in Salzburg to us were the house of Mozart, in which the composer was born, and the monument lately erected to him. The St.

Peter's Church, near by, contains the tomb of Haydn, the great composer, who was also a native of Salzburg.

I. Definitions: (2) ĭm pĕr'ĭsh à ble, *enduring forever;* (3) ŭn eŏn'-scious (-shŭs), *not conscious, without knowing;* (3) băl'lad, *a narrative poem suited to singing or recitation;* (4) prĕ çĭp'ĭ toŭs, *steep, like a precipice;* (5) fĭl'ĭ gree, *open, ornamental work;* (5) hĕl'mĕt *a defensive covering for the head.*

XLVI. MOZART'S REQUIEM.

1. The great composer, Mozart, had a slight and delicate body, and when his health began to fail, he fell into a state of melancholy that approached despondency. A very short time before his death, he composed the celebrated requiem, which, having a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he considered written for his own funeral.

2. One day, when he was absorbed in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced. This visitor, who was handsomely dressed, and of dignified and impressive manners, said, "I have been commissioned, sir, by a man high in power, to call upon you."

3. "Who is he?" asked Mozart.

4. "He does not wish to be known."

5. "Well, what does he want?"

6. "He has just lost a friend whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will ever be dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event

by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem."

7. Mozart was forcibly struck by these words, by the grave manner in which they were uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole affair was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued, "Employ all your genius on this work, as it is destined for a connoisseur."

8. "So much the better," replied Mozart.

9. "What time do you require?"

10. "A month."

11. "Very well; in a month's time I shall return. What price do you set on your work?"

12. "A hundred ducats." The stranger counted them out, laid them on the table, and disappeared.

13. Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and began to write. The rage for composition possessed him like a fierce, masterful spirit; he wrote day and night, with unabating ardor; but his constitution, already enfeebled, was unable to support the great strain upon it; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work.

14. Two or three days afterward, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloom that filled it, he said to her abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

15. As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day. The month having expired, the stranger

again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word."

16. "Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger; "what further time do you require?"

17. "Another month; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed."

18. "In that case it is just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more."

19. "Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who, then, are you?"

20. "That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return."

21. Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed, and returned without being able to trace him.

22. Poor Mozart was then persuaded that the mysterious visitor was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. The composer applied himself with increased ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius.

23. While thus employed, he was seized with alarming fainting fits; but the work was completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed the stranger returned — Mozart was no more. His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short time he had made for himself a name that will never perish.

I. Definitions: (1) dĕ spŏnd′en çy, *state of being discouraged, disheartened;* (1) rē′quĭ ĕm, *a musical composition performed for a dead person;* (1) prĕ sĕn′tĭ ment, *foreboding;* (1) dĭs sō lū′tion, *death;* (2) rĕv′ẽr ĭe, *musing, meditation;* (2) ĕŏm mĭs′sioned, *charged, directed;* (6) ăn′nū al lȳ, *yearly;* (6) ĕŏm mĕm′ō rā tĭng, *celebrating, honoring;* (7) ĕŏn noĭs seûr′, *a skillful or knowing person;* (12) dŭe′ăts, *gold or silver coins of several countries of Europe.*

XLVII. WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

By Sir William Jones.

1. What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

2. Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! *Men* — high-minded *men* —
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

3. Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

4. These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

FIFTH BOOK

PART II

INFORMATION — LITERATURE — ORAL EXPRESSION

BY

GEORGE I. ALDRICH

AND

ALEXANDER FORBES

HOME OF LONGFELLOW

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In recent years quite a large number of new studies have been introduced into the regular course of the common schools. This has resulted in *oral reading* receiving very much less attention than formerly. In fact, in some schools, it has been entirely eliminated from the regular exercises of the higher classes, and this omission has resulted, we believe, in serious detriment to many pupils.

It is the aim of this book to provide the materials, drills, and suggestions which will be required in making the reading lesson a helpful and profitable exercise. Through its medium it is hoped that interest in good oral reading may be revived, and that regular exercises in this subject may be restored to their proper place in the school course.

With this end in view, we have presented a formal statement of the principles of expressive reading, and have illustrated them at the beginning of Part I of this book. Also, at the close of the lessons, throughout, such other studies, notes, and suggestions are presented as will assist the pupil in *getting the thought* and in giving it proper *oral expression.*

Reference to the Table of Contents will show that its materials include a rich and varied collection of literary and elocutionary gems. These are typical of our language, and they have been so grouped as to provide for *continuity of thought.* Their thorough mastery will cultivate proper habits of study, and equip pupils to read with profit to themselves, and pleasure to others, many of the treasures of English and American literature.

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SUGGESTIONS ON VOCAL TRAINING.

Good reading depends upon correct Articulation, Accent, Inflection, Emphasis, and Modulation.

Articulation is the correct utterance of each letter which represents a sound in the spoken word, and of each syllable. A knowledge of the elementary sounds and practice in producing them are essential to good articulation.

Accent is a more forcible utterance of one syllable in a word than is given to the others. The beauty and the harmony of pronunciation depend very much upon accent. However perfect the articulation, misplaced accent will grate upon the ear as harsh, while the absence of accent will tire the ear with monotony.

In words of two, and usually in words of three syllables, only one of the syllables is accented. In some words of three syllables, and usually in words of four or more syllables, there is another accent less strong than the first. The main accent is called the *primary*, and the other the *secondary* accent. The word *compose* has only the primary accent: thus, com pose′; while *composition* has both the primary and the secondary accents: thus, com′po si′tion.

Correct accent is of the greatest importance, since a change of accent often changes the meaning of the word. *Con′duct* means behavior, while *con duct′* means to guide. *Fre′quent* means often; *fre quent′* means to visit often.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a slide of the voice upward or downward, in reading or speaking. There are, therefore, properly speaking, only two kinds of inflection, the *rising* and the *falling*.

The *rising inflection*, as the name implies, is the upward slide of the voice, and the *falling inflection* is the downward slide. In the rising inflection the voice starts at the keynote and rises above it; in the falling inflection the voice starts above the keynote and falls to it, or it may start at the keynote and fall below it. The last named inflection is called *cadence*, and should be used only when it is desired to bring the ear to a state of complete rest, and the mind to expect nothing further to be said.

Circumflex is, by many, classed as an *inflection*. It is a union of the rising and falling inflections on the same syllable. It is in the form of an undulation or wave of the voice, and is used to express irony, sarcasm, and the like. The use of *circumflex* is well illustrated by the following extract from Lesson XXXIII:

"Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all; all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke."

Some claim that *circumflex* may be produced in two ways. They say that the wave may commence with the *rising* slide of the voice and end with the *falling*, or that it may commence with the *falling* slide and end with the *rising*. Those who thus believe distinguish the former as the *falling*, and the latter as the *rising circumflex*. The distinction, if distinction there be, is one which only the delicate musical ear can detect.

That there is this union of inflections, or this *wave* on single syllables, is admitted. That it is used mainly in expressing irony or sarcasm is clear. The ability to use it properly is essential to the proper reading of much that is strong in our literature.

Monotone, which is a prevailing sameness of tone throughout a phrase, clause, or sentence, is by some classed as an *inflection*. This seems hardly a proper name for it. *Monotone* is rather tone without inflection or variety ; it is appropriate to the expression of language that is grand, grave or sublime.

Definite rules for inflection can not be given. A thorough comprehension of the matter to be read, familiarity with the words used, and sympathy with the spirit of the lesson, will prove a better and safer guide than formal *rules*, however carefully stated.

In general it will be found that the language of negation, timidity, and direct inquiry calls for the *rising inflection ;* while the language of affirmation, authority, and the like demands the *falling inflection*.

Language used to express *irony* or *sarcasm* demands the *circumflex*, while language which is grand or sublime demands that the pitch of the voice be maintained unchanged throughout, requiring the *monotone*.

Read the following from Lesson XXXIX:

"Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown!"

"O queenly Persia, flame of the nations!"

"O manly, majestic Rome, with thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet."

The *monotone* is the only fitting form of expression for the proper rendering of these solemnly grand expressions.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is such utterance of a word or of words in a sentence as may be necessary to impress the hearer with the correct meaning of what is read or spoken. Usually it is a greater stress of voice placed upon some word or words than is placed upon others, thus distinguishing them as more important than others in expressing the idea which is to be conveyed.

The emphatic words in a *sentence* hold about the same relation to the unemphatic words, as the accented syllables in a *word* do to the unaccented ones. It has already been said that the beauty and harmony of pronunciation depend largely upon correct accent, so now it may, with equal propriety, be said that the expressiveness, and meaning, and effectiveness in delivery depend in a great measure upon the correct application of emphasis.

It is not wise to multiply classification beyond what is absolutely necessary. It is believed that, for all the necessary purposes of teaching reading, the subject of **Emphasis** may be treated under the three general heads of *absolute emphasis*, *antithetic emphasis*, and *emphatic clause*.

Absolute emphasis is that special utterance of a word or words used in expressing an important idea, where no contrast is expressed or necessarily implied. All *words* important in meaning as expressing something new or as important to be noticed, are emphatic.

Absolute emphasis is usually a more forcible utterance of the emphatic words. It may, however, be such a noticeable decrease of force in utterance as equally to call attention to the importance of the word as expressive of the idea, as: HUSH! *hush!* he stirred not, — was he *dead?*

A repetition of any word, rendered important by its connection in a sentence, usually requires an increased force of utterance, or increased emphasis. In the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, we find:

"'*Treason!*' cried the Speaker; '*Treason,* TREASON, TREASON!' reëchoed from every part of the house."

And in Lesson XXXI:

"*Rouse,* ye Romans! ROUSE, ye slaves!"

This is sometimes called *progressive emphasis*, or *cumulative emphasis.* It is common in impassioned speech.

Antithetic emphasis is the stress of voice placed upon words and sentences, when in contrast.

The general rule in reading, however, is that two or more words opposed to each other in meaning are emphatic by contrast. There could be little difference among people, if equally at their ease, in uttering the expressions:

"*Beauty* is *transitory,* but *virtue* is *everlasting.*"
"*Industry* tendeth to *wealth,* but *idleness* to *poverty.*"
"We are bound to be *honest,* but not to be *rich.*"

The child, as well as the accomplished reader, will emphasize *beauty* and *transitory*, *virtue* and *everlasting*, in the first sentence; *industry*, *wealth*, *idleness*, and *poverty*, in the second sentence, and *honest* and *rich*, in the last.

Emphatic clause. — Sometimes a whole clause or phrase is emphatic. It can not be said that any particular word expresses the more prominent idea. All are alike important. This is called *emphatic clause*, or *emphatic phrase.*

Good illustrations of this may be found in Lesson XXXI, as follows:

"We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and *his last beams*
Fall on a slave; not such as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame, —
But *base, ignoble slaves!* slaves to a *horde*
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell, — a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them.

"Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? — men, and *wash not*
The stain away in blood?

"*Such shames are common.*
I have known deeper wrongs."

MODULATION.

Modulation includes Pitch, Compass, Quantity, Quality, and Force of Voice.

Pitch, or *keynote*, is the tone or note in the musical

scale on which most of the matter of an exercise is read or spoken.

Compass is the distance on the scale, above and below the keynote, over which the voice passes, in order to secure correct expression.

Quantity denotes the rate of utterance, or the time occupied in pronouncing a syllable, word, or sentence. *Quantity* varies indefinitely, but is usually spoken of as *fast*, *medium*, or *slow*. The rate must be determined by the nature of the piece to be read or the thought to be expressed. Still, much is due to the reader or the speaker. What is fast in one would be but medium in another and, in some, would be slow. As an illustration of what may be considered *fast rate*, simply because all parties would express it faster than they would express other kinds of composition, we may cite :

"'Oh! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'"

As illustrating *slow rate :*

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

As a general statement, *quantity* in any given selection should vary with the thought to be conveyed, from *very quick* in the expression of haste, alarm, exhilaration, etc., to *very slow* in the expression of grandeur, melancholy, reverence, repose, etc. *Quantity* or *movement* is the result of the combination of two elements, — length of sound of words and length of pause between words. Especially in the latter we are liable to error by reason of a certain nervous impatience of delay, which urges us on too rapidly to secure the best effects. Ample pauses should be made after important words, and at the conclusion of phrases and clauses.

The movement suitable to be employed in the delivery of any given passage is naturally suggested by the sentiment and the diction of that passage; for the artist in either prose or verse selects for the more solemn passages words containing long vowels and resounding consonants, and for the more spirited passages words containing shorter vowels and more clear-cut, incisive consonants.

It should be a principal object, therefore, to train ourselves to observe the subtle gradations of quality and of sentiment in any passage, and to vary, with the utmost flexibility, the rate of movement which should be employed in its delivery, in harmony with these changes. Such training not only serves to make the reading more effective upon the minds of the hearer, but also reacts upon the reader by awakening and stimulating his appreciation of the more delicate touches of literary workmanship in the selection.

Quality of voice has reference to the tones; and it is commonly designated by the terms *high*, *low*, *rough*, *smooth*, *harsh*, *soft*, etc.

The cultivation of the qualities of the voice, so as to give it fitness for all the different characters of style, sentiment, passion, and emotion, is the work of years. Much may be done, however, by careful practice in the proper expression of what is to be read, determined by its meaning, etc.

Thus we would naturally use high tones to express :

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!"

So we should naturally use low tones for the expression of :

"'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting."

The *orotund* is simply pure tone without admixture of breath. It is most generally used in its purity, and also most commonly, to express that which is lofty, dignified, and sublime.

The importance of **Modulation** is more clear in the reading of poetry than in other composition. *Poetry* is even more a language than it is a form of expression. Yet the *form* is the most obvious distinction. In form it is either *rhyme* or *blank verse*. In *rhyme* the terminating syllables, including the last accented syllables, correspond in sound. *Blank verse* calls for no such correspondence of terminating sound, but both call for a harmony and a rhythm which come from measured poetic feet, that is, a certain regularly recurring number of accented and unaccented syllables in regular order.

The poetry of the Hebrews, or what is called Hebrew poetry, is not either a poetry of rhyme, or of any definite

number of poetic feet (accented and unaccented syllables). It is a poetry in which one idea is paralleled by another of equal weight and force of meaning. Usually the expression is that of two parallel statements, — sometimes it is of three. Note the parallelisms in the following :

"The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

"His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it.
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Figures of Speech are intentional departures from simplicity of expression, prompted either by the imagination, or by the passions.

There are two general classes of figures of speech, known as figures of *words*, and figures of *thought*.

When appropriately used, figurative language is one of the distinguishing beauties of style. It serves to enrich, and to render the language more copious; it describes the nicest shades and colors of thought, which no words in their literal sense could do.

Figures, properly used, give dignity to style, and at the same time afford the pleasure of enjoying two objects at one view, without confusion, — the principal idea, which is the subject considered, and its accessory, which is the figurative dress. Not only is this so, but figures often give a clearer and more striking view of the principal

object than could be gained through the use of only the simple terms. Note the simple statement :

"A good man enjoys comfort in the midst of adversity."

The same thought expressed in figurative language :

"To the upright there arises light in darkness."

As *light* suggests *comfort*, and *darkness* suggests the idea of *discomfort*, or *adversity*, the second sentence is a figurative mode of expressing the thought affirmed by the more simple language of the first.

Only the more common and the more simple figures can be considered here. Among the more common figures are *personification*, *apostrophe*, *simile* or *comparison*, and *metaphor*.

Personification is a figure of speech which attributes to an inanimate object the property of conscious life, as, "When Death, the tardy assassin, approached."

Apostrophe is a direct address to the absent as present, the inanimate as living, or the abstract as personal, as, "Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown."

A *simile*, or *comparison*, points out or expresses the resemblance of two or more objects, — as, for example, in the following illustration from Lesson IX :

"The Assyrian came down *like the wolf on the fold*."
"And the sheen of their spears was *like stars on the sea*."
"Hath melted *like snow in the glance of the Lord*."

A *metaphor* is an abbreviated form of *simile* or *comparison* in which the likeness is no longer expressed, but assumed. In this figure the thing compared is no longer merely *like* the other ; it has *become* the other. Thus, "the Cæsar of our triumvirate."

FIFTH BOOK.

PART II.

READINGS FROM WORLD-FAMOUS BOOKS.

I. TOM COMES HOME.

By George Eliot.

The following two chapters are from "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), probably the most distinguished woman novelist the world has known. She was born at Arbury farm, Warwickshire, England, Nov. 22, 1819, and died at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Dec. 22, 1880. She accomplished an amount of work that excites our wonder, especially when its character and the study required in its preparation are considered. Her most popular works are "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," "Middlemarch," "Romola," and "Daniel Deronda."

GEORGE ELIOT.

PART I.

1. Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was

fondness for her boy. At last the sound came — that quick light bowling of the gig-wheels — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door and even held her hand on Maggie's offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

2. "There he is, my sweet lad!" Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, "Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?"

3. Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue eyes wandered toward the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look as much alike as goslings, — a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows — a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which Nature seemed to have molded and colored with the most decided intention. But that same Nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies.

Under these average boyish physiognomies that she seems to turn off by the gross, she conceals some of her most rigid, inflexible purposes, some of her most unmodifiable characters; and the dark-eyed, demonstrative, rebellious girl may after all turn out to be a passive being compared with this pink-and-white bit of masculinity with the indeterminate features.

4. "Maggie," said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

5. "No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls [marbles] or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at those games — she played so badly.

6. "Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

7. "What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

8. "Why, it's — a — new — guess, Maggie!"

9. "Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

10. "Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

11. "No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not

cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

12. Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish line — two new uns — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! — I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything — won't it be fun?"

13. Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

14. "Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

15. "Yes, very, very good — I do love you, Tom."

16. Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

17. "Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

18. "Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocketknife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added — "I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by

wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

19. "Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — wouldn't you, Tom?"

20. "How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

21. "No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it to you in the book where I read it."

22. "Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

23. "But if you hadn't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?" Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?"

24. "But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

25. "Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

26. Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own. "Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

27. "Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom, promptly.

28. "I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

29. "What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

30. "Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

31. "More rabbits? I don't want any more."

32. "Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

33. Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot," he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry — I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

34. "Yes, but I forgot — and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

35. "You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely; "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish line. I don't love you."

36. "Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd

forgive you, if you forgot anything — I wouldn't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

37. "Yes, you're a silly — but I never do forget things — I don't."

38. "Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

39. Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

40. "Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

41. "Didn't I think about your fish line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

42. "Ye-ye-es — and I — lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

43. "But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

44. "But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

45. "Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow." With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

46. Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never meant to be naughty to him.

47. "Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her fetish; she was too miserable to be angry. These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

I. Definitions: (2) rĕt'ĭ çençe, *refraining to speak of that which is suggested;* (3) erŏft, *a small inclosed field adjoining a house, a small farm;* (3) phy̆s ĭ ŏg'nŏ mў, *the face or countenance with respect to the temper of the mind;* (3) ġĕ nĕr'ĭe, *pertaining to a genus or kind, relating to a genus as distinct from a species* — as a generic name; (3) ĭn flĕx'ĭble, *not to be changed, turned or altered;* (5) stŏdġ'ў, *wet;* (5) cŏb'nŭts, *a game played by children with nuts, a name also for a variety of hazelnuts;* (12) tŏf'fee, *taffy;* (23) eŏn tĕmp'tŭ oŭs lў, *scornfully, haughtily, disdainfully;* (39) pĕr'ĕmp tŏ rў, *not admitting of question or appeal:* (47) rĕs'ŏ nançe, *the act of resounding;* (47) fē'tĭsh, *any object to which one is excessively devoted.*

II. Notes: Wa̤rw'ĭck shĭre, *a county in central England.* Chĕl'sēa, *a populous suburb of London.*

III. Suggestions and Questions: Does Tom think more kindly of Maggie than he pretends? Why do you think so, if you do? Which would you rather have for a constant companion? Was Maggie's punishment greater than she merited? Is "I forgot" a good excuse? What does the last statement in paragraph 18 mean? What figure of speech in paragraph 19?

In reading this lesson, show the eager love of Maggie and the pretended indifference of Tom. There are three persons here: the author, Tom, and Maggie; and the voice and manner should tell any one who might be listening which person is represented.

II. TOM COMES HOME.

PART II.

1. Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? — perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down, if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind

her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

2. Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

3. "I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

4. "What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

5. "I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plum cake.

6. "Goodness heart! She's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

7. "Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

8. "I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

9. "Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal times."

10. "You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

11. Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plum cake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point — namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it; why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never did deserve it.

12. It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and disheveled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love, — this hunger of the heart, — as peremptory as that other hunger by

which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

13. But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom!"

14. We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarreled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other. We no longer approximate in our behavior to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

15. "Don't cry, then, Magsie — here, eat a bit o' cake." Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

16. "Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs. So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms and fish and those things, and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful — much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly — they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

17. They were on their way to the Round Pool — that wonderful pool which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysteri-

ous, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

18. Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual; but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass. Tom was excited. "O Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket."

19. Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much.

20. It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life

would ever change much for them : they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays ; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming — the great chestnut tree under which they played at houses — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plumy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing springtide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe ; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

21. Life did change for Tom and Maggie ; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it — if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows — the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet mo-

notony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

22. The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet — what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibers within me as this home scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows — such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

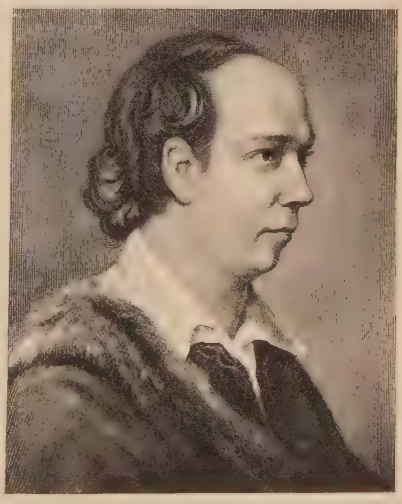
I. Definitions: (1) fĕtch, *go and bring*; (1) rĕṣ ō lū′tion, *a settled purpose*; (1) ĭn tĕn′sĭ tў, *extreme degree*; (2) wĕnch, *a young lady, a maiden, a girl*; (10) pĕr spĭ eāç′ĭ tў, *acuteness of insight*; (11) pŭn′ĭsh-ment, *pain, physical or mental, inflicted upon an offender, under authority*: (14) āl ien ā′tion, *a withdrawing, as of the affections*; (14) ăp prŏx′ĭ-māte, *draw near, approach*; (14) răn′dŏm, *without aim or purpose*; (14) ĭm pŭl′sĭve nĕss, *the quality of being thoughtless in action or speech*; (15) hū mĭl′ĭ āt ĭng, *reducing to a lower position in one's own eyes, or in the eyes of others*; (17) mўs tē′rĭ oŭs, *obscure, not revealed or explained*; (17) ăm′ĭ eà ble, *friendly, after the manner of friends*: (18) tĕnch, *a European fresh-water fish allied to the carp*: (20) ēa′gre (gē̆r), *a*

wave, or two or three successive waves, of great height and violence, at flood tide moving up an estuary or river; (21) hĭps, *fruit of the English dog-rose;* (21) hạ̄ws, *fruit of the hawthorn;* (22) eȧ pri′cious (-prĭsh′ŭs), *apt to change suddenly, freakish.*

II. Questions and Suggestions: What is it "to hold the whip-hand"? How does "in" in "intensity" differ from the same in "inflexible"? Had Tom the right to punish Maggie? Is it dishonorable "to tell on" one who has committed a wrong? If so, is it wrong to testify against a criminal? Do you think better of Tom at the close of the second lesson than you did at the close of the first? If you do, write out your reasons for changing your mind.

III. A CONFIDENCE GAME.

By Oliver Goldsmith.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Of the prose of Oliver Goldsmith it has been written, "whether it was for a suit of clothes or for immortality, it was all of a piece, inimitable." "The Vicar of Wakefield," his only prose story, the work from which the following selection is taken, was written in 1762, but was not published till 1766. In youth, Goldsmith promised badly, — in truth, he always promised badly; but he performed magnificently when he had a pen in his hand. He left unfinished, "A History of Animated Nature," a work meant to be scientific; but it reads, as Johnson says, like a Persian tale. It isn't science, but it is charming reading. "Goldsmith's poems are the best of their kind, better than all but the best in other kinds;" and his comic drama

"The Good-natured Man," is one of the most popular plays of to-day. Goldsmith was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728, lived in comfort sometimes, oftener in misery, and died abjectly poor, through thoughtless generosity, in London, April 4, 1774. To have reached manhood or womanhood and not made the acquaintance of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is to prove one's self unread.

1. When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now.

2. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

3. "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

4. "What! only pretty well!" returned she. "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did well for my children there?"

5. "Ay," returned I, not knowing what to think of the matter, "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy.

6. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

7. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

8. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing

his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth which they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of a gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

9. He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

10. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed with a card for my daughters, imparting that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

11. This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He

brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it.

12. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."

13. "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

14. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend

upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing — but, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

15. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

16. "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

17. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

18. "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

19. "Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

20. "I have brought no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

21. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

22. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

23. "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

24. "You need be in no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

25. "What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

26. "No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."

27. "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

28. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

29. "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

30. "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

31. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed

upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

32. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

I. Definitions: (4) En′ tre nous (än̲′trā no̲), *between ourselves, in confidence;* (7) hĭg′gle, *to stand out for a small advantage in buying or selling;* (8) dēal, *made of boards;* (8) gŏs̲′lĭng, *a young or unfledged goose* — its down is of a pale green color, hence the term "gosling green"; (10) prē′vĭ oŭs, *going before in time;* (12) dĭf′fĭ dençe, *the state of being distrustful, want of confidence* — this use of the word is not now common; (13) rĕp ar tee′, *a smart, ready, and witty reply;* (20) shà green′, *made of or covered with a sort of untanned leather;* (21) pa̲l′trў, *mean, trifling, worthless;* (31) prowl′ĭng, *roving or wandering stealthily, especially for prey.*

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The above selection is admirably adapted to bringing out the elocutionary powers of the pupils. The quiet delivery of the vicar, the vehemence and varying passion of his wife, and the courtly address of Burchell give ample occasion for drill in tones, cadences, and inflections. It is suggested that pupils be chosen by pairs to carry on the dialogue, omitting all the words not quoted — thus making it dramatic. It is well to insist upon a distinction between the utterance of the words of the per-

son speaking, and those of the author's explanations. To put the vehemence of the mother in "Marry, hang the idiot" into "returned she," mars both sense and harmony. Illustrate in reading this lesson the following rule: "**The last word of an explanatory expression takes the same inflection as the last word before it.**"

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt." — "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she. — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I. — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses.

IV. MAY AND NOVEMBER.

From Chapter V of "The House of the Seven Gables," By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

1. Phœbe Pyncheon slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark, antique canopy, and ponderous festoons, of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day.

2. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there, — with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage, — the dawn kissed her brow. It was

the caress which a dewy maiden — such as the Dawn is, immortally — gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclose her eyes.

3. At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognize where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion, from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall, stiff chairs; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

4. When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rosebush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxuriant growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts: but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rosebush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mold in which it grew.

5. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon, — she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt, — in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden plot, was now unctuous with

nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable, because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

6. Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, and dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long — except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts — that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man's happier hours.

7. What was precisely Phœbe's process we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here, and another there; brought

some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window curtain; and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment. No longer ago than the night before, it had resembled nothing so much as the old maid's heart; for there was neither sunshine nor household fire in one nor the other, and, save for ghosts and ghostly reminiscences, not a guest, for many years gone by, had entered the heart or the chamber.

8. There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bedchamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience, as a scene of human life: the joy of bridal nights had throbbed itself away here; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here; and here old people had died. But — whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtile influence might be — a person of delicate instinct would have known, at once, that it was now a maiden's bedchamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being such cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom, and now haunted the chamber in its stead.

9. After arranging matters to her satisfaction, Phœbe emerged from her chamber, with a purpose to descend again into the garden. Besides the rosebush, she had observed several other species of flowers, growing there in a wilderness of neglect, and obstructing one another's development (as is often the parallel case in human society) by their uneducated entanglement and confusion.

10. At the head of the stairs, however, she met Hepzibah, who, it being still early, invited her into a room which she would probably have called her boudoir, had her education embraced any such French phrase. It was strewn about with a few old books, and a workbasket, and a dusty writing-desk; and had, on one side, a large, black article of furniture, of very strange appearance, which the old gentlewoman told Phœbe was a harpsichord. It looked more like a coffin than anything else; and, indeed, — not having been played upon, or opened, for years, — there must have been a vast deal of dead music in it, stifled for want of air. Human finger was hardly known to have touched its chords since the days of Alice Pyncheon, who had learned the sweet accomplishment of melody in Europe.

11. Hepzibah bade her young guest sit down, and, herself taking a chair near by, looked as earnestly at Phœbe's trim little figure as if she expected to see right into its springs and motive secrets. "Cousin Phœbe," said she, at last, "I really can't see my way clear to keep you with me."

12. These words, however, had not the inhospitable bluntness with which they may strike the reader; for the two relatives, in a talk before bedtime, had arrived at a certain degree of mutual understanding. Hepzibah knew enough to enable her to appreciate the circumstances (resulting from the second marriage of the girl's mother) which made it desirable for Phœbe to establish herself in another home. Nor did she misinterpret Phœbe's character, and the genial activity pervading it,

— one of the most valuable traits of the true New England woman, — which had impelled her forth, as might be said, to seek her fortune, but with a self-respecting purpose to confer as much benefit as she could anywise receive. As one of her nearest kindred, she had naturally betaken herself to Hepzibah, with no idea of forcing herself on her cousin's protection, but only for a visit of a week or two, which might be indefinitely extended, should it prove for the happiness of both.

13. To Hepzibah's blunt observation, therefore, Phœbe replied, as frankly, and more cheerfully. "Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be," said she. "But I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose."

14. "You are a nice girl, — I see it plainly," continued Hepzibah; "and it is not any question as to that point which makes me hesitate. But, Phœbe, this house of mine is but a melancholy place for a young person to be in. It lets in the wind and rain, and the snow, too, in the garret and upper chambers, in winter time, but it never lets in the sunshine. And as for myself, you see what I am, — a dismal and lonesome old woman (for I begin to call myself old, Phœbe), whose temper, I am afraid, is none of the best, and whose spirits are as bad as can be. I cannot make your life pleasant, Cousin Phœbe, neither can I so much as give you bread to eat."

15. "You will find me a cheerful little body," answered Phœbe, smiling, and yet with a kind of gentle dignity; "and I mean to earn my bread. You know I have not been brought up a Pyncheon. A girl learns many things in a New England village."

16. "Ah! Phœbe," said Hepzibah, sighing, "your knowledge would do but little for you here! And then it is a wretched thought that you should fling away your young days in a place like this. Those cheeks would not be so rosy after a month or two. Look at my face!" —and, indeed, the contrast was very striking, — "you see how pale I am! It is my idea that the dust and continual decay of these old houses are unwholesome for the lungs."

17. "There is the garden, — the flowers to be taken care of," observed Phœbe. "I should keep myself healthy with exercise in the open air."

18. "And, after all, child," exclaimed Hepzibah, suddenly rising, as if to dismiss the subject, "it is not for me to say who shall be a guest or inhabitant of the old Pyncheon house. Its master is coming."

19. "Do you mean Judge Pyncheon?" asked Phœbe, in surprise.

20. "Judge Pyncheon!" answered her cousin, angrily. "He will hardly cross the threshold while I live! No, no! But, Phœbe, you shall see the face of him I speak of."

21. She went in quest of the miniature already described, and returned with it in her hand. Giving it to Phœbe, she watched her features narrowly, and with a certain jealousy as to the mode in which the girl would show herself affected by the picture.

22. "How do you like the face?" asked Hepzibah.

23. "It is handsome! — it is very beautiful!" said Phœbe, admiringly. "It is as sweet a face as a man's

can be, or ought to be. It has something of a child's expression, — and yet not childish, — only one feels so very kindly towards him! He ought never to suffer anything. One would bear much for the sake of sparing him toil or sorrow. Who is it, Cousin Hepzibah?"

24. "Did you never hear," whispered her cousin, bending towards her, "of Clifford Pyncheon?"

25. "Never! I thought there were no Pyncheons left, except yourself and our cousin Jaffrey," answered Phœbe. "And yet I seem to have heard the name of Clifford Pyncheon. Yes! — from my father, or my mother; but has he not been a long while dead?"

26. "Well, well, child, perhaps he has!" said Hepzibah, with a sad, hollow laugh; "but, in old houses like this, you know, dead people are very apt to come back again! We shall see. And, Cousin Phœbe, since, after all that I have said, your courage does not fail you, we will not part so soon. You are welcome, my child, for the present, to such a home as your kinswoman can offer you."

27. With this measured, but not exactly cold assurance of a hospitable purpose, Hepzibah kissed her cheek. They now went below stairs, where Phœbe — not so much assuming the office as attracting it to herself, by the magnetism of innate fitness — took the most active part in preparing breakfast. The mistress of the house, meanwhile, as is usual with persons of her stiff and unmalleable cast, stood mostly aside; willing to lend her aid, yet conscious that her natural inaptitude would be likely to impede the business in hand.

28. Phœbe, and the fire that boiled the teakettle, were equally bright, cheerful, and efficient, in their respective offices. Hepzibah gazed forth from her habitual sluggishness, the necessary result of long solitude, as from another sphere. She could not help being interested, however, and even amused, at the readiness with which her new inmate adapted herself to the circumstances, and brought the house, moreover, and all its rusty appliances, into a suitableness for her purposes. Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear.

29. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree ; or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and, therefore, rendering it beautiful ; it was a New England trait, — the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web.

30. Hepzibah brought out some old silver spoons with the family crest upon them, and a china tea set painted over with grotesque figures of man, bird, and beast, in as grotesque a landscape. These pictured people were odd humorists, in a world of their own, — a world of vivid brilliancy, so far as color went, and still unfaded, although the teapot and small cups were as ancient as the custom itself of tea-drinking.

31. " Your great-great-great-great-grandmother had these cups, when she was married," said Hepzibah to

Phœbe. "She was a Davenport, of a good family. They were almost the first teacups ever seen in the colony ; and if one of them were to be broken, my heart would break with it. But it is nonsense to speak so about a brittle teacup, when I remember what my heart has gone through without breaking."

32. The cups — not having been used, perhaps, since Hepzibah's youth — had contracted no small burden of dust, which Phœbe washed away with so much care and delicacy as to satisfy even the proprietor of this invaluable china.

33. "What a nice little housewife you are ! " exclaimed the latter, smiling, and, at the same time, frowning so prodigiously that the smile was sunshine under a thundercloud. "Do you do other things as well? Are you as good at your book as you are at washing teacups? "

34. "Not quite, I am afraid," said Phœbe, laughing at the form of Hepzibah's question. "But I was schoolmistress for the little children in our district last summer, and might have been so still."

35. "Ah ! 'tis all very well ! " observed the maiden lady, drawing herself up. "But these things must have come to you with your mother's blood. I never knew a Pyncheon that had any turn for them."

36. It is very queer, but not the less true, that people are generally quite as vain, or even more so, of their deficiencies, than of their available gifts ; as was Hepzibah of this native inapplicability, so to speak, of the Pyncheons to any useful purpose. She regarded it as an hereditary trait ; and so, perhaps, it was, but, unfortu-

nately, a morbid one, such as is often generated in families that remain long above the surface of society.

37. Before they left the breakfast table, the shop-bell rang sharply, and Hepzibah set down the remnant of her final cup of tea, with a look of sallow despair that was truly piteous to behold. In cases of distasteful occupation, the second day is generally worse than the first; we return to the rack with all the soreness of the preceding torture in our limbs. At all events, Hepzibah had fully satisfied herself of the impossibility of ever becoming wonted to this peevishly obstreperous little bell. Ring as often as it might, the sound always smote upon her nervous system rudely and suddenly. And especially now, while, with her crested teaspoons and antique china, she was flattering herself with ideas of gentility, she felt an unspeakable disinclination to confront a customer.

38. "Do not trouble yourself, dear cousin!" cried Phœbe, starting lightly up. "I am shop keeper to-day."

39. "You, child!" exclaimed Hepzibah. "What can a little country-girl know of such matters?"

40. "Oh, I have done all the shopping for the family at our village store," said Phœbe. "And I have had a table at a fancy fair, and made better sales than anybody. These things are not to be learnt; they depend upon a knack that comes, I suppose," added she, smiling, "with one's mother's blood. You shall see that I am as nice a little saleswoman as I am a housewife!"

I. Definitions: (1) ăn tique′ (-tēk′), *old, of old fashion or design;* (1) fĕs to͞on′, *a garland or wreath hanging in a depending curve, any-*

thing arranged in this way; (5) ŭn̲e′tŭ oŭs, *of the nature or quality of an ointment, fatty, oily;* (6) păt′rĭ mō nў, *what one inherits from one's father or from one's parents;* (7) prē lĭm′ĭ nā rў, *preceding the main business, prefatory;* (7) rĕm ĭ nĭs′çençe, *the act of recalling experience, that which is recalled to mind;* (10) bou doir′ (bo͞o dwôr′), *a lady's private room;* (21) ăf fĕct′ĕd, *influenced or moved, as of the feelings or passions,* — "to affect" is to influence, "to effect" is to produce a result; (32) ĭn văl′ū ā ble, *beyond price, precious;* (37) ŏb strĕp′ĕr oŭs, *attended by or making a loud noise, clamorous.*

II. Suggestions: This chapter furnishes an excellent opportunity for drill in the *proper grouping* of words. Hardly anything helps more to the understanding of the listener than the grouping, on the part of the reader, of words that belong together. Up to the eleventh paragraph it is quiet description, and should be read smoothly and in a gentle voice — no passion, no excitement. In the dialogue, distinguish between the cheeriness of Phœbe and the chronic dolefulness of Hepzibah, but don't neglect the flash of anger when Judge Pyncheon is named. An uncle of Jaffrey (now Judge) and of Clifford, who are cousins, died under circumstances that led to the belief that murder had been committed. Partly by silence and partly by innuendo, Jaffrey fastened the crime upon Clifford (though he himself was present at the death with criminal purpose), and for long, long years Clifford has been in a penitentiary. The term of his sentence is now at an end, and he is on his way home.

This is one of the greatest books of one of America's greatest novelists. The eighteenth chapter of this book is remarkable for giving eighteen pages of description to a thing which is not named at all.

V. THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND.

From Chapter I of "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.

1. In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and

the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

2. Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period toward the end of the reign of Richard the First, when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression.

3. The nobles whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependents, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power, to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

4. The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually

precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake.

5. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbors, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, and to the laws of the land.

6. A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility by the

event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand.

7. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor.

8. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue.

9. In short, French was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded between the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in

which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished has been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

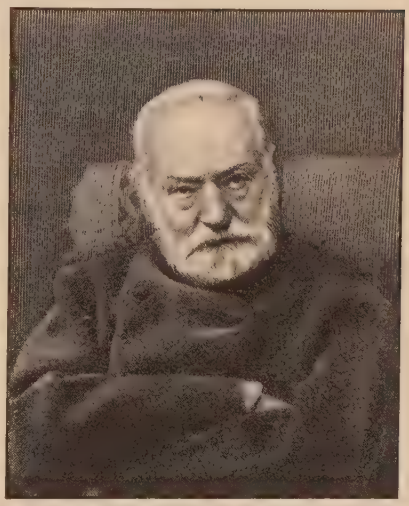
10. This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

I. Definitions: (3) ĕx ôr′bĭ tant, *excessive, going beyond appointed limits;* (3) văs′ sal ăġe, *political servitude, subjection;* (4) prē ēā′rī oŭs, *uncertain, liable to be lost at the pleasure of another;* (7) ĕx′tīr pā tĕd, *plucked up by the stem or root, wholly destroyed;* (7) ăn tĭp′ă thў, *a feeling against, hatred;* (8) prē dĭ lĕe′ tion, *a predisposition to choose or like, partiality;* (8) ĕm′ŭ lā tĕd, *imitated with a view to outdo, vied with.*

II. Suggestions: It is of inestimable value to the student to fix the place and the time of things worth remembering. The habit of consulting maps and cyclopedias should be acquired. Every place should be located with reference to the home of the reader, and on every map drawn this should be indicated in the beginning.

VI. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By Victor Hugo.



VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo, poet, dramatist, novelist, statesman, and peer of France, was born Feb. 26, 1802, at Besançon, France, and died at Paris, May 22, 1885. He is the greatest of all French poets, and is counted by critics one of the four immortals, — Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe being the others. His earliest writings were odes and ballads, and at the age of twenty he published his first volume under that title. As a lyric poet, Hugo is unequaled, and his dramas are beyond praise. His greatest drama is probably "Hernani" (hȧr nä′nē); his greatest romance is surely "Les Misér a bles′" (lā mē zēr ä bl′), the work from which this lesson is taken. It is one of the immortal books, and one must not fail to give it a careful study when his mind shall be ready for it. Victor Hugo was a champion of liberty, and a foe to oppression.

1. The battle of Waterloo is an enigma. It is as obscure to those who won it as to him who lost it. To Napoleon it is a panic; Blucher sees in it only fire; Wellington comprehends nothing of it. Look at the reports. The bulletins are confused, the commentaries are foggy. The former stammer, the latter falter. . . .

2. A day of lightnings, — indeed, the downfall of the

military monarchy, which, to the great amazement of kings, has dragged with it all kingdoms, — the fall of force, the overthrow of war. In this event, bearing the impress of superhuman necessity, man's part is nothing.

3. Does taking away Waterloo from Wellington and from Blucher, detract anything from England and Germany? No. Neither illustrious England nor august Germany is in question in the problem of Waterloo. Thank heaven, nations are great aside from the dismal chances of the sword. Neither Germany, nor England, nor France, is held in a scabbard.

4. At this day when Waterloo is only a clicking of sabers, above Blucher, Germany has Goethe, and above Wellington, England has Byron. A vast uprising of ideas is peculiar to our century, and in this aurora England and Germany have a magnificent share. They are majestic because they think. The higher plane which they bring to civilization is intrinsic to them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. The advancement which they have made in the nineteenth century does not spring from Waterloo. It is only barbarous nations who have a sudden growth after a victory. It is the fleeting vanity of the streamlet swelled by the storm.

5. Civilized nations, especially in our times, are not exalted nor abased by the good or bad fortune of a captain. Their specific gravity in the human race results from something more than a combat. Their honor, thank God, their dignity, their light, their genius, are not numbers that heroes and conquerors, those gamblers, can cast into the lottery of battles. Oftentimes a battle lost is progress

attained. Less glory, more liberty. The drum is silent, reason speaks. It is the game at which he who loses gains. Let us speak, then, coolly of Waterloo on both sides. Let us render unto Fortune the things that are Fortune's, and unto God the things that are God's.

6. What is Waterloo? A victory? No. A prize? A prize won by Europe, paid by France. It was not much to put a lion there.

7. Waterloo, moreover, is the strangest encounter in history. Napoleon and Wellington: they are not enemies, they are opposites. Never has God, who takes pleasure in antitheses, made a more striking contrast and a more extraordinary meeting.

8. On one side, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, tactics to balance battalions, carnage drawn to the line was directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness; on the other, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, prodigious art in disdainful impetuosity, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with Destiny; river, plain, forest, hill commanded, and in some sort forced to obey, the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battlefield; faith in a star joined to strategic science, increasing it, but disturbing it. Wellington was the Barrême of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo, and this time genius was vanquished by calculation.

9. On both sides they were expecting somebody. It was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon expected Grouchy ; he did not come. Wellington expected Blucher; he came.

10. Wellington is classic war taking her revenge. Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met her in Italy, and defeated her superbly. The old owl fled before the young vulture. Ancient tactics had been not only thunderstruck, but had received mortal offense. What was this Corsican of twenty-six? What meant this brilliant novice, who, having everything against him, nothing for him, with no provisions, no munitions, no cannon, no shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against multitudes, rushed upon allied Europe, and absurdly gained victories that were impossible?

11. Whence came this thundering madman who, almost without taking breath, and with the same set of the combatants in hand, pulverized one after the other the five armies of the Emperor of Germany? Who was this newcomer in war with the confidence of destiny? The academic military school excommunicated him as it ran away. Thence an implacable hatred of the old system of war against the new, of the correct saber against the flashing sword, and of the checkerboard against genius. . . .

12. Waterloo is a battle of the first rank won by a captain of the second. What is truly admirable in the battle of Waterloo is England, — English firmness, English resolution, English blood ; the superb thing which England had there — may it not displease her — is herself. It is not her captain, it is her army.

13. Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declared in a letter to Lord Bathurst, that his army, the army that fought on the 18th of June, 1815, was a "detestable army." What does this dark assemblage of bones buried beneath the furrows of Waterloo think of that?

14. England has been too modest in regard to Wellington. To make Wellington so great is to belittle England. Wellington is but a hero like the rest. These Scotch Grays; these Horse Guards; these regiments of Maitland and of Mitchell; this infantry of Pack and Kempt; this cavalry of Ponsonby and of Somerset; these Highlanders playing the bagpipe under the storm of grape; these battalions of Rylandt; these raw recruits who hardly knew how to handle a musket, holding out against the veteran bands of Essling and Rivoli, — all that is grand.

15. Wellington was tenacious; that was his merit, and we do not undervalue it, but the least of his foot soldiers or his horsemen was quite as firm as he. The iron soldier is as good as the Iron Duke. For our part, all our glorification goes to the English soldier, the English army, the English people. If trophy there be, to England the trophy is due. The Waterloo column would be more just if, instead of the figure of a man, it lifted to the clouds the statue of a nation.

16. But this great England will be offended at what we say here. She has still, after her 1688 and our 1789, the feudal illusion. She believes in hereditary right and in the hierarchy. This people, surpassed by none in might and glory, esteems itself as a nation, not as a people. So much so that as a people they subordinate themselves will-

ingly and take a lord for a head. Workmen, they submit to be despised ; soldiers, they submit to be whipped. We remember that at the battle of Inkerman a sergeant who, as it appeared, had saved the army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan, the English military hierarchy not permitting any hero below the rank of officer to be spoken of in a report.

17. What we admire above all in an encounter like that of Waterloo, is the prodigious skill of fortune. The night's rain, the wall of Hougomont, the sunken road of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to cannon, Napoleon's guide who deceives him, Bulow's guide who leads him right ; all this cataclysm is wonderfully carried out.

18. Taken as a whole, let us say, Waterloo was more of a massacre than a battle. Of all the great battles, Waterloo is that which has the shortest line in proportion to the number engaged. Napoleon, two miles, Wellington, a mile and a half ; 72,000 men on each side. From this density came the carnage.

19. The calculation has been made and this proportion established : Loss of men at Austerlitz, — French, fourteen per cent. ; Russians, thirty per cent. ; Austrians, forty-four per cent. At Wagram, — French, thirteen per cent. ; Austrians, fourteen. At Moscow, — French, thirty-seven per cent. ; Russians, forty-four. At Waterloo, — French, fifty-six per cent. ; allies, thirty-one. Average for Waterloo, — forty-one per cent. ; 144,000 men ; 60,000 dead.

20. The field of Waterloo to-day has that calm which belongs to the earth, impassive support of man; it resembles any other plain. At night, however, a sort of vision-

ary mist arises from it, and if some traveler be walking there, if he looks, if he listens, if he dreams like Virgil in the fatal plain of Philippi, he becomes possessed by the hallucination of the disaster.

21. The terrible 18th of June is again before him ; the artificial hill of the monument fades away, this lion, whatever it be, is dispelled ; the field of battle resumes its reality ; the lines of infantry undulate in the plain, furious gallops traverse the horizon ; the bewildered dreamer sees the flash of sabers, the glistening of bayonets, the bursting of shells, the awful intermingling of the thunders ; he hears, like a death rattle from the depths of a tomb, the vague clamor of the phantom battle ; these shadows are grenadiers ; these gleams are cuirassiers ; this skeleton is Napoleon ; that skeleton is Wellington ; all this is unreal, and yet it clashes and combats ; and the ravines run red, and the trees shiver, and there is fury even in the clouds, and, in the darkness, all those savage heights appear confusedly crowned with whirlwinds of specters exterminating each other.

I. Definitions : (1) ê nĭg′mà, *an action or a thing which cannot be satisfactorily explained :* (4) a̤u rō′rà, *the rising light of the morning :* (7) ăn tĭth′ē sĭs, *opposition, contrast,* — "the prodigal robs his heir ; the miser robs himself" ; (10) elās′sĭc, *of, or relating to, the highest authority ;* (11) ĭm plā′cà ble, *not to be appeased, relentless, unyielding ;* (15) tē nā′cious, *holding stoutly to one's purpose :* (15) trō′phỹ, *any memorial of victory or conquest :* (16) hī′ĕr ärch ỹ, *a body of officials of different ranks or orders :* (17) eăt′à elỹ̱m, *a sweeping flood of water, a deluge ;* (20) hăl lū çĭ nā′tion, *a wandering of the mind, error, mistake ;* (21) grĕn à dĭēr′, *a member of a special regiment or corps :* (21) cui răs sĭēr′ (kwē-), *a soldier armed with a cuirass, or breastplate.*

II. Notes: The battlefield of Waterloo is near the village of that name, which is located some ten miles south of Brussels, Belgium. On June 18, 1815, the allied British, Dutch, and German forces, under the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussians under Blu′*e*h*e*r, won a most decisive victory over the French under Napoleon. The rout was so complete and the disaster to Napoleon so decisive, that "Waterloo" has become a synonym for a final and deciding blow.

(9) Grouchy (Gro͞o shē′) was a French marshal who commanded a detached force in the Waterloo campaign. He defeated a part of Blucher's army, but failed to prevent Blucher from joining Wellington or to come himself to the assistance of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. (14) The battle of Ĕss′lĭng was fought a few miles from Vienna, Austria, May 21 and 22, 1809. In this battle the Austrians gained a victory over the French under Napoleon. (14) Rĭ′vō lĭ is a village in northern Italy near which Napoleon defeated the Austrians, January 14, 1797. (16) Ĭn̲k ĕr măn′ is a ruined town in the Crimea, Russia. Here, November 5, 1854, the English and French defeated the Russians. (16) Sixteen hundred and eighty-eight is the date of the English revolution that deposed James II. and crowned William and Mary. It is sometimes called the "bloodless revolution." (16) Seventeen hundred and eighty-nine is the date of the bloody revolution in France, in which Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, together with multitudes of the aristocracy of France, lost their lives. (17) Near the village of Ohain was the famous sunken road, with perpendicular banks twelve feet high, into which the French cavalry poured, to be crushed and mangled by those in the rear. Nearly one-third of Dubois' brigade rolled into this abyss. This disaster marked the beginning of Napoleon's defeat. (20) Vĭr′gĭl was a famous Roman poet who died 19 B.C. (20) Phĭ lĭp′*p*ī is a ruined town in Turkey in Europe; it was the scene of two battles in 42 B.C. in which Octavius and Mark Antony defeated the republicans under Brutus and Cassius.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading: To read this chapter well, the pupil must go on till he feels the heat of the battle and hears its crash and thunder. It can't be read with full effect by having each pupil read a single paragraph. Study carefully the magnificent antithesis in the eighth paragraph,—the mathematics of Wellington opposed to the genius of Napoleon.

VII. MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

By Miguel de Cervantes.

CERVANTES.

This extract is taken from Chapter XVII of the most famous romance in the Spanish language, and one of the greatest works of its kind ever written. Its title is "Adventures of Don Quixote (Kwĭks′ōt) de la Măn′chă."

The author was born in Spain, and, as in the case of the great Grecian poet, Homer, *seven* cities claimed the honor of being his native place. This dispute was finally settled by the discovery of the parish register in which his baptism, on the 9th of October, 1547, is recorded.

"Don Quixote" is a satire upon the books of knight-errantry which were so common in the time of Cervantes. He considered that these books were likely to give his countrymen false ideas of the world; to fill them all, especially the young, with fanciful notions of life, and so make them unfit to meet its real difficulties and hardships.

In order to exhibit the absurdity of such works, the author represents a worthy gentleman, whose head had been turned by such reading, sallying forth in search of fame, fortune, and adventure. The absurdities into which the poor gentleman's madness constantly hurries him exerted a powerful influence, and did more towards putting down the extravagances of knight-errantry than many sober volumes of bitter invective.

1. About this time it began to rain, and Sancho proposed entering the fulling mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence for the late jest that he would by no means go in. Soon after he discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which

glittered, as if it had been of gold; and turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.'

2. "I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against us with the fulling mills, it now opens another, for a better and more certain adventure, in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling mills, or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet."

3. "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses."

4. "What has a helmet to do with fulling mills?" replied Don Quixote.

5. "I know not," answered Sancho; "but if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."

6. "How can I be mistaken?" said Don Quixote. "Seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

7. "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray mule like mine, with something on his head that glitters."

8. "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote; "retire, and leave me alone to deal with him,

and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own."

9. "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling mill adventure."

10. "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote; "if thou dost, I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul out of thy body."

11. Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow. Now, the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the lesser, wherein one customer now wanted blood let, and another to be shaved, — to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that, while upon the road, it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which, being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league. He rode on a gray mule, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his mule for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet, for he readily adapted all he saw to his delusions with regard to knight-errantry. And when he saw the poor cavalier draw near, he advanced at Rocinante's best speed, and

couched his lance low, intending to run him through and through; but when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff, or instantly surrender what is justly my due!"

12. The barber, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the mule; and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up, nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying that the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it knows, by instinct, they hunt him. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said, "The basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing."

13. He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the visor; and not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head — the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler.

14. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

15. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a

huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."

16. "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who knows what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired, in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed, nor even equaled. In the meantime I will wear it as I can (for something is better than nothing), and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

17. "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse which contained the precious balsam."

18. "I do not care for having lost it," said Don Quixote; "for, as thou knowest, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart."

19. "So have I, too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to run the risk of wanting it, for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps, and if they do come, there is

nothing to be done but to wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please."

20. "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest? For, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime; otherwise I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen; who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is." And here he heaved a sigh towards heaven.

21. "Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kind the jests and the earnests were; and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed, which looks so like a gray mule, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here, to shift for itself; for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, the beast is a special one."

22. "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in

the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or mule, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for, when we are gone, his owner will return for him."

23. "I should like to carry him off," replied Sancho, "or at least to change mine for him, which is something the worst of the two. Truly the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one mule for another. I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined."

24. "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and as it is a case of doubt, till better information can be obtained, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity be extreme."

25. "It is so extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." And so saying, he proceeded without further license, to the transposition, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for the exchange. . . .

26. As they were sauntering on, Sancho said to his master, "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have been in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end."

27. "Speak, then," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse; for what is prolix cannot be pleasing."

28. "I say, then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past I have been considering how little is gained by wandering about in quest of those adventures your wor-

ship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you should overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know anything of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable for us, with submission to your better judgment, to serve some emperor or other great prince engaged in war, in whose service your worship may display your valor, great strength, and superior understanding." . . .

29. "Thou art not much out, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by repeated achievements, he may acquire sufficient fame and renown, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, to be known by his achievements before his appearance there. So that as soon as the boys see him enter the gates of the city, they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, 'This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent' (or of any other device, under which he may have performed his exploits).

30. "Thus, from mouth to mouth, shall they go on blazoning his deeds; until, surprised at the noise of the populace, the king of the country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armor, or by the device on his shield, he will say, 'Ho! go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.'

31. "At which command they will all go forth, and the king himself, descending halfway down the stairs, will receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, will conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight will find her with her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world."

I. Definitions: (1) fụll'ĭng mĭll, *a mill in which cloth is cleansed or thickened by moisture, heat, and pressure;* (2) ĭm pūt'ĭng, *charging, ascribing;* (10) mĭll, *reduce to particles, grind;* (11) lēague, *a measure of distance, varying in length in different countries from 2.4 to 4.6 miles;* (11) ĕăv à liēr', *a military man serving on horseback;* (11) eāi'tĭff, *a mean, wicked fellow;* (13) vīṣ'ŏr, *a part of a helmet, arranged so as to lift or open, and thus show the face;* (13) pā'gan, *one who worships false gods;* (13) fōrġed, *formed by heating and hammering;* (13) ehŏl'ĕr, *anger;* (16) lū'cre (-kĕr), *gain in money or riches;* (17) eruse, *a bottle or cup;* (23) fāin, *gladly;* (27) prŏ lĭx', *extending to great length, unnecessarily long;* (28) ŏb lĭv'ĭ ŏn, *forgetfulness;* (28) dė ṣĕrts', *merits, dues;* (29) prŏ bā'tion, *trial;* (31) ĭn făn'tà, *a title borne by every one of the daughters of the kings of Spain or Portugal, except the eldest.*

II. Notes: Măm brĭ'nô'ṣ Hĕl'mĕt, the helmet borne away by Ri'nal do (Rē näl'dô), who was the hero of many of the tales of chivalry that were written during the Middle Ages. Mambrino was a Moorish king, who, according to the romances of his time, was the possessor of an enchanted golden helmet, which rendered the wearer invulnerable.

(1) Sa̲n'eho̲ Păn'zà, the squire or companion who accompanied Don Quixote. He possessed much shrewdness in practical matters and a great store of proverbial wisdom.

(11) Ro ci nan'te (rō sē năn'tā), the name given by Don Quixote to his celebrated steed.

(20) Dŭl çĭn'ė à, the ladylove, of Don Quixote. The name is often used as synonymous with sweetheart.

FAMOUS SHORT POEMS.

VIII. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By Charles Wolfe.

Charles Wolfe, an Irish clergyman and poet, was born at Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791, and died at Queenstown, Feb. 21, 1823. His title to immortality is his "Burial of Sir John Moore"; through it, his name will live while English is a spoken tongue.

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

I. **Suggestions for study**: The main fault in reading poetry of this measure lies in giving, uniformly, a rising inflection at the close of the first and third lines, and a falling at the close of the second and fourth. This constitutes what is known as the "sing-song" in reading four-lined, alternately rhymed poetry. Try the first line so: "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note." We buried him darkly, at dead of night." In other places where it is too common to give the voice an upward swing, the reading would be improved by merely keeping to the key of the accented syllables, thus: "We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed."

II. **Note**: Sir John Moore, soldier, born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1761, was killed by a cannon ball, at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, Jan. 16, 1809. Both the French and the English claimed the victory.

IX. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

By Lord Byron.

LORD BYRON.

Lord George Noel Gordon Byron ranks as one of the world's greatest poets. He had fine wit and understanding, but was wanting somewhat in imagination. His most remarkable characteristic was his power of expressing intense passion, particularly of the malevolent sorts. "Never," says Macaulay, "had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair." He wrote at a white heat, and did not always discriminate wisely; but all that he wrote is remarkable for its beauty.

Though aristocratic by birth, he was democratic in his sympathies. He went to Italy to help the people in their struggle for independence, and that struggle failing, he espoused the cause of the Greeks against the Turks. He was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788, and died in Greece in his thirty-seventh year.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

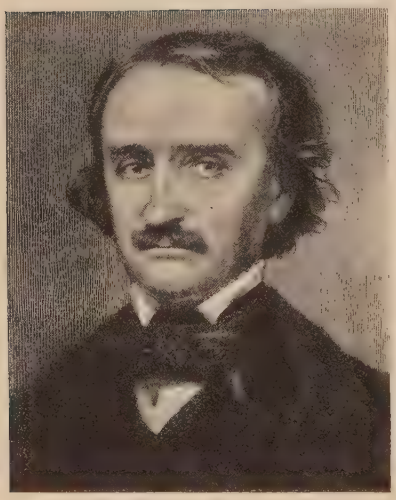
6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And their idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

I. **Suggestions for study**: The sweep of these verses, with their great number of open vowel sounds, is like the rush of an army to battle. Note in the last stanza the strength of "brōke" and "ŭnsmōte," as compared with brōken and unsmĭtten. Note the contrast in the second stanza: the first couplet a picture of summer with its leaves innumerable, and comparing the Assyrian host to it; the second, not a leaf on a tree, — not a man in the line.

II. **Notes**: Sĕn năch′e rib was King of Assyria, 705 to 681 B.C. He had to give up the siege of Jerusalem on account of a pestilence which broke out in his army. (6) Ăsh′ur was the original name of Ăs sўr′ĭ à, an ancient Asiatic country lying east of the Euphrates. See 2 Kings xix. 35. (6) Why did the people break their idols? (6) Bā′al was the supreme male divinity of Phe nic′ia (fē nĭsh′à) and other Asiatic countries.

X. ANNABEL LEE.

By Edgar Allan Poe.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Edgar Allan Poe, author, was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849. His tales and poems, while showing marked ability, are marred by their morbid subjects and their absence of moral feeling. His idea of poetry was beauty; and no one has surpassed him in melody. It is said of him that in poetry he aimed not to convey an idea, but to make an impression; in prose, not to tell a story, but to produce an effect. Probably his most popular poems are "Annabel Lee" and "The Raven"; and his most popular tales, "The Gold-Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." His was a checkered life, and he suffered much.

1. It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

2. *I* was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love, –

I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

3. And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

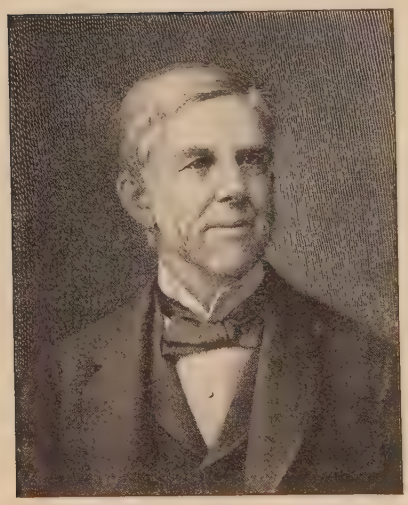
4. The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

5. But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

XI. THE BOYS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American man of letters, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809, and died in Boston, Oct. 7, 1894. His allusion to his birth will give a hint of his love of humor. He said, "I well remember that week, for something of importance happened to me at that time: I was born." Dr. Holmes was professor of anatomy in the medical school of Harvard for thirty-seven years, and during the time wrote many scientific articles, some of them winning prizes; but so much do his literary labors overshadow his medical, that few think of him as a physician. Aside from his scientific essays, his published writings, prose and poetry, are in nine volumes.

1. Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

2. We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red.

4. We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

5. That fellow's the "Speaker" — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" — What's his name? — don't make me laugh.

6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain ;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith ;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee ! "

9. You hear that boy laughing ? — You think he's all fun ;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

10. Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, —
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS !

I. **Suggestions for study** : This is a rollicking piece of verse, and the voice must frolic in giving it utterance. It is like a boy turned out at recess who shouts, "Here, boys, let's have a game o' ball ! " "We're twenty ! We're twenty ! " It is not till the ninth stanza is reached that the face straightens and the tones become serious. Read the last stanza slowly, with reverence in the prayer of the last two lines.

XII. ANGLING.

By George Howland.

George Howland, educator, was born in Conway, Mass., July 30, 1824, and died in Chicago, Oct. 22, 1892. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1850, and, after two years' teaching in the country, was tutor in Amherst till 1858, when he became assistant in the Chicago high school. In 1860 he was made principal of the school, and held this position till 1880, when he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the Chicago schools, to their great benefit. Failing health compelled him to resign in 1890. Mr. Howland published a small volume of poems in 1878, — his favorite among them being "Angling," the poem chosen as this selection. He translated the Æneid and the Odyssey into English hexameter verse, both of which have been greatly admired. His delicate humor, as well as his skill in versification, is seen in this poem.

1. Just down from the house is a sweet little brook,
Where I love in vacation to throw in my hook,
Not because I care much for the fishes, but yet,
It gives such a thrill when a nibble I get,
A fresh thrill each new nibble I get.

2. Down there in the grass, just crouched out of sight,
I throw in my hook and wait for a bite,
And doubt if to wake and find myself rich,
Would afford me such joy as to feel the line twitch,
Though a poor fish may make the line twitch.

3. Almost holding my breath, there sometimes I cower,
And patiently wait, it would seem for an hour;
Then I raise up the rod, and examine the bait,
Then drop it again and patiently wait,
For the best of us sometimes must wait.

4. Then swinging so gently the end of the rod,
I move the bait softly, close under the sod,
Where I know the fish lies, suspicious and firm,
Just to give him a nearer view of the worm;
Even men bite at less than a worm.

5. Then I move it away to the left or the right,
For blessings grow brighter when taking their flight;
Then perhaps lift it out of the water to look,
And see if the bait hides the point of the hook;
Only men ever take the bare hook.

6. Then I throw it in farther, perhaps, up the stream,
And let it float down, for it often does seem
As if fishes were wiser than men to descry
What's the true course of nature, and what is a lie.
Nor so readily swallow a lie.

7. There! it starts! wait a minute! old fellow, you're mine!
No, 'twas only a long spire of grass caught the line.
To one all unused to the feel of the trout
The veriest straw may awaken a doubt,
The genuine thrill leaves no doubt.

8. Don't give it up so, you may yet win the day;
Faint heart never won fair lady, they say,
And many sad lives can the folly confess
Of accepting a "no," when it only meant "yes";
If they mean it, why can't they say yes?

9. Now, there is a bite it is certain, at last.
Hold! steady a little, and don't be too fast!

Take care, or he sees the near danger and hides ;
Pshaw ! 'twas only a nibble to look at both sides,
And old fish always look at both sides.

10. As if 'twere the worm, I just move it a bit,
For what is so mean, not to know when it's hit ?
It must surely be more or less than a worm,
Which even a fish knows, when bitten, should squirm ;
It takes a brave man not to squirm.

11. Stay ! bide well your time ! blessings often delay ;
For Rome, it is said, was not built in a day,
Just give him a chance, and he'll find to his cost,
That who hesitates, though an old fish, is lost ;
Oh, that fishes alone were thus lost !

12. I have him ! as sweet as hope's morning that gleam
Which flashes so brightly up out of the stream ;
Not an instant too soon ; not an instant too late,
But just at the moment, the twinkling of fate ;
The right moment is all that makes fate.

I. Questions and Suggestions: "Angling" is both sportive and didactic: a moral lies in the last line of almost every stanza. As was the custom of the author, the line smiles and teaches a lesson. What virtue is enjoined in the last line of the third stanza? What tendency is suggested in the last line of the fourth? Of the fifth? In the ninth is it suggested that men sometimes do less? Is it a brave man or a man of fortitude who bears pain without flinching? What does the author mean by "The right moment is all that makes fate"?

The rising inflection at the close of 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, and 11 will add greatly to the significance. No noisy person succeeds as a fisherman, and the reading must suggest the quiet of him who succeeds; and it is not till "I have him!" that the voice can come out in its strength.

XIII. THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

By Theodore O'Hara.

1. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

3. Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

5. Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

6. Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

7. Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger-steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war its richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

8. Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

9. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

10. Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

I. Suggestions for study: This is one of the most popular poems in honor of the dead that has appeared in our language. It is exalted in sentiment and fervent in style. It is honor, rather than sorrow, that inspires the pen.

The first, third, sixth, and eighth stanzas should be read in tones somewhat subdued, and in slow time. The remaining stanzas may be read in full, well-sustained tones, with pauses of moderate length.

II. Note: The author served in the Mexican War, and when the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista were removed to Frankfort and a monument erected in their honor, he wrote for the occasion this poem.

XIV. HOHENLINDEN.

By Thomas Campbell.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horsemen drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hill of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few, shall part where many meet.
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

I. **Notes**: The French victory at Hohenlinden took place on Dec. 3, 1800. The French armies under General Moreau had invaded Germany, and met the Austrian army in the forest of Hohenlinden in Bavaria, as it was marching toward Munich, the capital. Fifteen thousand of the Austrians and Bavarians were killed, and a hundred cannon were captured.

(6) "Hun," which is applied to the German troops, is a reference to the fact that Hungarians, who furnished many soldiers to the Austrian armies, are descendants of the Huns, a barbarous tribe that settled on the eastern boundaries of Austria in the Middle Ages.

(6) The word "Frank" refers to the French. In the fifth century German tribes, called Franks, overran and conquered the section of country now occupied by France.

FOUR SCENIC WONDERS OF AMERICA.

XV. NIAGARA FALLS.

By Anthony Trollope.

Anthony Trollope was an English novelist, born in London in 1815. He has published a number of popular works, among which are "The Warden," "Doctor Thorne," and a descriptive work entitled "North America."

1. Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see — at least of all those which I have seen — I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures.

2. This is a long word, but as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

3. I came across an artist at Niagara who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters. "You have a difficult subject," said I.

4. "All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well."

5. "But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said.

6. "You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, regretted that I could not remain till the com-

pletion of his work should enable me to revoke my words, and passed on. Then I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult in describing the falls.

7. I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters as it is to paint it well; but I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader as it is to paint a picture of them that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

8. That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron; that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the falls of Niagara are made by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river, are probably known to all who will read this book.

9. All the waters of these huge northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream, and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

10. How many cataracts does the habitual tourist visit at which the waters fail him! But at Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases and is never diminished—as it has done from times previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away back to the upper lake.

11. This stream divides Canada from the States, the western or farthermost bank belonging to the British Crown, and the eastern or nearer bank being in the State of New York.

12. The falls are, as I have said, made by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are, I presume, made by such breaches, but generally the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara, and never elsewhere, so far as the world yet knows, has a breach so sudden been made in a river carrying in its channel such, or any approach to such, a body of water.

13. Up above the falls for more than a mile the waters leap and burst over the rapids as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow, but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

14. Looking at it even here in the expanse which forms itself over the greater fall, one feels sure that not the strongest swimmer could have a chance of saving himself if fate had cast him in among even those petty whirlpools. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color, as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chiefest charms.

15. This will be best seen from the farther end of the island — Goat Island, as it is called — which, as the reader will understand, divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles, and no doubt

in process of time will be worn away and covered with water. The time, however, will be very long. In the meanwhile it is perhaps a mile round, and is covered thickly with timber.

16. At the upper end of the island the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the smaller fall.

17. We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line ; but the line is very far from being direct or straight.

18. After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stands a tower upon the rock, — after stretching to this the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods — in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horsehoe is immeasurable.

19. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye, — control, — which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

20. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But, at this place and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say, the better.

21. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art, too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

22. It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying color, as though conscious that in one moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

23. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down — far as your own imagination can sink it.

24. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from

toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which was at first only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

25. To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else and think of nothing else. At length you will be at one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters, as though you belonged to them.

26. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your own course to the unbounded, distant, and eternal ocean.

I. Suggestions: Here we have a description of the grand, and the voice should ring out in sympathy with the theme. The tones should ring like a bell, and carry to the ear something of the musical roar of the mighty falls. To read this in a subdued voice would be as much out of harmony as to read the description of Phœbe's bedchamber in swelling tones. Try to put yourself in harmony with the scene, and give your voice full swing. You should practice, particularly, reading aloud the last four or five paragraphs of this selection.

II. Questions: Make a sketch of the Great Lakes, whose waters form the Niagara River. In what direction does the river flow and what two lakes does it connect? Through what channels do these waters reach the ocean? Why does the volume of water vary but little? Toward what direction do the falls face?

XVI. A VISIT TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

By Horace Greeley.

Horace Greeley, a famous American journalist, was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811, and died in New York, in 1872. In boyhood, he worked on his father's farm, and attended the district school a few months in the winter. At a very early age he exhibited a great fondness for reading. In the "Life of Horace Greeley," Parton says, "He read whatever he could get: but his preference was for history, poetry, and newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old." When fifteen years of age he entered a newspaper office in Vermont, and soon learned to set type. In 1831, he found his way to New York City, where he sought employment at his trade. He started a number of papers which proved financial failures; and finally, in 1841, issued the first copy of the *Tribune*. Until his death, he was identified with this paper, and under his editorship it became one of the most widely circulated and influential newspapers in the country. In the summer of 1859, Mr. Greeley made a journey across the plains to California, during which he visited the Yosemite Valley.

1. The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail.

2. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, so tortuous, that we all dismounted. By steady effort we

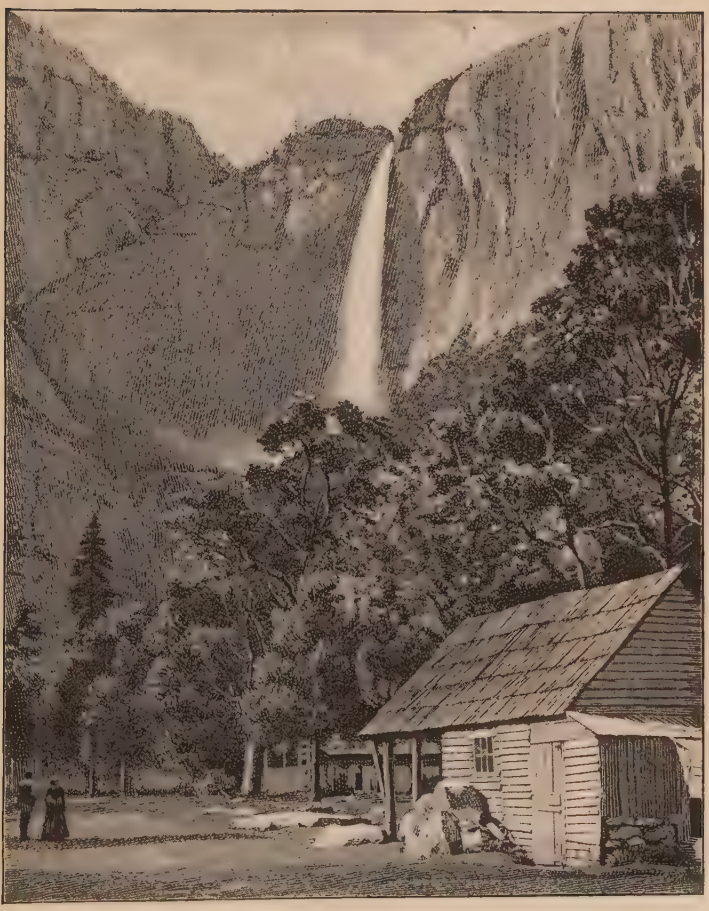
descended the three miles (four thousand feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

3. That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley here is scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least four thousand feet high, probably more. But the little moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised.

4. We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the insufficiency of the grass at this point for our tired and hungry beasts; and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day I shall remember that weary and almost endless ride up the valley.

5. How many times our heavy eyes — I mean those of my San Francisco friend and myself — were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin, visions which seemed distinct and clear, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another.

6. At length the real cabin — one made of posts, beams, and boards, instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine — was reached; and we eagerly dismounted,



A SCENE IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour.

7. The Fall of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once-broken descent of twenty-six hundred feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of six hundred and two hundred and fifty feet. But a river twice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this immense chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their demands.

8. I readily grant that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite Fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exhibition of the Divine power and majesty.

9. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite, and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley is the most unique and majestic of nature's marvels; but the Yosemite Fall is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be notably less worthy of a toilsome visit.

10. "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already noted, and towers to a height of over five thousand feet above the

waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high!

11. Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther. I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no other single wonder of nature which can claim superiority over Yosemite.

12. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of a precipice from three thousand to four thousand feet high, and tapering to a mere gorge or canyon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

I. Definitions: Yō sĕm′ĭ tē Văl′leў, *site of the National Park in Mariposa County, California;* (2) tôr′tŭ oŭs, *winding;* (3) wēird, *unearthly, wild;* (5) vĭs′ions, *imaginary sights, specters;* (7) Mĕr çed′, *a river in California,* 160 *miles long, flowing into the* Săn Jo a quin′ (*Hō ä kēn′*); (11) Çhä mọu nĭ′, *a noted valley north of Mt. Blanc, France;* (12) eăn′yŏn, *a deep gorge worn by water courses.*

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The reading of this piece of description will suggest to one the reason for the great influence of the New York *Tribune*, under the editorship of Horace Greeley. The language is simple and direct; there is little need of a dictionary, — the words chosen being common to the speech of all. It will make a fine selection to read on a Friday afternoon. It is worthy of the most careful study.

THE GRAND CANYON.

XVII. THE GRAND CANYON.

By C. A. Higgins.

1. The Colorado is one of the great rivers of North America. Formed in southern Utah by the confluence of the Green and Grand, it intersects the northwestern corner of Arizona, and, becoming the eastern boundary of Nevada and California, flows southward until it reaches tidewater in the Gulf of California, Mexico. It drains a territory of 300,000 square miles, and, traced back to the rise of its principal source, is 2000 miles long. At two points, the Needles and Yuma on the California boundary, it is crossed by a railroad. Elsewhere its course lies far from Caucasian settlements and far from the routes of common travel, in the heart of a vast region fenced on the one hand by arid plains and on the other by formidable mountains.

2. For many years its exact course was unknown for many hundred miles, even its origin in the junction of the Grand and Green rivers being a matter of conjecture, it being difficult to approach within a distance of two or three miles from the channel, while descent to the river's edge could be hazarded only at wide intervals, inasmuch as it lay in an appalling fissure at the foot of seemingly impassable cliff terraces that led down from the bordering plateau; and an attempt at its navigation would have been courting death. It was known in a general way that the entire channel between Nevada and Utah was of the same titanic character, reaching its culmination nearly midway in its course through Arizona.

3. In 1869 Major J. W. Powell undertook the exploration of the river, with nine men and four boats, starting from Green River City, on the Green River, in Utah. The project met with the most urgent remonstrance from those who were best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who maintained that boats could not possibly live in any one of the score of rapids and falls known to them, to say nothing of the vast unknown stretches in which at any moment a Niagara might be disclosed. Powell launched his flotilla on May 24, and on Aug. 30 landed at the mouth of the Virgen River, more than one thousand miles by the river channel from the place of starting, minus two boats and four men. Powell's journal of the trip is a fascinating tale, which tells an epic story of purest heroism. It definitely established the scene of his exploration as the most wonderful geological and spectacular phenomenon known to mankind, and justified the name which had been bestowed upon it, — the Grand Canyon, — sublimest of gorges ; Titan of chasms.

4. Many scientists have since visited it, and, in the aggregate, a considerable number of unprofessional lovers of nature ; but until a few years ago no adequate facilities were provided for the general sight-seer, and the world's most stupendous panorama was known principally through report, by reason of the discomforts and difficulties of the trip, which deterred all except the most indefatigable enthusiasts.

5. There is but one Grand Canyon. Nowhere in the world has its like been found. It lies wholly in the northern part of Arizona. It is accessible from the north

only at the cost of many days of arduous travel, necessitating a special expedition with camp outfit and pack animals. From the south it is easily reached by a branch of the Santa Fé Route, from Williams.

6. The journey to the Canyon is greatly diversified in interest, but nothing will be encountered that could prepare the mind for transcendent scenery. Without an instant's warning the visitor finds himself upon the verge of an unearthly spectacle that stretches beneath his feet to the far horizon. Stolid indeed is he if he can front that awful scene without quaking knee or tremulous breath.

7. An inferno, swathed in soft, celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away.

8. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exqui-

sitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven.

9. A canyon, truly, but not after the accepted type. An intricate system of canyons, rather, each subordinate to the river channel in the midst, which in its turn is subordinate to the total effect. That river channel, the profoundest depth, and actually more than five thousand feet below the point of view, is in seeming a rather insignificant trench, attracting the eye more by reason of its somber tone and mysterious suggestion than by any appreciable characteristic of a chasm. It is nearly five miles distant in a straight line, and its uppermost rims are three thousand feet beneath the observer, whose measuring capacity is entirely inadequate to the demand made by such magnitudes. One cannot believe the distance to be more than a mile as the crow flies, before descending the wall or attempting some other form of actual measurement.

10. Mere brain knowledge counts for little against the illusion under which the organ of vision is here doomed to labor. That red cliff upon your right, darkening from white to gray, yellow and brown as your glance descends, is taller than the Washington Monument. The Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span. Yet it does not greatly impress you. You idly toss a pebble toward it, and are surprised to note how far the missile falls short. Subsequently you learn that the cliff is a good half mile distant.

11. If you care for an abiding sense of its true propor-

tions, go over to the trail that begins beside its summit and clamber down to its base and back. You will return some hours later, and with a decided respect for a small Grand Canyon cliff. Relatively it is insignificant; in that sense your first estimate was correct. Were Vulcan to cast it bodily into the chasm directly beneath your feet, it would pass for a bowlder, if indeed it were discoverable to the unaided eye. Yet the immediate chasm itself is only the first step of a long terrace that leads down to the innermost gorge and the river.

12. The spectacle is so symmetrical, and so completely excludes the outside world and its accustomed standards, it is with difficulty one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Were it half as deep, half as broad, it would be no less bewildering, so utterly does it baffle human grasp. Only by descending into the Canyon may one arrive at anything like comprehension of its proportions, and the descent can not be too urgently commended to every visitor who is sufficiently robust to bear a reasonable amount of fatigue.

13. Having returned to the plateau, it will be found that the descent into the Canyon has bestowed a sense of intimacy that almost amounts to a mental grasp of the scene. The terrific deeps that part the walls of hundreds of castles and turrets of mountainous bulk will be apprehended mainly through the memory of upward looks from the bottom, while towers and obstructions and yawning fissures that were deemed events of the trail will be wholly indistinguishable, although they are known to lie somewhere flat beneath the eye. The comparative

insignificance of what are termed grand sights in other parts of the world is now clearly revealed. Twenty Yosemites might lie unperceived anywhere below. Niagara, that Mecca of marvel seekers, would here seem insignificant.

14. Still, such particulars can not long hold the attention, for the panorama is the real, overmastering charm. It is never twice the same. Although you think you have spelt out every temple and peak and escarpment, as the angle of sunlight changes there begins a ghostly advance of colossal forms from the farther side, and what you had taken to be the ultimate wall is seen to be made up of still other isolated sculptures, revealed now for the first time by silhouetting shadow. The scene incessantly changes, flushing and fading, advancing into crystalline clearness, retiring into slumberous haze.

15. Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the charm, tirelessly intent upon the silent transformations until the sun is low in the west. Then the Canyon sinks into mysterious purple shadow, the far Shinumo Altar is tipped with a golden ray, and against a leaden horizon the long line of the Echo Cliffs reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty, a light that, elsewhere, surely never was on sea or land. Then darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in silver light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

I. Definitions: (1) Ca̤u cā′sian (-shan), *of or pertaining to the white races of mankind;* (1) fôr′mĭ dȧ ble, *exciting fear, impressing dread;* (2) tī tăn′ĭe, *relating to the Titans, fabled giants of mythology;* (3) ĕp′ĭe, *a heroic poem, narrated in a grand style;* (3) phĕ nŏm′ĕ nŏn, *that which strikes one as strange* (pl. phenomena); (4) ĭn dĕ făt′ĭ gȧ ble, *untiring, not yielding to fatigue;* (6) stŏl′ĭd, *hopelessly insensible or stupid;* (7) en sem′ble (äṉ säṉ′bl) (French), *the whole, all the parts taken together;* (8) frĕt′tĕd, *rubbed or worn away, chafed;* (8) tā′lŭs, *a sloping heap of fragments of rock lying at the foot of a precipice;* (14) ĕs ẽarp′-ment, *a steep face or edge of a ridge;* (14) cŏ lŏs′sal, *of enormous size.*

II. Notes: (1) Yu̱′mä, a town in southwestern Arizona; (8) Mī′-ĕha el Ăn′ġĕ lō, Italian painter and sculptor; (8) Bee′tho ven (Bā′tō-ven), a Prussian musical composer.

III. Questions and Suggestions: (1) How may an arid plain be said to "fence" a region? (10) Explain "the Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span." How might this be expressed otherwise? (11) Vulcan, in mythology, was the god of fire, who hurled the thunderbolts and made the lightning. (13) What are the "castles and turrets"? (13) Why is Niagara called "that Mecca of marvel seekers"? (14) What is it "to spell out every temple and peak"? (15) Why "dreams of mountains"? (15) What figure in "darkness falls"? (15) In "a thousand spectral forms brood . . . on things eternal"? In what rhetorical figure does this selection abound?

This is a grand description of the most stupendous thing of its kind in the world. In the expression of exalted description the voice should breathe out sympathy with the thought. The utterance should be moderate in speed, and the pauses somewhat long; thus giving the mind of the reader, as well as that of the listener, time to photograph the scenes. To read this as one might the description of a daisy would spoil it. Read with the lungs well supplied with breath, and give the words time. This should be the case particularly after the fourth paragraph.

The author's purpose is to have us see in "the mind's eye" what he has seen with the natural eye, and to feel in the description something of what he felt in the sight of the objects. We can help him greatly in this by entering into the spirit that enveloped him and having our voices breathe it out.

XVIII. THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

By John Muir.

BOILING SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1. Of the four national parks of the West, the Yellowstone is far the largest. It is a big, wholesome wilderness on the broad summit of the Rocky Mountains, favored with abundance of rain and snow, — a place of fountains, where the greatest of the American rivers take their rise. The central portion is a densely forested and comparatively level volcanic plateau, with an average elevation of about eight thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by an imposing host of mountains belonging

to the subordinate Gallatin, Wind River, Teton, Absaroka, and Snowy ranges. Unnumbered lakes shine in it, united by a famous band of streams that rush up out of hot lava beds, or fall from the frosty peaks in channels rocky and bare, mossy and bosky, to the main rivers, singing cheerily on through every difficulty, cunningly dividing and finding their way east and west to the two far-off seas.

2. Glacier meadows and beaver meadows are outspread with charming effect along the banks of the streams, park-like expanses in the woods, and innumerable small gardens in rocky recesses of the mountains, some of them containing more petals than leaves, while the whole wilderness is enlivened with happy animals.

3. Beside the treasures common to most mountain regions that are wild and blessed with a kind climate, the park is full of exciting wonders. The wildest geysers in the world, in bright triumphant bands, are dancing and singing in it amid thousands of boiling springs, beautiful and awful, their basins arrayed in gorgeous colors like gigantic flowers; and hot paint pots, mud springs, mud volcanoes, mush and broth caldrons whose contents are of every color and consistency, plashing, heaving, roaring, in bewildering abundance.

4. In the adjacent mountains, beneath the living trees the edges of petrified forests are exposed to view, like specimens on the shelves of a museum, standing on ledges tier above tier where they grew, solemnly silent in rigid crystalline beauty after swaying in the winds thousands of centuries ago, opening marvelous views back into the years and climates and life of the past. Here, too, are

hills of sparkling crystals, hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinders and ashes, mountains of every style of architecture, icy or forested, mountains covered with honey-bloom sweet as Hymettus, mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky. A' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, nature has on show in the Yellowstone Park. Therefore it is called Wonderland, and thousands of tourists and travelers stream into it every summer, and wander about in it enchanted.

5. Fortunately, almost as soon as it was discovered it was dedicated and set apart for the benefit of the people, a piece of legislation that shines benignly amid the common dust-and-ashes history of the public domain, for which the world must thank Professor Hayden above all others; for he led the first scientific exploring party into it, described it, and with admirable enthusiasm urged Congress to preserve it.

6. As delineated in the year 1872, the park contained about 3344 square miles. On March 30, 1891, it was enlarged by the Yellowstone National Park Timber Reserve, and in December, 1897, by the Teton Forest Reserve; thus nearly doubling its original area, and extending the southern boundary far enough to take in the sublime Teton range and the famous pasture lands of the big Rocky Mountain game animals. The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to any one; for its height, 6000 to over 13,000 feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks, prevent its ever being available for agricul-

ture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, — a gathering-place for travelers from all the world.

7. The national parks are not only withdrawn from sale and entry like the forest reservations, but are efficiently managed and guarded by small troops of United States cavalry, directed by the Secretary of the Interior. Under this care the forests are flourishing, protected from both ax and fire; and so, of course, are the shaggy beds of underbrush and the herbaceous vegetation. The so-called curiosities, also, are preserved, and the furred and feathered tribes, many of which, in danger of extinction a short time ago, are now increasing in numbers. . . .

8. This is the coolest and highest of the parks. Frosts occur every month of the year. Nevertheless, the tenderest tourist finds it warm enough in summer. The air is electric and full of ozone, healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead. It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in; camping on the shores of the lakes, in the warm openings of the woods golden with sunflowers, on the banks of the streams, by the snowy waterfalls, beside the exciting wonders or away from them in the scallops of the mountain walls sheltered from every wind, on smooth silky lawns enameled with gentians, up in the fountain hollows of the ancient glaciers between the peaks, where cool pools and brooks and gardens of precious plants charmingly embowered are never wanting,

and good rough rocks with every variety of cliff and scaur are invitingly near for outlooks and exercise.

9. From these lovely dens you may make excursions whenever you like into the middle of the park, where the geysers and hot springs are reeking and spouting in their beautiful basins, displaying an exuberance of color and strange motion and energy admirably calculated to surprise and frighten, charm and shake up, the least sensitive out of apathy into newness of life.

10. However orderly your excursions or aimless, again and again, amid the calmest, stillest scenery, you will be brought to a standstill, hushed and awe-stricken, before phenomena wholly new to you. Boiling springs and huge deep pools of purest green and azure water, thousands of them, are plashing and heaving in these high, cool mountains, as if a fierce furnace fire were burning beneath each one of them; and a hundred geysers, white torrents of boiling water and steam, like inverted waterfalls, are ever and anon rushing up out of the hot, black under-world.

11. Some of these ponderous geyser columns are as large as sequoias, — five to sixty feet in diameter, 150 to 300 feet high, — and are sustained at this great height with tremendous energy for a few minutes, or perhaps nearly an hour, standing rigid and erect, hissing, throbbing, booming, as if thunderstorms were raging beneath their roots, their sides roughened or fluted like the furrowed boles of trees, their tops dissolving in feathery branches, while the irised spray, like misty bloom, is at times blown aside, revealing the massive shafts shining

against a background of pine-covered hills. Some of them lean more or less, as if storm-bent, and instead of being round are flat or fan-shaped, issuing from irregular slits in silex pavements with radiate structure, the sunbeams sifting through them in ravishing splendor.

12. Some are broad and round-headed like oaks; others are low and bunchy, branching near the ground like bushes; and a few are hollow in the center like big daisies or water lilies. No frost cools them, snow never covers them nor lodges in their branches; winter and summer they welcome alike; all of them, of whatever form or size, faithfully rising and sinking in fairy rhythmic dance night and day, in all sorts of weather, at varying periods of minutes, hours, or weeks, growing up rapidly, uncontrollable as fate, tossing their pearly branches in the wind, bursting into bloom and vanishing like the frailest flowers, — plants of which nature raises hundreds or thousands of crops a year with no apparent exhaustion of the fiery soil.

13. The so-called geyser basins, in which this rare sort of vegetation is growing, are mostly open valleys on the central plateau that were eroded by glaciers after the greater volcanic fires had ceased to burn. Looking down over the forests as you approach them from the surrounding heights, you see a multitude of white columns, broad, reeking masses and irregular jets and puffs of misty vapor ascending from the bottom of the valley, or entangled like smoke among the neighboring trees, suggesting the factories of some busy town or the camp fires of an army.

14. These mark the position of each mush pot, paint

pot, hot spring and geyser, or gusher, as the Icelandic word means. And when you saunter into the midst of them over the bright sinter pavements, and see how pure and white and pearly gray they are in the shade of the mountains, and how radiant in the sunshine, you are fairly enchanted. So numerous they are and varied, nature seems to have gathered them from all the world as specimens of her rarest fountains, to show in one place what she can do. Over four thousand hot springs have been counted in the park, and a hundred geysers ; how many more there are, nobody knows.

15. These valleys at the heads of the great rivers may be regarded as laboratories and kitchens, in which, amid a thousand retorts and pots, we may see nature at work as chemist or cook, cunningly compounding an infinite variety of mineral messes; cooking whole mountains: boiling and steaming flinty rocks to smooth paste and mush, — yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray, and creamy white, — making the most beautiful mud in the world ; and distilling the most ethereal essences. Many of these pots and caldrons have been boiling thousands of years. Pots of sulphurous mush, stringy and lumpy, and pots of broth as black as ink, are tossed and stirred with constant care, and thin transparent essences, too pure and fine to be called water, are kept simmering gently in beautiful sinter cups and bowls that grow ever more beautiful the longer they are used.

16. In some of the spring basins, the waters, though still warm, are perfectly calm, and shine blandly in a sod of overleaning grass and flowers, as if they were thor-

oughly cooked at last, and set aside to settle and cool. Others are wildly boiling over as if running to waste, thousands of tons of the precious liquids being thrown into the air, to fall in scalding floods on the clean coral floor of the establishment, keeping on-lookers at a distance. Instead of holding limpid pale green or azure water, other pots and craters are filled with scalding mud, which is tossed up from three or four feet to thirty feet, in sticky, rank-smelling masses, with gasping, belching, thudding sounds, plastering the branches of neighboring trees; every flask, retort, hot spring, and geyser has something special in it, no two being the same in temperature, color, or composition.

17. In these natural laboratories one needs stout faith to feel at ease. The ground sounds hollow underfoot, and the awful subterranean thunder shakes one's mind as the ground is shaken, especially at night in the pale moonlight, or when the sky is overcast with storm clouds. In the solemn gloom, the geysers, dimly visible, look like monstrous dancing ghosts, and their wild songs and the earthquake thunder replying to the storms overhead seem doubly terrible, as if divine government were at an end.

18. But the trembling hills keep their places. The sky clears, the rosy dawn is reassuring, and up comes the sun like a god, pouring his faithful beams across the mountains and forest, lighting each peak and tree and ghostly geyser alike, and shining into the eyes of the reeking springs, clothing them with rainbow light, and dissolving the seeming chaos of darkness into varied

forms of harmony. The ordinary work of the world goes on. Gladly we see the flies dancing in the sunbeams, birds feeding their young, squirrels gathering nuts ; and hear the blessed ousel singing confidingly in the shallows of the river, — most faithful evangel, calming every fear, reducing everything to love.

— From "The Atlantic Monthly," April, 1898.

I. Definitions: (2) glā′cier (-shẽr), *an immense field or stream of ice formed in the region of perpetual snow, and moving slowly down a mountain slope or valley;* (3) gey′sẽr, *a boiling spring which throws forth, at intervals, jets of water or mud, driven up by the expansive power of steam;* (6) dē lin′ē ā tĕd, *outlined by drawings;* (7) hẽr bā′ceous (-shŭs), *relating to herbs, — plants whose stems die, at least down to the ground, after blooming;* (9) ĕx ū′bẽr anç̣e, *an overflowing quantity;* (9) ăp′à thў, *want of feeling;* (11) sē quoi′à, *a species of pine known as "the big tree" of California;* (15) lăb ō rà tō′rў, *the room in which a chemist, physicist, or naturalist performs his experiments;* (15) sĭn′tẽr, *a loose form of silica deposited in cauliflower-like masses around geysers;* (18) o̤u′s̤el, *the thrush.*

II. Suggestions and Questions: The general suggestions given in connection with "The Grand Canyon" (see Lesson XVII) apply equally well here. Each is a description of the grand in nature, and like conditions are present in both.

In paragraph 4, explain the meaning of, "a' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that." What language does it suggest?

(1) How many national parks are there in the West and which is the largest? (6) What is the approximate area of the Yellowstone National Park? How does it compare in size with the State of New Jersey? (8) Give all the conditions you can recall that make this park a great health resort. Try to bring to your mind all the beautiful pictures made, in the comparison of the geysers with the trees of the forest, in paragraphs 11 and 12. With whom is nature compared in paragraph 15? As a —— she makes mush; as a —— she distills essences. What figure is this? What is the feeling as you finish the 17th paragraph? Why does the author add the 18th?

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

XIX. REJOICING ON THE NEW YEAR COMING OF AGE.

By Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb, essayist, was born in London in 1775, and died in Edmonton in 1834. He was one of the most brilliant, and, at the same time, one of the most thoughtful of humorists. He was an egotist; yet so pure was his heart and so unconscious his manner, that one delights in his egotism. He ever revealed himself. The most popular of his writings now are his "Tales from Shakespeare."

1. The Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age, which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

2. It was stiffly debated whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said that the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would prevent the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday, and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the

Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolks home at night.

3. All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-Ninth of February. I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve as merry little whirligig foot pages as you should desire to see, that went all round and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables who had lately shifted their quarters.

4. Well, they all met at last, Foul Days, Fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but Hail! fellow Day, — well met! brother Day — sister Day. Only Lady Day kept a little aloof and seemed somewhat scornful; yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake all royal and glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white, — but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day came late as he always does, and Dooms Day sent word — he might be expected.

5. April Fool, as my young lord's jester, took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made

with it. He had stuck the Twenty-First of June next to the Twenty-Second of December, and the former looked like a maypole siding a marrowbone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in between Christmas and Lord Mayor's Days. How he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him — to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker.

6. At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth — which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The last of Lent was spunging upon Shrovetide's pancakes, which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

7. It beginning to grow a little dusk, Candlemas lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed around in silver ewers, and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in washing herself. May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, and promised to improve their farms and at the same time to abate their rents.

8. Then the young lord, in as few and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome and with a graceful turn singling out poor Twenty-Ninth of

February that had sat all this time mum, at the sideboard, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him, — which he drank accordingly, observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, — with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board.

9. They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed who had the greatest number of followers, the Quarters Days said there could be no question as to that, for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter, because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

10. Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist as usual, Shortest Day in a deep black Fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils (so watchmen are called in heaven) saw Christmas Day home, — they had been used to the business before. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set off in.

I. Definitions: (1) fĕs′tĭ valṣ, *times of feasting or celebration;* (2) môr′tī fīed, *abased, humbled;* (2) vĭġ′ilṣ, *devotional watchings;*

(3) whĭrl'ĭ gĭg, *anything which whirls around;* (3) Shrōve' Tūe̱s'dā̆y, *the day before Lent;* (4) Lady Day, *the day of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary;* (4) Twelfth Day, *the twelfth day after Christmas;* (4) tĭf'fȧ nў, *made of a species of gauze, or very thin silk;* (4) ė pĭph'ȧ-noŭs, *pertaining to the festival celebrated on the sixth of January;* (4) Dōōms Day, *a day of sentence, day of death;* (5) bă̆r' ŏn of beef, *two sirloins not cut asunder at the backbone;* (7) €ă̆n' dle mas Day, *the second of February, the day on which the candles for the altar are blessed;* (7) ew'ẽrs̱ *wide-mouthed pitchers.*

XX. MR. WINKLE ON SKATES.

From "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

2. "Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

3. "Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

4. "You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

5. "Ye-yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I am *rather* out of practice."

6. "Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

7. "Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

8. A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

9. "I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

10. This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

11. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a state of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

12. All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

13. "Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

14. "Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

15. "Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

16. This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore refer-

ence to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

17. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come! The ladies are all anxiety."

18. "Yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

19. "Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

20. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam; you may have them, Sam."

21. "Thank 'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

22. "Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam; I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

23. "You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

24. "Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast!"

25. Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and unswanlike manner when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank: —

26. "Sam!"

27. "Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

28. "Here! I want you."

29. "Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir!"

30. With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

31. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

32. "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

33. "Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

34. "I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

35. "No, thank you," said Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

36. "What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

37. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

38. "No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

39. "Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

40. The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

41. "Let him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

42. Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

43. "You're a humbug, sir!"

44. "A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

45. "A humbug, sir; I will speak plainer if you wish it, — an impostor, sir!"

46. With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

I. Note: "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," or "Pickwick Papers," from which the above extract is taken, is considered by many critics the greatest literary work of Charles Dickens. It was originally published in monthly parts, its first number appearing in 1836. It was hailed with delight, and the author was regarded by all readers as a writer of radiant humor. Everybody was merry over Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. The book is worthy of a perusal. It pictures certain phases of English life of that time in a faithful and inimitable style.

II. Questions: What illustrations of the *humorous* do you find in "Mr. Winkle on Skates?" What lesson do you think Mr. Winkle learned from his experience with skates? Is it well for a person to assume knowledge or skill which he does not possess?

XXI. THE OWL-CRITIC.

By James T. Field.

1. "Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

2. "Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

3. "I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl can not roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

4. "Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise

Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

5. "With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

6. Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

I. **Questions**: Is this selection properly classified as "humorous"? Wherein do you find anything humorous in it?

XXII. THE COLD-WATER MAN.

By John G. Saxe.

John Godfrey Saxe, poet and journalist, was born in Vermont, in 1816, and died in New York, in 1887. In 1843 he was admitted to the bar, but his fondness for literature soon led him into journalism. He was editor of the *Burlington Sentinel* for six years, and in it first appeared many of his poems. He was very popular before lyceums, and read some of his longer poems, as "The Money King" and "Progress," to delighted audiences. Besides his punning poems were many more serious; as "I'm Growing Old," "Little Jerry," and "Treasures in Heaven."

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. It was an honest fisherman,
   I knew him passing well, —
   And he lived by a little pond,
   Within a little dell.

2. A grave and quiet man was he,
   Who loved his hook and rod, —
   So even ran his line of life,
   His neighbors thought it odd.

3. For science and for books, he said
   He never had a wish, —
   No school to him was worth a fig,
   Except a school of fish.

4. He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name, —
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

5. Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For anything but eels.

6. A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite."

7. All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;

8. With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook."

9. To charm the fish he never spoke, —
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

10. And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.

11. Alas! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

12. 'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore;
Down — down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before.

13. The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in;

14. Though one stood out upon a whim,
And said the angler's slaughter,
To be exact about the fact,
Was, clearly, gin-and-*water!*

15. The moral of this mournful tale,
To all is plain and clear, —
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier;

16. And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold-water man at last!

I. **Note**: John G. Saxe is the Thomas Hood of America; and his "Cold-Water Man" and "The Briefless Barrister" are as rich in

punning wit as are Hood's "Faithless Sally Brown" and "Nellie Gray."

The *pun* is not the highest form of wit, but, when it is skillfully employed, it adds greatly to the gayety of a company. In this poem there is a double meaning in some phrase of nearly every stanza. Look out for it, and give the direct and implied meaning.

XXIII. EARLY RISING.

By John G. Saxe.

1. "God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
A close monopoly by patent right.

2. "Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all.

3. The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who can not keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else — he drinks.

4. Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then, he said it — lying — in his bed
At ten o'clock A.M. — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

5. 'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —
Awake to duty and awake to truth;
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood — or asleep.

6. So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising! —
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

I. Note: (4) James Thomson, a British poet; born in Scotland in 1700 and died in England in 1748. "The Seasons" is the title of his best-known poem.

II. Questions and Suggestion: (1) Who was Sancho Panza and in what famous book can you read of him?

(1) What is meant by the phrase, "a close monopoly by patent right"?

(2) "Some solemn, sentimental owl," — what figure of speech is here used?

(6) What is the "hackneyed phrase" referred to in this stanza?

Point out what you consider humorous in this selection.

READINGS FROM BOOKS OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

XXIV. COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

By Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Washington Irving rightly belongs the title of "Founder of American Literature." He introduced American literature to the "Mother Country" and, after the publication of "The Sketch Book" in 1819, no Englishman asked, "Who reads an American book?" Born in 1783, while the British troops still held possession of his native city, New York, he lived till near the close of 1859; so that he connects Revolutionary times with those just before the opening of the Civil War. His first book, a humorous history of New York, was published in 1809, and the last of his writings, the last volume of "The Life of Washington," appeared a little while before his death at "Sunnyside"; so that his literary life extended through just a half century. Irving displays a pleasing fancy, a delicious humor, and a singular felicity of style. One can not go amiss in reading any of his numerous volumes. This selection is from "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus."

1. About half a league from the little seaport of Palos in Andalusia there stood, and continues to stand at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria la Rabida. One day a stranger on

foot, in humble guise but of a distinguished air, accompanied by a small boy, stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child.

2. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus. He was on his way to the neighboring town to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.

3. The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned in some measure to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast.

He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloister, to have a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, applying for bread and water at the gate of his convent.

4. When he found, however, that the voyager was on the point of abandoning Spain to seek patronage in the court of France, and that so important an enterprise was about to be lost forever to the country, the patriotism of the good friar took the alarm. He detained Columbus as

his guest, and, diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him.

5. That friend, a physician resident in Palos, was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger; several conferences took place at the convent, at which several of the veteran mariners of Palos were present. Among these was Martin Pinzon, the head of a family of wealthy and experienced navigators of the place, celebrated for their adventurous expeditions. Facts were related by some of these navigators in support of the theory of Columbus.

LA RABIDA.

6. In a word, his project was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, and among the seafaring men of Palos, which had been sought in vain among the sages and philosophers of the court. Martin Pinzon especially was so convinced of its feasibility that he offered to engage in it with purse and person, and to bear the expenses of Columbus in a renewed application to the court.

7. Friar Juan Perez was confirmed in his faith by the concurrence of those learned and practical councillors. He had once been confessor to the queen, and knew that she was always accessible to persons of his sacred calling.

He proposed to write to her immediately on the subject, and entreated Columbus to delay his journey until an answer could be received. The latter was easily persuaded, for he felt as if, in leaving Spain, he was again abandoning his home. He was also reluctant to renew in another court the vexations and disappointments experienced in Spain and Portugal.

8. The little council at the convent of La Rabida now cast round their eyes for an ambassador to depart upon this momentous mission. They chose a pilot, one of the most shrewd and important personages in this maritime neighborhood. The queen was at this time at the military city of Santa Fé. There he found access to the benignant princess, and delivered the epistle of the friar.

9. Isabella had always been favorably disposed to the proposition of Columbus. She wrote in reply to Juan Perez, thanking him for his timely services, and requesting that he would repair immediately to the court, leaving Christopher Columbus in confident hope until he should hear further from her. This royal letter was brought back by the pilot at the end of fourteen days, and spread great joy in the little junto at the convent.

10. No sooner did the warm-hearted friar receive it, than he saddled his mule, and departed privately, before midnight, for the court. He journeyed through the conquered countries of the Moors, and rode into the newly erected city of Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were superintending the close investment of the capital of Granada.

11. The sacred office of Juan Perez gained him a ready

entrance in a court distinguished for religious zeal; and, once admitted to the presence of the queen, his former relation, as father confessor, gave him great freedom of counsel. He pleaded the cause of Columbus with characteristic enthusiasm, speaking from actual knowledge of his honorable motives, his professional knowledge and experience, and his perfect capacity to fulfill the undertaking; he represented the solid principles upon which the enterprise was founded, the advantage that must attend its success, and the glory it must shed upon the Spanish crown.

12. It is probable that Isabella had never heard the proposition urged with such honest zeal and impressive eloquence. Being naturally more sanguine and susceptible than the king, and more open to warm and generous impulses, she was moved by the representations of Juan Perez. The queen requested that Columbus might be again sent to her, and, with the kind considerateness which characterized her, bethinking herself of his poverty, and his humble plight, ordered that money should be forwarded to him, to bear his traveling expenses, to provide him with a mule for his journey, and to furnish him with decent raiment, that he might make a respectable appearance at the court.

13. The worthy friar lost no time in communicating the result of his mission; he transmitted the money, and a letter, by the hands of an inhabitant of Palos, to his friend the physician, who delivered them to Columbus. The latter complied with the instructions conveyed in the epistle. He exchanged his threadbare garb for one more

suited to the sphere of a court, and, purchasing a mule, set out once more, reanimated by hopes, for the camp before Granada.

I. Definitions: (3) nạu'tĭ eal, *pertaining to the art of sailing;* (3) mŏ nŏt'ŏ noŭs, *without change or variety,* (4) dĭf'fĭ dent, *distrustful, doubtful;* (5) vĕt'ĕr an, *one who has had long experience in any service or art, particularly in the army or navy;* (6) dĕf'ĕr ençe, *respect, regard;* (6) fēa ṣĭ bĭl'ĭ tў, *possibility of being done;* (7) ăe çĕs'sĭ ble, *easy of approach;* (8) ăm băs'sà dŏr, *an official messenger or representative;* (8) măr'ĭ tĭme, *connected with the sea by site, interest, or power;* (8) bĕ nĭg'nant, *kind, gracious;* (9) jŭn'tŏ, *a secret council;* (11) eà păç'ĭ tў, *ability;* (12) săn'guine (-gwĭn), *confident, full of hope.*

II. Notes: (1) A league is a measure of length or distance, varying in different countries. It is used as a land measure chiefly on the continent of Europe and in Spanish America. The English land league is equal to three English miles. The Spanish and French leagues vary in each country. The Dutch and German leagues contain about four English miles.

(1) Ăn dà lụ sĭ'a (-thē'ä) is a large fertile region in the southern part of Spain. It has a soft, delicious climate, and its soil is very productive.

(1) A convent, or mŏn'ăs tĕr ў, is a building where those people live who have given up the ordinary life of the world and devoted themselves to religion. The person highest in authority in a convent is called an Abbot, and next to him in rank is the Prior. The cloister is the inner court of the convent, appropriated especially to the use of the monks. The male members of a convent are called monks, and the female members nuns. The monks are called also friars, and a Franciscan friar belongs to the order founded by Francis of Ăs sĭ'ṣĭ, in the thirteenth century.

(1) The convent of Săn'tä Mä rĭ'ä lä Rä bĭ'dä was made historic by this visit of Columbus, and a facsimile of it was on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading: This selection should be read in moderate time, with pauses of some length, and the words should flow along as smoothly as the water in a gentle stream.

XXV. RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AFTER DISCOVERING THE NEW WORLD.

By Washington Irving.

1. The triumphant return of Columbus from his first voyage to the New World was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos, where everybody was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. The most important and wealthy sea captains of the place had engaged in it, and scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the navigators.

2. Great was the agitation of the inhabitants, therefore, when they beheld one of the ships standing up the river; but when they learned that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, the whole community broke forth into transports of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended: for a time there was nothing but hurry and tumult. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend, and all to learn the particulars of so wonderful a voyage.

3. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place — forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties they had thrown in the way of the enterprise. Wherever Columbus passed, he was hailed with shouts and acclamations. What a contrast to his departure a few months before, followed by murmurs and execra-

tions; or, rather, what a contrast to his first arrival at Palos, a poor pedestrian, craving bread and water for his child at the gate of a convent!

4. Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, he felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel; reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He despatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival, and soon afterward departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives whom he had brought from the New World.

5. The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent, and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of dispute.

6. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands

discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards.

7. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions requisite, and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions brought from the New World.

8. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

9. About the middle of April, 1493, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species.

10. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy.

11. To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Spain, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

12. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers. He was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

13. As Columbus approached the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered.

He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants, of native gold in dust and in crude masses, and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

14. When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence ; all present following their example ; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

15. When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared was surrounded by an admiring multitude. While his mind was teeming with glorious anticipations, his pious scheme for the deliverance of the holy sepulcher was not forgotten. It has been shown that he suggested it to the Spanish sovereigns at the time of first making his propositions, holding it forth as the great object to be effected by the profits of his discoveries.

16. Flushed with the idea of the vast wealth now to accrue to himself, he made a vow to furnish within seven years an army, consisting of four thousand horse and

fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the holy sepulcher, and a similar force within the five following years. This vow was recorded in one of his letters to the sovereigns, to which he refers, but which is no longer extant; nor is it certain whether it was made at the end of his first voyage or at a subsequent date, when the magnitude and wealthy result of his discoveries became more fully manifest.

17. It is essential to a full comprehension of the character and motives of Columbus, that this visionary project should be borne in recollection. It will be found to have entwined itself in his mind with his enterprise of discovery, and that a holy crusade was to be the consummation of those divine purposes, for which he considered himself selected by Heaven as an agent. It shows how much his mind was elevated above selfish and mercenary views — how it was filled with those devout and heroic schemes, which in the time of the Crusades had inflamed the thoughts and directed the enterprises of the bravest warriors and most illustrious princes.

I. **Definitions**: (1) prō dĭ′ġĭoŭs, *marvelous, wonderful;* (3) sĭg′nal, *remarkable;* (3) ĕx ē crā′tionş, *curses;* (5) ăc quĭ şĭ′tion, *gain, acquirement;* (7) mū nĭ′tionş, *military stores of all kinds;* (7) req′ui site (rĕk′-wĭ zĭt), *necessary;* (10) ĕăv′al cāde, *a procession of persons on horseback;* (10) ċhĭv′al rў, *a body or order of cavaliers or knights serving on horseback, illustrious warriors;* (10) sā′tĕd, *satisfied;* (11) ĭn eāl′eŭ lă-ble, *beyond counting up, very great;* (13) ĭn ĕx *h*ąust′ĭ ble, *unfailing;* (13) hăr′bĭn ġĕrş, *forerunners;* (13) prŏs′ē lўtes, *converts;* (17) vĭs′iŏn-ā rў (vĭzh-), *imaginary, not real.*

II. **Notes**: (4) Bär ċe lō′nä and Sĕv′ĭlle are large and famous cities of Spain.

(4) The *caravel* of the sixteenth century was a small vessel with broad bows, high, narrow upper decks, and three-cornered sails, called lateen sails. Columbus commanded three caravels on his great voyage.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading: This lesson is in marked contrast with "Columbus at the Convent of La Rabida." There we saw a man under the depression of repeated disappointments, poor and sick, and asking bread for his son from the friars. Here is the same man, flushed with the victory of a great discovery, surrounded by applauding crowds, and his king and queen rising from their chairs of state to greet his return. Express your appreciation of this change by swifter movement, fuller tones, and shorter pauses. Imagine yourself at the scene and now telling others of it.

XXVI. A LETTER BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

1. Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious Monarchs, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Savior (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands.

2. As soon as we arrived at that, which as I have said was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and

apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay.

In the meantime I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed toward the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name Española.

3. All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxurious as they usually are in Spain in the month of May, — some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

4. The inhabitants are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have; none of them refusing anything he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love toward all others in preference to themselves: they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles

of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required.

5. On my arrival I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language. These men are still traveling with me, and although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come and look upon beings of a celestial race": upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness.

6. Although all I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvelous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns; for that which the un-

aided intellect of man could not compass, the spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love his precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities.

7. Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables. Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and their most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity.

I. Notes: The letter was written by Columbus in 1493. It was addressed to Lord Raphael Sanchez, who was treasurer to Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain. Columbus supposed that he had sailed near Asia; (1) the island which he called Gua na ha ni (Gwä nä ä nï′) is probably Watkins Island. (2) Ju ăn′ä (Hōō-) is now Cuba, and (2) Es pan o′la (Ĕs păn yō′lä) is San Domingo.

(4) A *noble* is a piece of money of about a dollar and sixty-five cents value. (4) A *blanca* is a small silver coin, worth about nine cents.

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The reading of this letter must impress one with the piety of Columbus and his sense of the true mission of life, — service in sacred things. Yet it is a suggestion of the low sense of honor among men of his time that he tells, without excuse, of his seizure of trustful Indians, because he wanted to make use of them.

Read this letter as you would one from a friend. It is simple in diction and breathes an air of honesty.

XXVII. FUR TRADERS IN THE NORTHWEST.

From Chapter I of "Astoria," by Washington Irving.

1. Two leading objects of commercial gain have given birth to wide and daring enterprise in the early history of the Americas: the precious metals of the south, and the rich peltries of the north. While the fiery and magnificent Spaniard, inflamed with the mania for gold, has extended his discoveries and conquests over those brilliant countries scorched by the ardent sun of the tropics, the adroit and buoyant Frenchman, and the cool and calculating Briton, have pursued the less splendid, but no less lucrative, traffic in furs amid the hyperborean regions of the Canadas, until they have advanced even within the Arctic circle.

2. These two pursuits have thus, in a manner, been the pioneers and precursors of civilization. Without pausing on the borders, they have penetrated at once, in defiance of difficulties and dangers, to the heart of savage countries: laying open the hidden secrets of the wilderness; leading the way to remote regions of beauty and fertility that might have remained unexplored for ages, and beckoning after them the slow and pausing steps of agriculture and civilization.

3. It was the fur trade, in fact, which gave early sustenance and vitality to the great Canadian provinces. Being destitute of the precious metals, at that time the leading objects of American enterprise, they were long neglected by the parent country. The French adventurers, however, who had settled on the banks of the St.

Lawrence, soon found that in the rich peltries of the interior, they had sources of wealth that might almost rival the mines of Mexico and Peru.

4. The Indians, as yet unacquainted with the artificial value given to some descriptions of furs, in civilized life, brought quantities of the most precious kinds and bartered them away for European trinkets and cheap commodities. Immense profits were thus made by the early traders, and the traffic was pursued with avidity.

5. As the valuable furs soon became scarce in the neighborhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to take a wider range in their hunting expeditions; they were generally accompanied on these expeditions by some of the traders or their dependents, who shared in the toils and perils of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the best hunting and trapping grounds, and with the remote tribes, whom they encouraged to bring their peltries to the settlements. In this way the trade augmented, and was drawn from remote quarters to Montreal.

6. Every now and then a large body of Ottawas, Hurons, and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the Great Lakes, would come down in a squadron of light canoes, laden with beaver skins, and other spoils of their year's hunting. The canoes would be unladen, taken on shore, and their contents disposed in order.

7. Now would ensue a brisk traffic with the merchants, and all Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop, bargaining for arms, kettles,

knives, axes, blankets, bright-colored cloths, and other articles of use or fancy; upon all which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear at least two hundred per cent. There was no money used in this traffic, and, after a time, all payment in spirituous liquors was prohibited, in consequence of the frantic and frightful excesses and bloody brawls which they were apt to occasion.

8. A new and anomalous class of men gradually grew out of this trade. These were called *coureurs des bois*, rangers of the woods; originally men who had accompanied the Indians in their hunting expeditions, and made themselves acquainted with remote tracks and tribes; and who now became, as it were, peddlers of the wilderness. These men would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the mazy and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the natives. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen; adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives.

9. Many of these *coureurs des bois* became so accustomed to the Indian mode of living and the perfect freedom of the wilderness, that they lost all relish for civilization, and identified themselves with the savages among whom they dwelt, or could only be distinguished from them by superior licentiousness. Their conduct and

example gradually corrupted the natives and impeded the works of the Catholic missionaries who were at this time prosecuting their pious labors in the wilds of Canada.

10. At length it was found necessary to establish fortified posts at the confluence of the rivers and the lakes for the protection of the trade and the restraint of these profligates of the wilderness. The most important of these was at Mackinac, situated at the strait of the same name which connects Lakes Huron and Michigan. It became the great interior mart and place of deposit, and some of the regular merchants who prosecuted the trade in person under their licenses formed establishments here. This, too, was a rendezvous for the rangers of the woods, as well those who came up with goods from Montreal as those who returned with peltries from the interior. Here new expeditions were fitted out and took their departure for Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, Lake Superior and the northwest, and here the peltries brought in return were embarked for Montreal.

11. In 1762 the French lost possession of Canada, and the trade fell principally into the hands of British subjects. For a time, however, it shrunk within narrow limits. The old *coureurs des bois* were broken up and dispersed, or, where they could be met with, were slow to accustom themselves to the habits and manners of their British employers. They missed the freedom, indulgence, and familiarity of the old French trading houses, and did not relish the sober exactness, reserve, and method of the newcomers. The British traders, too, were ignorant of the country and distrustful of the natives. They had

reason to be so. The treacherous and bloody affairs of Detroit and Mackinac showed them the lurking hostility cherished by the savages, who had too long been taught by the French to regard them as enemies.

12. It was not until the year 1766 that the trade regained its old channels; but it was then pursued with much avidity and emulation by individual merchants, and soon transcended its former bounds. Expeditions were fitted out by various persons from Montreal and Mackinac, and rivalships and jealousies of course ensued. The trade was injured by their artifices to outbid and undermine each other; the Indians were debauched by the sale of spirituous liquors, which had been prohibited under the French rule. Scenes of drunkenness, brutality, and brawl were the consequence in the Indian villages and around the trading houses, while bloody feuds took place between rival trading parties when they happened to encounter each other in the lawless depths of the wilderness.

13. To put an end to these sordid and ruinous contentions, several of the principal merchants of Montreal entered into a partnership in the winter of 1783, which was augmented by amalgamation with a rival company in 1787. Thus was created the famous "Northwest Company," which for a time held a lordly sway over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the Canadas almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient.

14. The company consisted of twenty-three shareholders or partners, but held in its employ about two thousand persons as clerks, guides, interpreters, and "voyageurs," or

boatmen. These were distributed at various trading posts established far and wide on the interior lakes and rivers, at immense distances from each other, and in the heart of trackless countries and savage tribes. Several of the partners resided in Montreal and Quebec to manage the main concerns of the company.

15. The goods destined for this wide and wandering traffic were put up at the warehouses of the company in Montreal, and conveyed in boats and canoes up the river Ottawa, which falls into the St. Lawrence near Montreal, and by other rivers and portages to Lake Huron, Lake Superior, and thence by several chains of great and small lakes to Lake Winnipeg, Lake Athabasca, and the Great Slave Lake. This singular and beautiful system of internal seas which renders an immense region of wilderness so accessible to the frail bark of the Indian or the trader, was studded by the remote posts of the company, where they carried on their traffic with the surrounding tribes.

I. Definitions: (1) eŏm mēr′cial(-shal), *mercantile;* (1) pĕl′trĭeş, *skins of animals with the fur on them;* (1) mā′nĭ à, *madness, frenzy;* (1) à droit′, *skillful, clever:* (1) buoy′ant (boi′-), *lively, light-hearted;* (1) lū′erà tĭve, *gainful, profitable;* (1) hŷ pĕr bō′rē an, *very far north, or most northern, very cold;* (2) pī ō neerş′, *those who go first into a new country to make homes:* (2) prē cûr′sŏrş, *forerunners, harbingers:* (4) à vĭd′ĭ tў, *eagerness;* (5) ąug mĕnt′ĕd, *increased;* (8) à nŏm′à lous, *unlike the ordinary, irregular;* (8) cou′reurs de bois (kōō′rŭrş dā bwą), *rangers of the woods:* (8) mā′zў, *winding;* (8) ĭn tĕr lāçe′, *intertwine;* (8) ăs sĭm′ĭ lā tĭng, *growing to be alike, resembling;* (8) ĭà çĭl′ĭ tў, *ease;* (9) ĭ dĕn′tĭ fied, *united;* (9) lĭ çĕn′tious nĕss (-shŭs-), *lawlessness, immorality:* (10) eŏu′flū ençe, *the meeting or junction of two or more streams;* (10) rĕn′dĕz vous, *an appointed meeting place;* (12) är′tĭ fĭç ĕş, *tricks,*

crafty devices; (13) à măl gà mā′tion, *union;* (13) vŏ lŭp′tŭ *oŭs, luxurious, delightful.*

II. **Note**: The opening up of the fur trade in the United States was an important factor in the development of the great Northwest. Had there been no John Jacob Astor, Oregon and Washington might have become possessions of the English; indeed as it was, they came very near passing into British hands. For the part Astor played in transferring the fur industry from foreign into American channels, read the following lesson, and also "Astoria."

XXVIII. EXPLORING THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

From "Astoria," by Washington Irving.

1. While various companies were pushing their enterprises far and wide in the wilds of Canada, and along the course of the great western waters, other adventurers, intent on the same objects, were traversing the watery wastes of the Pacific and skirting the northwest coast of America. The last voyage of that renowned but unfortunate discoverer, Captain Cook, had made known the vast quantities of the sea otter to be found along that coast, and the immense prices to be obtained for its fur in China. It was as if a new gold coast had been discovered. Individuals from various countries dashed into this lucrative traffic, so that in the year 1792 there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, plying along the coast and trading with the natives. The greater part of them were American, and owned by Boston merchants.

2. Among the American ships which traded along the northwest coast in 1792, was the *Columbia*, Captain Gray, of Boston. In the course of her voyage she discovered the mouth of a large river in lat. 46° 19′ north. Enter-

ing it with some difficulty, on account of sand bars and breakers, she came to anchor in a spacious bay. A boat was well manned, and sent on shore to a village on the beach, but all the inhabitants fled excepting the aged and infirm. The kind manner in which these were treated, and the presents given to them, gradually lured back the others, and a friendly intercourse took place. They had never seen a ship or a white man. When they had first descried the *Columbia*, they had supposed it a floating island; then some monster of the deep; but when they saw the boat putting for shore with human beings on board, they considered them cannibals sent by the Great Spirit to ravage the country and devour the inhabitants.

3. Captain Gray did not ascend the river farther than the bay, which continues to bear his name. After putting to sea he fell in with the celebrated discoverer, Vancouver, and informed him of his discovery, furnishing him with a chart which he had made of the river. Vancouver visited the river, and his lieutenant explored it by the aid of Captain Gray's chart; ascending it upward of one hundred miles, until within view of a snowy mountain, to which he gave the name of Mount Hood, which it still retains.

4. The existence of this river, however, was known long before the visits of Gray and Vancouver, but the information concerning it was vague and indefinite, being gathered from the reports of the Indians. It was spoken of by travelers as the Oregon, and as the great river of the West. A Spanish ship is said to have been wrecked at the mouth, several of the crew of which lived for some

time among the natives. The *Columbia*, however, is believed to be the first ship that made a regular discovery and anchored within its waters, and it has since generally borne the name of that vessel.

5. In the meantime the attention of the American government was attracted to the northwest, and the memorable expedition under Messrs. Lewis and Clarke fitted out. These gentlemen, in 1804, accomplished the enterprise which had been projected. They ascended the Missouri, passed through the stupendous gates of the Rocky Mountains, hitherto unknown to white men; discovered and explored the upper waters of the Columbia, and followed that river down to its mouth, where their countryman, Gray, had anchored about twelve years previously.

Here they passed the winter, and returned across the mountains in the following spring. The reports published by them of their expedition demonstrated the practicability of establishing a line of communication across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

6. It was then that the idea presented itself to the mind of Mr. Astor, of grasping with his individual hand this great enterprise, which for years had been dubiously yet desirously contemplated by powerful associations and maternal governments. For some time he revolved the idea in his mind, gradually extending and maturing his plans as his means of executing them augmented.

7. The main feature of his scheme was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded

the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts would be established in the interior, and on all the tributary streams of the Columbia, to trade with the Indians; these posts would draw their supplies from the main establishment, and bring to it the peltries they collected.

8. Coasting craft would be built and fitted out, also, at the mouth of the Columbia, to trade, at favorable seasons, all along the northwest coast, and return, with the proceeds of their voyages, to this place of deposit. Thus all the Indian trade, both of the interior and the coast, would converge to this point, and thence derive its sustenance. A ship was to be sent annually from New York to this main establishment with reënforcements and supplies, and with merchandise suited to the trade. It would take on board the furs collected during the preceding year, carry them to Canton, invest the proceeds in the rich merchandise of China, and return thus freighted to New York.

9. Such is the brief outline of the enterprise projected by Mr. John Jacob Astor, but which continually expanded in his mind. Indeed, it is due to him to say that he was not actuated by mere motives of individual profit. He was already wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who by their great commercial enterprises have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire.

10. He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia as the emporium of an immense commerce; as a colony that would form the germ of a

wide civilization ; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic.

11. Mr. Astor now prepared to carry his scheme into prompt execution. He had some competition, however, to apprehend and guard against. The Northwest Company had pushed one or two advanced trading posts across the Rocky Mountains. To prevent any contest with that company, therefore, he made known his plan to its agents, and proposed to interest them, to the extent of one third, in the trade thus to be opened.

12. Some correspondence and negotiation ensued. The company were aware of the advantages which would be possessed by Mr. Astor should he be able to carry his scheme into effect ; but they anticipated a monopoly of the trade beyond the mountains, and were loath to share it with an individual who had already proved a formidable competitor in the Atlantic trade. They hoped, too, by a timely move, to secure the mouth of the Columbia before Mr. Astor would be able to put his plans into operation ; and, that key to the internal trade once in their possession, the whole country would be at their command. After some negotiation and delay, therefore, they declined the proposition that had been made to them, but subsequently dispatched a party for the mouth of the Columbia, to establish a post there before any expedition sent out by Mr. Astor might arrive.

13. In the meantime Mr. Astor, finding his overtures rejected, proceeded fearlessly to execute his enterprise

in face of the whole power of the Northwest Company. His main establishment once planted at the mouth of the Columbia, he looked with confidence to ultimate success. Being able to reënforce and supply it amply by sea, he would push his interior posts in every direction up the rivers, and along the coast; supplying the natives at a lower rate, and thus gradually obliging the Northwest Company to give up the competition, and retire to the other side of the mountains. He would then have possession of the trade, not merely of the Columbia and its tributaries, but of the regions farther north, quite to the Russian possessions. Such was a part of his brilliant and comprehensive plan.

I. Definitions: (1) trăv′ērs ĭng, *crossing;* (2) ĕăn′nĭ balṣ, *human beings who eat human flesh;* (2) răv′ăġe, *to ruin, to destroy;* (5) stū-pĕn′doŭs, *astonishing, wonderful;* (5) dĕm′ŏn strā tĕd, *made plain;* (5) prăe tĭ eȧ bĭl′ĭ tў, *possibility, feasibility;* (6) dū′bĭ oŭs lў, *doubtfully, uncertainly;* (6) mȧ tūr′ĭng, *completing;* (7) trĭb′ū tȧ rў, *a stream whose waters flow into another stream;* (8) eŏn vērġe′, *tend to one point;* (8) sŭs′tē nançe, *support;* (9) ăe′tū ā tĕd, *moved, impelled;* (11) eŏm-pē tĭ′tion, *rivalry;* (12) nē gō ti ā′tion(-shē-), *the treating with another person respecting sale or purchase;* (12) mō nŏp′ō lў, *exclusive possession;* (12) fôr′mĭ dȧ ble, *alarming;* (13) eŏm prē hĕn′sĭve, *including much, or many things.*

II. Note: (1) Captain James Cook, who was one of the greatest of English navigators, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1728. The voyage referred to in the selection was made in the years 1776 to 1779. Its main object was to discover a passage around the north coast of America from the Pacific. He rediscovered the Sandwich Islands in 1778. When he first stopped there the natives were friendly to him, but on his return from his voyage to the north their attitude changed. On February 14, 1779 he landed to secure a stolen boat. The natives then attacked him with great fury, and clubbed and stabbed him to death.

XXIX. ON THE FRONTIER IN 1846.

From "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman, Jr.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

What a determined will can accomplish in the face of great obstacles is most clearly seen in the career of Francis Parkman. That he might see the Indian as he was in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm and before, he made the trip described in this selection, undergoing hardships that ruined his health and left him an invalid for life. He did much of his work after his eyes had become nearly useless, and kept at his task when fifteen minutes was the longest time he could work without a rest. His life is an inspiration to those who aspire (and who does not?), but who find great obstacles in the way of success.

His conduct teaches two important lessons: 1st, He who would do a piece of the world's work must not begrudge the time necessary for preparation; 2d, The work being chosen, he must give himself wholly to its accomplishment. Having completed his college course, he gave two years to the study of law, that he might be able to treat the constitutional questions which he realized would confront him in his proposed history. His work chosen, neither impaired eyesight nor declining health deterred him from its accomplishment. His first book, "The Oregon Trail," appeared in 1849, and his last, "A Half-Century of Conflict," in 1892. The greater part of his history is suggested in the title, "The French in America." He was born in Boston in 1823 and died near that city in 1893, fully assured that the world had bestowed upon his labors the plaudit, "Well done!"

1. The spring of 1846 was a busy season in the city of St. Louis. Not only were emigrants from every part of

the country preparing for the journey to Oregon and California, but an unusual number of traders were making ready their wagons and outfits for Santa Fé. Many of the emigrants, especially of those bound for California, were persons of wealth and standing. The hotels were crowded, and the gunsmiths and saddlers were kept constantly at work in providing arms and equipments for the different parties of travelers. Almost every day steamboats were leaving the levee and passing up the Missouri crowded with passengers on their way to the frontier.

2. In one of these my friend and relative, Quincy A. Shaw, and myself left St. Louis on the 28th of April, on a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains. The boat was loaded until the water broke alternately over her guards. Her upper deck was covered with large wagons of a peculiar form for the Santa Fé trade, and her hold was crammed with goods for the same destination. There were also the equipments and provisions of a party of Oregon emigrants, a band of mules and horses, piles of saddles and harness, and a multitude of nondescript articles indispensable in the prairies.

3. The passengers on board the boat corresponded with her freight. In her cabin were Santa Fé traders, gamblers, speculators, and adventurers of various descriptions, and her steerage was crowded with Oregon emigrants, "mountain men," negroes, and a party of Kansas Indians who had been on a visit to St. Louis. Thus laden, the boat struggled upward for seven or eight days against the rapid current of the Missouri, grating upon snags and hanging for two or three hours at a time upon

sand bars. We entered the mouth of the Missouri in a drizzling rain, but the weather soon became clear, and showed distinctly the broad and turbid river, with its eddies, its sand bars, its ragged islands, and forest-covered shores.

4. The Missouri is constantly changing its course, wearing away its banks on one side while it forms new ones on the other. Its channel is shifting continually. Islands are formed and then washed away ; and while the old forests on one side are undermined and swept off, a young growth springs up from the new soil upon the other. With all these changes the water is so charged with mud and sand that it is perfectly opaque, and in a few minutes deposits a thick sediment in the bottom of a tumbler. The river was now high, but when we descended in the autumn it was fallen very low, and all the secrets of its treacherous shallows were exposed to view.

5. In five or six days we began to see signs of the great western movement that was then taking place. Parties of emigrants, with their tents and wagons, would be encamped on open spots near the bank, on their way to the common rendezvous at Independence. On a rainy day, near sunset, we reached the landing of this place, which is situated some miles from the river, on the extreme frontier of Missouri.

6. The scene was characteristic, for here were represented at one view the most remarkable features of this wild and enterprising region. On the muddy shore stood some thirty or forty dark-looking Spaniards, gazing stupidly out from beneath their broad hats. They were

attached to one of the Santa Fé companies, whose wagons were crowded together on the banks above. In the midst of these, crouching over a smoldering fire, was a group of Indians belonging to a remote Mexican tribe.

7. One or two French hunters from the mountains, with their long hair and buckskin dresses, were looking at the boat, and seated on a log close at hand were three men with rifles lying across their knees. The foremost of these, a tall, strong figure with a clear blue eye and an open, intelligent face, might very well represent that race of restless and intrepid pioneers whose axes and rifles have opened a path from the Alleghanies to the western prairies. He was on his way to Oregon, probably a more congenial field to him than any that now remained on this side the great plains.

8. Early on the next morning we landed and set out in a wagon for Westport, where we hoped to procure mules and horses for the journey. It was a remarkably fresh and beautiful May morning. The rich luxuriant woods through which the miserable road conducted us were lighted by the bright sunshine and enlivened by a multitude of birds. We overtook on the way our late fellow travelers, the Kansas Indians, who, adorned with all their finery, were proceeding homeward at a round pace ; and whatever they might have seemed on board the boat, they made a very striking and picturesque feature in the forest landscape.

9. Westport was full of Indians, whose little shaggy ponies were tied by dozens along the houses and fences. Sacs and Foxes, with shaved heads and painted faces,

Shawnees and Delawares, fluttering in calico frocks and turbans, Wyandottes dressed like white men, and a few wretched Kansans wrapped in old blankets, were strolling about the streets, or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.

10. The emigrants were encamped on the prairie about eight or ten miles distant, to the number of a thousand or more, and new parties were constantly passing out from Independence to join them. They were in great confusion, holding meetings, passing resolutions, and drawing up regulations, but unable to unite in the choice of leaders to conduct them across the prairie.

11. Being at leisure one day, I rode over to Independence. The town was crowded. A multitude of shops had sprung up to furnish the emigrants and Santa Fé traders with necessaries for their journey; and there was an incessant hammering and banging from a dozen blacksmiths' sheds, where the heavy wagons were being repaired, and the horses and oxen shod. The streets were thronged with men, horses, and mules.

12. While I was in the town, a train of emigrant wagons from Illinois passed through, to join the camp on the prairie, and stopped in the principal street. A multitude of healthy children's faces were peeping out from under the covers of the wagons. Here and there a buxom damsel was seated on horseback, holding over her sunburnt face an old umbrella or a parasol, once gaudy enough, but now miserably faded. The men, very sober-looking countrymen, stood about their oxen; and as I passed I noticed three old fellows, who, with their long

whips in their hands, were zealously discussing the doctrine of regeneration.

13. The emigrants, however, are not all of this stamp. Among them are some of the vilest outcasts in the country. I have often perplexed myself to divine the various motives that give impulse to this strange migration; but whatever they may be, whether an insane hope of a better condition in life, or a desire of shaking off restraints of law and society, or mere restlessness, certain it is that multitudes bitterly repent the journey, and after they have reached the land of promise are happy enough to escape from it.

I. Definitions: (1) ĕ quĭp′ments, *necessary supplies;* (1) lĕv′ee (-ē), *an embankment to prevent the overflow of a stream;* (2) āl tẽr′nāte lў, *succeeding by turns;* (2) nŏn′dē serĭpt, *not hitherto described, novel, odd;* (2) ĭn dĭs pĕn′sà ble, *that which can not be spared;* (4) ō pāque′, *not transparent, impervious to rays of light;* (4) sĕd′ĭ ment, *settlings, dregs;* (4) trĕach′ẽr oŭs, *betraying a trust, faithless;* (6) ĕn′tẽr prī sĭng, *resolute, active;* (7) eŏn gẽn′ial (-yal), *agreeable, suited to the disposition;* (11) ĭn çŏs′sant, *continual;* (12) bŭx′ŏm, *jolly, frolicsome;* (12) zĕal′-oŭs lў, *warmly, ardently.*

II. Suggestions: In this selection there is an extended enumeration of articles and conditions, all given to bring before the reader a clear view of the scene as it impressed the historian. In reading it aloud, the pupil should proceed deliberately, giving ample time to the groups of words and the pauses, thus bringing the pictures clearly before the minds of those who listen. If the class will sometimes close their books, and give undivided attention to the oral reading, they can judge better of its quality.

III. Note: "The Oregon Trail" is a story of travel and adventure which gives a faithful account of the author's experiences beyond the Missouri in 1846. Its perusal will enable one to realize some of the wonderful changes that have taken place in that region within fifty years.

XXX. MONTEZUMA'S WAY OF LIFE.

From "The Conquest of Mexico," by William H. Prescott.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

William H. Prescott has put into history the warmth and the interest of the romance or the drama. He is read with as much satisfaction, now that Markham and Fiske have shown that some of his authorities were hardly trustworthy, as he was before the beginnings of critical history. While Parkman wrote of the French in America, Prescott wrote largely of the Spanish in America, and both acquitted themselves well.

Both were defective in vision — Prescott almost blind — but each saw through the mind's eye with great clearness. Each has clothed his subjects with the interest of present association; they are of the Now and the Here.

Prescott was born in 1796, and died in 1859. While he was an undergraduate at Harvard University, an accident deprived him of sight in one eye, and so affected the other that all his study had to be done through a reader. Thus he heard Spanish till he became a Spanish scholar; and thus he heard all the events he has woven into textures of such wonderful beauty as are his "Ferdinand and Isabella," his "Conquest of Mexico," and his "Conquest of Peru."

1. The most luxurious residence of the Aztec monarch, at that season, was the royal hill of Chapultepec, a spot consecrated, moreover, by the ashes of his ancestors. It stood in a westerly direction from the capital, and its base was, in his day, washed by the waters of Lake Tezcuco. On its lofty crest of porphyritic rock, there now

stands the magnificent, though desolate, castle erected by the young viceroy Galvez, at the close of the seventeenth century.

2. The view from its windows is one of the finest in the environs of Mexico. The landscape is not disfigured here, as in many other quarters, by the white and barren patches, so offensive to the sight; but the eye wanders over an unbroken expanse of meadows and cultivated fields, waving with rich harvests of European grain. Montezuma's gardens stretched for miles around the base of the hill.

3. Two statues of that monarch and his father, cut in *bas relief* in the porphyry, were spared till the middle of the last century; and the grounds are still shaded by gigantic cypresses, more than fifty feet in circumference, which were centuries old at the time of the Conquest. The place is now a tangled wilderness of wild shrubs, where the myrtle mingles its dark, glossy leaves with the red berries and delicate foliage of the pepper tree.

4. Surely, there is no spot better suited to awaken meditation on the past; none, where the traveler, as he sits under those stately cypresses, gray with the moss of ages, can so fitly ponder on the sad destinies of the Indian races, and the monarch who once held his courtly revels under the shadow of their branches.

5. The palace was supplied with numerous baths, and Montezuma set the example, in his own person, of frequent ablutions. He bathed at least once, and changed his dress four times, it is said, every day. He never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to

his attendants. Queen Elizabeth, with a similar taste for costume, showed a less princely spirit in hoarding her discarded suits. Her wardrobe was, probably, somewhat more costly than that of the Indian emperor.

6. Besides his numerous female retinue, the halls and antechambers were filled with nobles in constant attendance on his person, who served also as a sort of body-guard. It had been usual for plebeians of merit to fill certain offices in the palace. But the haughty Montezuma refused to be waited upon by any but men of noble birth. They were not unfrequently the sons of the great chiefs, and remained as hostages in the absence of their fathers; thus serving the double purpose of security and state.

7. His meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Sometimes Montezuma himself, but more frequently his steward, indicated those which he preferred, and which were kept hot by means of chafing dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which, the day before, were swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec *artistes*, as we have already had occasion to notice, had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science.

8. The meats were served by the attendant nobles, who then resigned the office of waiting on the monarch to maidens selected for their personal grace and beauty. A screen of richly gilt and carved wood was drawn around him, so as to conceal him from vulgar eyes during the

repast. He was seated on a cushion, and the dinner was served on a low table covered with a delicate cotton cloth. The dishes were of the finest ware of Cholula. He had a service of gold, which was reserved for religious celebrations. Indeed, it would scarcely have comported with even his princely revenues to have used it on ordinary occasions, when his table equipage was not allowed to appear a second time, but was given away to his attendants.

9. The saloon was lighted by torches made of a resinous wood, which sent forth a sweet odor and, probably, not a little smoke, as they burned. At his meal, he was attended by five or six of his ancient counselors, who stood at a respectful distance, answering his questions, and occasionally rejoiced by some of the viands with which he complimented them from his table.

10. This course of solid dishes was succeeded by another of sweetmeats and pastry, for which the Aztec cooks, provided with the important requisites of maize-flour, eggs, and the rich sugar of the aloe, were famous. Two girls were occupied at the farther end of the apartment, during dinner, in preparing fine rolls and wafers, with which they garnished the board from time to time. The emperor took no other beverage than a potation of chocolate, flavored with vanilla and other spices, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth.

11. The general arrangement of the meal seems to have been not very unlike that of Europeans. But no prince in Europe could boast a dessert which could compare with that of the Aztec emperor. For it was gathered fresh

from the most opposite climes; and his board displayed the products of his own temperate region, and the luscious fruits of the tropics, plucked, the day previous, from the green groves of the lowlands, and transmitted with the speed of steam, by means of couriers, to the capital. It was as if some kind fairy should crown our banquets with the spicy products that but yesterday were growing in a sunny isle of the far-off Indian seas.

12. After the royal appetite was appeased, water was handed to him by the attendants in a silver basin, in the same manner as had been done before commencing his meal; for the Aztecs were as constant in their ablutions, at these times, as any nation of the East.

13. Sometimes he amused himself with his jester; for the Indian monarch had his jesters, as well as his more refined brethren of Europe at that day. Indeed, he used to say, that more instruction was to be gathered from them than from wiser men, for they dared to tell the truth. At other times, he witnessed the graceful dances of his women, or took delight in listening to music, — if the rude minstrelsy of the Mexicans deserve that name, — accompanied by a chant, in slow and solemn cadence, celebrating the heroic deeds of great Aztec warriors, or of his own princely line.

14. When he had sufficiently refreshed his spirits with these diversions, he composed himself to sleep, for in his *siesta* he was as regular as a Spaniard. On awaking, he gave audience to ambassadors from foreign states, or his own tributary cities, or to such caziques as had suits to prefer to him. They were introduced by the young nobles

in attendance, and, whatever might be their rank, unless of the blood royal, they were obliged to submit to the humiliation of shrouding their rich dresses under the coarse mantle of *nequen*, and entering barefooted, with downcast eyes, into the presence. The emperor addressed few and brief remarks to the suitors, answering them generally by his secretaries ; and the parties retired with the same reverential obeisance, taking care to keep their faces turned toward the monarch. Well might Cortez exclaim, that no court, whether of the Grand Seignior or any other infidel, ever displayed so pompous and elaborate a ceremonial.

15. Such is the picture of Montezuma's domestic establishment and way of living, as delineated by the conquerors and their immediate followers, who had the best means of information ; too highly colored, it may be, by the proneness to exaggerate, which was natural to those who first witnessed a spectacle so striking to the imagination, so new and unexpected. I have thought it best to present the full details, trivial though they may seem to the reader, as affording a curious picture of manners, so superior in point of refinement to those of the other aboriginal tribes on the North American continent. Nor are they, in fact, so trivial, when we reflect that, in these details of private life, we possess a surer measure of civilization, than in those of a public nature.

16. In surveying them we are strongly reminded of the civilization of the East ; not of that higher, intellectual kind which belonged to the more polished Arabs and the Persians, but that semi-civilization which has dis-

tinguished, for example, the Tartar races, among whom art, and even science, have made, indeed, some progress in their adaptation to material wants and sensual gratification, but little in reference to the higher and more ennobling interests of humanity.

17. It is characteristic of such a people, to find a puerile pleasure in a dazzling and ostentatious pageantry; to mistake show for substance ; vain pomp for power ; to hedge round the throne itself with barren and burdensome ceremonial, the counterfeit of real majesty.

18. Even this, however, was an advance in refinement, compared with the rude manners of the earlier Aztecs. The change may, doubtless, be referred in some degree to the personal influence of Montezuma. In his younger days, he had tempered the fierce habits of the soldier with the milder profession of religion. In later life, he had withdrawn himself still more from the brutalizing occupations of war, and his manners acquired a refinement tinctured, it may be added, with an effeminacy, unknown to his martial predecessors.

19. The condition of the empire, too, under his reign, was favorable to this change. The dismemberment of the Tezcucan kingdom had left the Aztec monarchy without a rival ; and it soon spread its colossal arms over the farthest limits of Anahuac. The aspiring mind of Montezuma rose with the acquisition of wealth and power ; and he displayed the consciousness of new importance by the assumption of unprecedented state. He affected a reserve unknown to his predecessors ; withdrew his person from the vulgar eye, and fenced himself round with an elabo-

rate and courtly etiquette. When he went abroad, it was in state, on some public occasion, usually to the great temple, to take part in the religious services; and, as he passed along, he exacted from his people, as we have seen, the homage of an adulation worthy of an Oriental despot.

20. His haughty demeanor touched the pride of his more potent vassals, particularly those who, at a distance, felt themselves nearly independent of his authority. His exactions, demanded by the profuse expenditure of his palace, scattered broadcast the seeds of discontent; and, while the empire seemed towering in its most palmy and prosperous state, the canker had eaten deepest into its heart.

I. Definitions: (1) cŏn′sĕ erā tĕd, *dedicated, devoted, made sacred;* (1) pôr phȳ rīt′īe, *characterized by the presence of distinct crystals, as of feldspar or quartz;* (1) vīçe′roy, *the governor of a country, ruling in the king's name;* (6) rēt′ī nūe, *a train of attendants;* (7) chāf′ĭng dĭsh, *a dish used for cooking on the table or for keeping food warm;* (7) măn′ī-fōld, *various in kind or quality;* (7) eū′lĭ nā rȳ, *relating to the art of cooking;* (10) gär′nĭshed (t), *ornamented, as dishes, with something laid about them;* (14) sĭ ĕs′tà, *a short sleep taken after dinner;* (14) eà ziques′ (-zēks′), *chiefs or petty kings among the Indians;* (14) ō bēi′sançe, *an expression of deference or respect;* (15) prōne′nĕss, *tendency;* (17) pū′-ĕr īle, *childish, trifling, silly;* (17) păg′eant rȳ, *splendor;* (18) ĕf fĕm′ī-nā çȳ, *softness, weakness;* (20) văs′sals, *subjects, dependents.*

II. Pronounce: (1) Chä pụl tĕ pĕe′; (1) Tez eụ′eŏ (tĕs-); (1) Gäl′-vez (-vĕth); (8) Chō lụ′là; (14) Cŏr′teṣ; (14) Sēign′ior (-yēr).

III. Suggestions and Question: This selection is a description of gorgeous scenes, and the style is in keeping with it. The sentences are somewhat long, and polysyllabic words abound. The chapter is a fine setting forth of the foolish extravagance of a silly man. It should be read in full tones, time being given to bring out in clearness the many pictures.

(16) What is meant by "the Tartar races"?

SPECIMENS OF FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

XXXI. RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

By Mary Russell Mitford.

Miss Mitford was born in England in 1786. She was the author of a large number of literary works. Some of her tragedies were produced by the leading actors of her day, and enjoyed great popular favor.

This selection is taken from "Rienzi," a tragedy that was put on the stage in London in 1828, whose title is the name of its leading character. Its scene is laid in Rome about the middle of the fourteenth century. At that time Rome had long ceased to be "the mistress of the world." The bulk of her once broad dominions had passed under the control of foreign invaders, and what remained was now held by "petty tyrants and feudal despots."

1. Friends!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,

An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was struck, — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ? — men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ?

3. Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye, —
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy : there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die ! Have ye fair daughters ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored ; and, if you dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash !

4. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne

Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king. And once again, —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!
Her sons shall walk with princes!

I. Definitions: (1) thrąl′dŏm, *the state of being a thrall or slave;* (2) răp′ĭne, *the seizing and carrying away of things by force;* (3) sẽrv′ĭle, *slavish, cringing;* (4) lĭm′nẽrs, *painters of portraits;* (5) côrse, *the dead body of a human being.*

II. Note: Ri en′zi (Rė ĕn′zė) was an Italian patriot. In 1347 he led a revolution at Rome which overthrew the power of the aristocracy, and introduced beneficial reforms in the government. Rienzi was placed in control of the government of the city, under the title of tribune of the people. He soon became arbitrary and arrogant, however, and was expelled from Rome. On his return in 1354, his conduct provoked a riot in which he was killed.

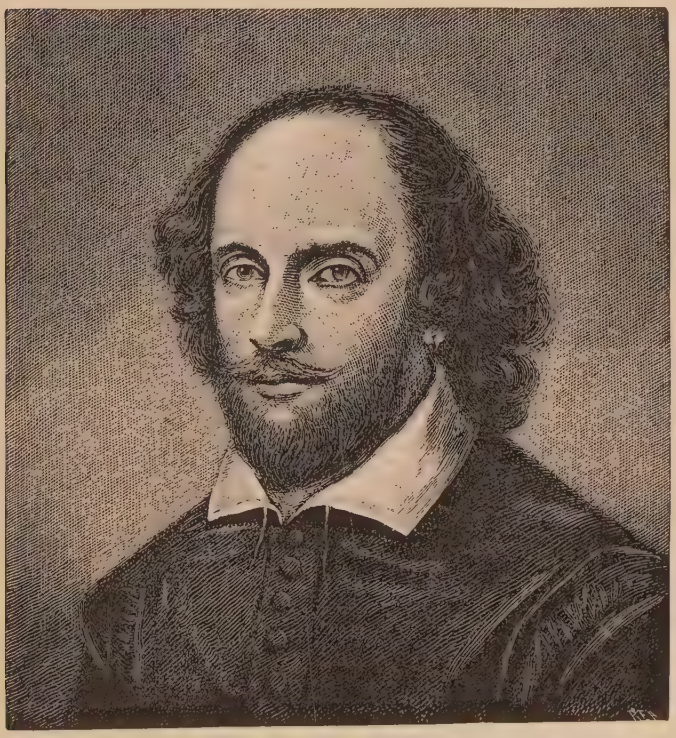
III. Questions and Suggestions: In what style of composition is "Rienzi's Address" written? What other specimens of this style of composition can you find in this book? How many syllables in each full line? How many poetic feet? Which syllable of each foot is accented? Explain the meaning of the expression, "to crimson glory and undying fame," in the first stanza.

How do you determine what tones to employ in reading this selection? What variation in tones and rate of utterance would you make in reading the second and third stanzas? To which lines in the third stanza would you give special emphasis?

There are few, if any, selections better adapted to elocutionary drill than this one. The pupil should become thoroughly familiar with its language, so that the whole attention can be centered on its oral expression. Also, he should see "in his mind's eye" the audience that Rienzi was addressing, and then, putting himself in his place, he must fit his tones, gestures, and rate of utterance to the conditions.

XXXII. BRUTUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

From "Julius Cæsar," Act III, Scene II, by William Shakespeare.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The greatest dramatic genius that ever lived was William Shakespeare, who was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in 1564, and died in 1616. Little is known of his childhood and early youth. In his nineteenth year he was married to Anne Hathaway, and three years thereafter he went to London, where he became in turn an actor, theatrical manager, and dramatic author.

His writings include a large number of sonnets, poems, and plays, — the latter the most famous in the world's literature. The English historian Hallam says of him: "The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature, — it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once and such variety of imagination."

"Julius Cæsar," like several other of his plays, is semi-historical in character. Its scene is laid in Rome, 44 B.C., and its chief characters were prominent men at the time Cæsar was assassinated in the senate house by Brutus, Cassius (Ĕăsh′ i ŭs), and other members of the Roman Senate.

The eloquence of the address which the patriotic Brutus delivered to the Roman populace is only equaled by the masterly appeal which the adroit Antony made to the same audience after Cæsar's body had been borne into the forum.

[*Scene: the Forum in Rome;* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens enter.*]

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall

not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[*Enter* ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR'S *body.*]

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you. [*Ascends.*

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

I. Notes: The Fō′rŭm was a public place in Rome where causes were judicially tried and orations delivered to the people. It was there that Brutus addressed the public and gave "reasons of Cæsar's death."

The Căp′ĭ tŏl at Rome was the temple of Jupiter; it was located on one of the seven hills, and was the building in which the Senate met. It was in the Capitol, and during a session of the Senate, that Cæsar was killed by the conspirators. Shortly after his death his body was carried by Mark Antony and other friends of Cæsar's to the Forum.

II. Suggestions and Questions: In order to render this selection from "Julius Cæsar" with success, the reader must have prepared every line of it by careful study; and also he must be able to picture in his imagination the different speakers and the circumstances under which they are acting. This preparation is necessary *to get the thought*, and then drill is required that appropriate gestures, tones, and inflections may be employed in *giving the thought* to the hearer.

Why do you think Brutus and Cassius agreed that "public reasons shall be rendered of Cæsar's death"? What reasons did Brutus give for "rising against Cæsar"? What effect did these reasons have on the citizens who heard Brutus' address? Were they satisfied that Brutus had acted from high and patriotic motives? Why do you think so? What impression of the character of Brutus do you get from his address?

Compare the address of Brutus with that of Antony which is given in the next lesson. Remember that both addresses were delivered to the same people and note the results. Can you explain why Brutus carried his hearers with him?

XXXIII. ANTONY TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

From "Julius Cæsar," Act III, Scene II, *continued.*

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, — not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave. [*He comes down.*

4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay, — let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, — most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas, you know not : — I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ; — the will : — let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! — we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O Royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, — common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never ! — Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

I. Notes: The Lū′pĕr ęal was a feast of the Romans in honor of Lupercus, or Pan, the god of shepherds, and the patron of fishing and hunting.

The ĕŏm′mònş were the common people, — that is, the mass of the people as distinguished from the titled classes or nobility.

The Nĕr′vĭī were one of the numerous peoples whom Cæsar had conquered and brought under the dominion of the Roman Empire.

The drăe*h*′mà was an ancient coin, whose value is estimated to have been about nineteen cents.

II. Question and Suggestion: What effect did Antony's address have on the citizens who had been listening to Brutus' address? Note the fact that Brutus based his appeal to the populace on their love of freedom and love of country, while Antony first arouses their suspicions as to the motives of the conspirators, and then appeals to their selfish interests by referring to the will of Cæsar.

XXXIV. PLEA FOR SUFFERING GREECE.

By Henry Clay.

Henry Clay was one of America's most eminent statesmen and orators. He was born in Virginia in 1777, and when a young man of twenty he removed to Kentucky and began the practice of law at Lexington. Within ten years he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. He was elected a representative in Congress in 1811, and on the day of his appearance in the House of Representatives, as a member, he was chosen Speaker, a distinction without a parallel since the meeting of the first Congress. From that day until his death, in June, 1852, he was one of the most distinguished men of his times, having been three times chosen Speaker of the lower house of Congress, and three times a candidate for President, but each time failing to be elected.

1. And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, — that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

2. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency," — I can not go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

3. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

4. If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

5. Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

I. Definitions: (1) dĕt ĕs tā′tion, *the act of detesting, extreme hatred*: (1) eŏn dĕ scĕn′sion, *courtesy to inferiors*: (2) clĕm′en cy, *mercy, kindness*; (2) sy̆e ŏ phăn′tic, *of or pertaining to a sycophant*, — that is, a mean, servile flatterer; (3) dĕs′pĭ cà ble, *fit or deserving to be despised*,

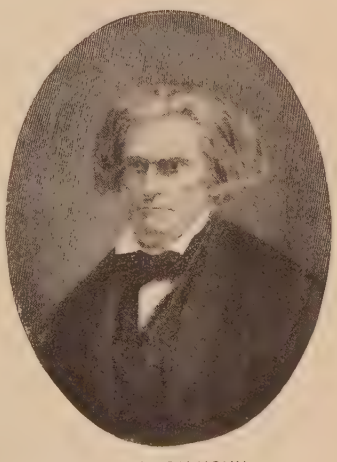
mean; (3) ā trō′cious (-shŭs), *full of evil, springing from a savage spirit;* (3) fē rō′cious (-shŭs), *fierce, cruel;* (3) ĭn ĭm′ī cal, *having the disposition of an enemy, unfriendly;* (4) ē vĭnçe′, *show clearly, make evident;* (4) sŭs çĕp′tĭ ble, *capable of being influenced, readily acted upon;* (4) sĕn sĭ bĭl′ĭ tў, *state of being sensible, feeling;* (5) ē răd′ī cāte, *pluck up by the roots, destroy utterly.*

II. Note: This lesson is an extract from a speech delivered in Congress. Mr. Clay was speaking in favor of a resolution of sympathy with the Greeks. In 1821 a revolution was begun in Greece, whose object was to throw off the yoke of the Sultan of Turkey, who had for many years oppressed the people of that country. This war was carried on for years, and finally resulted in the independence of Greece. One of the events of this war gave to an American poet a theme for his stirring poem, "Marcos Bozzaris," a copy of which may be found in Part I of this book.

XXXV. ON EXPUNGING THE SENATE JOURNAL.

By John C. Calhoun.

John C. Calhoun was a distinguished American statesman who was born in South Carolina in March, 1782, and died in Washington, in March, 1850. He served in the legislature of his native state for two years, and was chosen a member of Congress in 1811. President Monroe appointed him Secretary of War in 1817. In 1824 he was elected Vice President of the United States, and was re-elected in 1828, when General Jackson was chosen President. In 1832 he resigned the office of Vice-President, and was chosen a Senator of the United States. He supported Mr. Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, and acted with the opposi-



JOHN C. CALHOUN

tion to President Jackson in relation to the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank.

The extract given herewith was delivered in the United States Senate in 1834. It illustrates the clear, forcible, and condensed style of one of the greatest of American orators.

1. No one, not blinded by party zeal, can possibly be insensible that the measure proposed is a violation of the constitution. The constitution requires the senate to keep a journal; this resolution goes to expunge the journal. If you may expunge a part, you may expunge the whole; and if it is expunged, how is it kept?

2. The constitution says the journal shall be kept; this resolution says it shall be destroyed. It does the very thing which the constitution declares shall not be done. That is the argument, the whole argument. There is none other. Talk of precedents, and precedents drawn from a foreign country? They do not apply? No, sir. This is to be done, not in consequence of argument, but in spite of argument.

3. I understand the case. I know perfectly well the gentlemen have no liberty to vote otherwise. They are coerced by an exterior power. They try, indeed, to comfort their consciences by saying that it is the will of the people and the voice of the people. It is no such thing. We all know how these legislative returns have been obtained. It is by dictation from the White House.

4. The President himself, with that vast mass of patronage which he wields, and the thousand expectations which he is able to hold up, has obtained these votes of the state legislatures; and this, forsooth, is said to be the voice of the people.

5. The voice of the people! Sir, can we forget the scene which was exhibited in this chamber when that expunging resolution was first introduced here? Have we forgotten the universal giving way of conscience so that the senator from Missouri was left alone? I see before me senators who could not support that resolution; and has its nature changed since then? Is it any more constitutional now than it was then?

6. Not at all. But executive power has interposed. Talk to me of the voice of the people! No, sir! It is the combination of patronage and power to coerce this body into a gross and palpable violation of the constitution. Some individuals, I perceive, think to escape through the particular form in which this act is to be perpetrated. They tell us that the resolution on your records is not to be expunged, but is only to be endorsed "Expunged."

7. Really, sir, I do not know how to argue against such a contemptible sophistry. The occasion is too solemn for an argument of this sort. You are going to violate the constitution, and you get rid of the infamy by a falsehood. You yourselves say that the resolution is expunged by your order. Yet you say it is not expunged. You put your act in express words. You record it, and then turn round and deny it.

8. But why do I waste my breath? I know it is all utterly vain. The day is gone; night approaches, and night is suitable to the dark deed which we meditate. There is a sort of destiny in this thing. The act must be performed; and it is an act which will tell on the political history of this country forever.

9. Other preceding violations of the constitution (and they have been many and great) filled my bosom with indignation; but this fills it only with grief. Others were done in the heat of party. Power was, as it were, compelled to support itself by seizing upon new instruments of influence and patronage; and there were ambitious and able men to direct the process.

10. Such was the removal of the deposits, which the President seized by a new and unprecedented act of arbitrary power; an act which gave him ample means of rewarding friends and punishing enemies. Something may, perhaps, be pardoned to him in this matter, on the apology of tyrants, — the plea of necessity.

11. But here there can be no such apology. Here no necessity can be so much as pretended. This act originates in pure, unmixed, personal idolatry. The former act was such a one as might have been perpetrated in the days of Pompey or Cæsar; but an act like this could never have been consummated by a Roman Senate until the days of Caligula and Nero.

I. Definitions: (1) ĕx pŭnġe′, *blot out;* (2) prĕç′ĕ dents, *something done or said that may serve as an example to authorize a later act of the same kind;* (3) eŏ ērçed′ (t), *forced;* (6) ĭn tẽr pōṣed′, *placed between, thrust in;* (6) păl′pà ble, *capable of being touched and felt, plain:* (7) sŏph′ĭs trў, *false reasoning;* (7) ĭn′fà mў, *public disgrace;* (10) är′-bĭ trà rў, *bound by no law, despotic;* (11) eŏn′sŭm mā tĕd, *completed, finished.*

II. Word analysis: Separate each of the following words into *root*, and *prefix* or *suffix*, and give its meaning: (1) insensible, (5) constitutional, (6) patronage, (7) contemptible, (7) falsehood, (7) express, (10) unprecedented, (11) unmixed.

III. Notes and Questions: (11) Caligula was a Roman emperor who was born about fifty years after the death of Cæsar. He was a monster of cruelty, and was assassinated in 41 A.D.

(11) Nero was a Roman Emperor born in 37 A.D. He was a wicked and cruel ruler, and committed suicide in 68 A.D. Nero is said to have kindled a fire which nearly destroyed Rome.

(3) What is the "White House"?

(11) What have you learned about Pompey and Cæsar in former lessons?

XXXVI. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

By Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster was a celebrated American statesman, jurist, and orator, who was born in New Hampshire in 1782, and died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. After graduating at Dartmouth College, he taught school for a time, and then studied law. After practicing his profession for some ten years at Portsmouth, N.H., he removed to Boston, and there became the foremost lawyer of New England.

He entered Congress in 1813, serving first in the House of Representatives, and afterwards in the Senate. His career in the latter body has few if any parallels. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* in 1870 says of him: "He was the greatest orator that has ever lived in the western hemisphere. Less vehement than Calhoun, less persuasive than Clay, he was yet more grand and powerful than either."

This extract is from Webster's Eulogy on John Adams, a distinguished patriot and statesman of Revolutionary times. He was a member of the Continental Congress that met in Philadelphia in 1776, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted,

till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

2. Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

4. I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be

appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

5. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

6. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people

have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

8. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

9. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the field of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

10. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves, die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the

poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

11. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

12. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

I. Definitions: (2) rĕe ŏn e̤il ī ā′tion, *the act of reconciling, renewing friendship;* (2) prō se·rībed′, *doomed to destruction, outlawed;* (2) prē-dēs′tĭned, *decreed beforehand;* (4) eŏn flā grā′tion, *a fire extending to many objects, or over a large space;* (7) ăg gres′sion (-grĕsh′ŭn), *the first attack, or the first act leading to war;* (8) ĭm mū′nĭ tĭe̤s, *particular privileges;* (11) ĕx̲ ŭl tā′tion, *triumph.*

II. Questions and Suggestion: What was the occasion of the "Supposed Speech of John Adams"? Had the Revolutionary War begun at that time? To whom is reference made in the second paragraph by the language, "who sit in that chair"? What is meant by the "Boston Port Bill"? What do you consider the chief causes of the Revolutionary War?

As a preparation for the reading of this selection, it would be well to refer to the Declaration of Independence and read it.

XXXVII. EXTRACT FROM A MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

By James G. Blaine.

James G. Blaine, an American orator and statesman, was born in Washington County, Pa., in 1830, and died at the national capital in 1893. Soon after completing the course at Washington College, he adopted the editorial profession, and removed to Maine. Mr. Blaine was sent to Congress by his adopted state and was a member of the 38th and the five succeeding Congresses, serving in the last three as Speaker. Subsequently he served a term as senator from Maine. On March 4, 1881, he was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield. Mr. Blaine was the unsuccessful candidate for President, of the Republican party in 1884, and several years later was again Secretary of State.

On the invitation of both Houses of Congress, he delivered an oration on James A. Garfield in the House of Representatives February 27, 1882, from which the following extract is taken:

1. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless,

doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

2. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death ; — and he did not quail.

3. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell ? — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties !

4. Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears ; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his ; the little boys ; the fair young daughter ; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care ; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness ! And his soul was not shaken.

5. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal

weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

6. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

7. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

8. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

I. Definitions: (1) prē mŏ nĭ′tion, *previous warning;* (2) frĕn′zy, *madness;* (2) wan′tŏn nĕss, *recklessness;* (2) quāil, *flinch, shrink;* (3) rĕ lĭn′quĭsh ment, *the act of giving up;* (3) lăn′guor (-gwẽr), *weakness;* (3) sŭn′dẽr ĭng, *parting;* (5) ĕn shrīned′, *preserved or cherished as something sacred;* (5) dē mō′nĭ ăe, *pertaining to a demon, or evil spirit;* (5) ăs săs′sĭn, *one who kills or attempts to kill by surprise or secret assault;* (6) stī′flĭng, *choking;* (7) wan, *pale;* (7) wĭst′fụl lў, *longingly;* (8) răpt, *enraptured.*

II. Note: On the morning of July 2, 1881, President Garfield, while standing in the railroad station in Washington, was shot by an assassin. After hovering between life and death for more than two months, he died on the 19th of September.

XXXVIII. THE NEW SOUTH.

By Henry W. Grady.

Henry Woodfen Grady, journalist, was born in Athens, Ga., in 1851, and died in Atlanta, Ga., in 1889. In 1886, he delivered before The New England Society an address on The New South, which marked him as a most eloquent orator. This address caused him to be especially beloved in the South and highly esteemed in the North.

1. A master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war, — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

2. Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole

which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

3. What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence, — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

4. What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the

furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

5. But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

6. The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

7. The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that

I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

8. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

9. Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people — which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever."

I. Words defined: (1) pŏmp, *show of magnificence, parade, display;* (1) pā′thŏs, *that which awakens pity or sorrow;* (2) på rōle′, *a promise upon honor to fulfill certain conditions;* (3) dĕv′as tā tĕd, *laid waste;* (3) stā′tŭs, *state, condition;* (3) trå dĭ′tionș, *rites or customs handed down from ancestors to posterity;* (5) thē′ō rĭeș, *speculations;* (6) ĕn-ăm′ŏred, *charmed, captivated;* (6) ĭn serụ′tà ble, *incapable of being understood by inquiry or study;* (7) å pŏl′ō ğĭze, *to make excuse for a fault;* (7) däunt′lĕss, *fearless;* (7) hĕr′ĭt ăğe, *that which passes from heir to heir, an inheritance;* (9) ăb′jĕct, *mean, cringing.*

II. Questions: What is the literal meaning of the first sentence? Is it comparison or contrast we have in the description of the two armies? Are there any points of comparison? What is the name of the soldier described in paragraph 7? In what sense is the word "captain" employed in the last paragraph?

III. Suggestion: This selection is taken from the body of the famous speech on "The New South." Mr. Grady has been speaking for some time, and is thoroughly roused by the grandeur of his theme and the applause of a vast concourse of people. If you will bring the conditions vividly before your mind, you will be helped greatly in the reading. Put yourself in his place; look into the eyes of five thousand upturned faces, breathing forth sympathy and assent, and you will feel the thrill that will put the tremor of eagerness into the voice and the glow of enthusiasm into the countenance.

XXXIX. NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

By Theodore Parker.

1. Do you know how empires find their end? Yes. The great States eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Come with me! Let us bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb!

2. Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown! What laid thee low? "I fell by

my own injustice! Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground!"

3. O queenly Persia, flame of the nations! Wherefore art thou so fallen! thou who troddest the people under thee, bridgest the Hellespont with ships, and pourest thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me; because I bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!"

4. And thou, muse-like, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of States, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive in song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonored brow reposing on thy broken harp? "I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed in Parian stone. I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod down to earth. Lo! therefore have I become as those barbarian states, and as one of them."

5. O manly, majestic Rome, with thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low, for thy great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, "Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right." It was not the saint's ideal. It was the hypocrite's pretense. "I made iniquity my law! I trod the nations under me! Their wealth gilded my palaces, where now thou mayst see the fox and hear the owl. It fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counsel-

ors. The flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood! Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfalls as you see.

6. "Go back and tell the newborn child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, and a crown of stars upon his youthful brow, — tell him there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His just, eternal law. Warn the young empire, that he come not down, dim and dishonored, to my shameful tomb. Tell him that Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will, to give each man his right. I knew it. I broke it. Bid him keep it, and be forever safe."

I. Definitions: (2) ĕm′ẽr ald, *a precious stone of a rich green color;* (4) wĭtch′ẽr ў, *irresistible influence;* (4) Pā′rĭ an, *of or pertaining to Paros, an island in the Ægean Sea noted for its excellent statuary marble;* (5) mū′ral crown, *a golden crown or circle of gold, indented so as to resemble a battlement, — sevenfold* is an allusion to the *seven* hills on which Rome was built; (5) ĭn ĭq′uĭ tў, *absence of or deviation from just dealing;* (5) cōurt′iers (-yẽrz), *those who court or solicit favors, flatterers;* (5) rẽe′ŏm pĕnse, *an equivalent returned for anything done, given, or suffered, suitable return;* (6) rĕalm, *a region under the dominion of a monarch, a kingdom, an empire.*

II. Questions and Suggestions: (2) Where was Assyria? Nineveh? Babylon? (3) What is meant by "temple-wasting millions"? (4) Write out the meaning you get from this paragraph. (6) What is meant by "the newborn child that sitteth on the Alleghanies"? (6) What is the "crown of stars"? (6) To what iniquity does the author refer in this paragraph? (6) In what mode and tense is the verb "come" in the clause "that he come not," in this paragraph?

TYPES OF POETIC COMPOSITION.

XL. HEBREW POETRY.

1. It is almost certain that the earliest use of Hebrew poetry was for religious service. To celebrate in hymns and songs the praises of God; to enrich the worship with the charms and graces of harmony; to give force and energy to the devout affections, were the sublime employment of the Hebrew Muse. Nor is it improbable that the very early use of music in the worship of the Hebrews contributed, not a little, to the peculiar character of their poetry, and may have imparted to it that appropriate form which, though chiefly adapted to this particular purpose, it nevertheless preserves on every other occasion.

2. The sacred hymns were alternately sung by opposite choirs or companies, or by one company singing the hymn while the other sang a response which was regularly interposed at stated intervals, not altogether unlike our modern chorus. It was in this manner that Moses with the Israelites chanted the ode at the Red Sea, and was answered by Miriam, the prophetess, and all the women.

3. The peculiar character of the Hebrew poetry consists chiefly in a certain equality, resemblance, or *parallelism* between the members of each period; so that in two lines (or members of the same period) things for the most part shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure. This parallel-

ism has many gradations. It is sometimes perfectly clear and accurate, while at times vague and obscure. It is mainly of three kinds.

4. The first kind is the *synonymous* parallelism, when the same sentiment is repeated in different but equivalent terms. This is the simplest, the clearest, and the most frequently used of all. The character of this parallelism is clearly seen in the following:

> When Israel went out from Egypt,
> The house of Jacob from a people of strange language;
>
> The sea saw it and fled:
> Jordan was driven back.
>
> The mountains skipped like rams,
> And the little hills like lambs. — Psalm cxiv.

5. Sometimes the parallelism is formed by the iteration of the former member, either in whole or in part. Thus:

> Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth,
> May Israel now say;
> Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth;
> Yet they have not prevailed against me. — Psalm cxxix.

6. Sometimes there are three parallelisms, and in such cases the second line usually answers to the first, while the third frequently refers to both, or closes the period, as:

> The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
> The floods have lifted up their voice;
> The floods lift up their waves. — Psalm xciii.

7. The *antithetic* parallelism is the second kind. In this a thing is illustrated by its contrary being placed in opposition to it. This is not confined to any particular

form. Sentiments are opposed to sentiments, words to words, actions to actions, thus :

> Faithful are the wounds of a friend:
> But the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.
>
> The full soul loatheth a honeycomb;
> But to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.
>
> — Proverbs xxvii.

8. There is a third kind of parallelism, in which the sentences answer to each other, not by the iteration of the same image or sentiment, or the opposition of their contraries, but merely by the form of *construction*. The following is a fine example :

> The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;
> The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
>
> The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
> The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
>
> The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
> The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
>
> — Psalm xix.

XLI. POETRY OF RHYME AND BLANK VERSE.

1. Poetry, as Coleridge defined it, is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. It differs from prose as much in its form as in its character and purpose. In form it is measured, in character it is imaginative, and in purpose it is emotional. To be sure, we often have poetic prose, and, alas ! too frequently, prosy poetry ; but the above is characteristic.

2. The earliest attempts at poetry, outside of that of Hebrews, were both rhythmical and rhyming. Much that followed was merely rhythmical. In a loose way, the first may be called the poetry of the passions, and the second the poetry of thought. Not that there is no thought in the one, or passion in the other; but in the first the emotional predominates, and in the second thought controls.

3. The lyrics and ballads — those composed for song or musical recitation — are rhyming; while much of that devoted to the consideration of noble themes, as the epic and the drama, is in the form known as blank verse. In this the measure is preserved, but there is no closing of lines with rhyming syllables or words. But all modern poetry, whether rhyming verse or blank verse, contains a succession of accented or unaccented syllables, true to the scheme decided upon.

4. The following quotations will serve as illustrations of the difference between rhyming verse and blank verse:

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

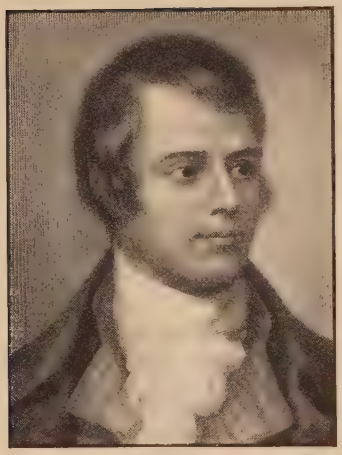
—From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.

—From Tennyson's "Sea Dreams."

XLII. TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

By Robert Burns.



ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, the greatest poet that Scotland has yet produced, was born January 25, 1759. He died July 21, 1796. Burns is generally regarded as by far the greatest peasant-poet who has yet appeared in any country; but his poetry is so remarkable in itself that the circumstances in which it was produced add hardly anything to our admiration.

The character of this poetry is like the mind and the nature out of which it sprung, — instinct with passion, but not less so with power of thought, — full of light, as well as full of fire. More of matter and meaning will be found in no verses than are found in his. To understand Burns one must understand the dialect in which all his best poems are written.

Fully to comprehend the secret of the abiding and growing hold Burns has on all hearts, it is necessary to know and to appreciate his view of life. Every form of life was dear to him; that of the unconscious daisy, the lowest grade of sentient life in the despised field mouse, or the higher type of conscious, responsible life of his fellow-man, with its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows, — each was sacred in his eyes.

1. Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

2. Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

3. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

4. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

5. There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

I. Definitions: (1) mạun, *must;* (1) stọure (stoor), *dust or earth;* (2) sprĕe'kled, *speckled;* (2) brēast, — rhymes with "east"; (3) glĭnt'ĕd, *peeped;* (4) biēld, *shelter;* (4) hĭs'tĭe, *dry and rugged;* (4) stāne, *stone.*

II. Note: It will help greatly in the proper reading of the selec-

tions from Burns to remember that the dialect of Scotland uses the long sounds of the vowels almost exclusively; thus "bonny" is "bōny," "power" is "pōōr." Note also the abbreviations, as "wi'" for "with"; "o'" for "of"; "'mang" for "among"; "wa's" for "walls."

The Scottish dialect has no silent vowels, hence, where it is not intended to make an extra syllable, the apostrophe is used; thus "flow'r" indicates one syllable, and "rear'd" is one syllable instead of "rear'ed," as it would be without the indicated contraction.

This dialect is also peculiarly rich in the abundance of its diminutives, and this gives it especial fitness for ballad poetry, since diminutives are the natural language of the affections, and ballad poetry its form of literary expression. "Mousie" is a diminutive for "mouse,"—but we have "wee mousie," "wee bit mousie"; so "laddie wee laddie" and "wee bit laddie."

XLIII. TO A MOUSE.

By Robert Burns.

1. Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

2. I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

3. I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

4. Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

5. Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell—
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

6. That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

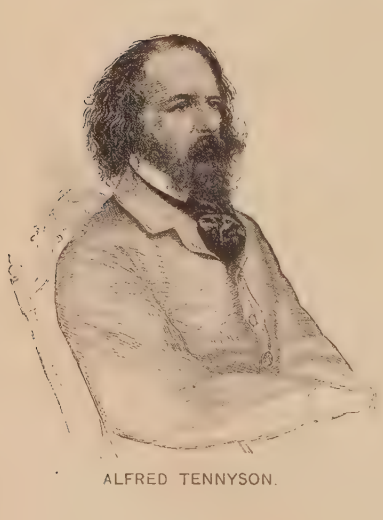
7. But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy.

8. Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

Definitions: (1) eo̤w′rĭn, *cowering;* (1) need nå, *need not;* (1) păt′tle, *an iron for cleaning the plowshare;* (3) whīles, *sometimes;* (3) dāi′men ĭck′ĕr, *an occasional ear of corn,* — corn, in Scotland, means oats; (3) lāve, *remainder;* (3) thrāve, *a double shock, or twenty-four sheaves;* (4) wee bit housie, *triple diminutive for house;* (4) fŏg′gă̈ge, *moss;* (4) snĕll, *sharp;* (5) eo̤ul′tĕr, *an iron blade of a plow to cut the sod;* (6) but ho̤use or hald, *without house or hold;* (6) thōle, *endure;* (6) crăn′reuch ca̤uld, *hoarfrost cold;* (7) gäng äft å gle̤y′, *go oft awry.*

XLIV. PRELUDE TO "IN MEMORIAM."

By Alfred Tennyson.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest poet in English of the nineteenth century, was born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, on August 6, 1809. He began early to try his wing in verse, and at the age of seventeen he published, in partnership with his older brother Charles, a small volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." While at Trinity College he was a member of an intimate society called "The Apostles," to which belonged some of the most brilliant young men of England. Gladstone was a member, as was Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's closest

friend. It is he whom Tennyson immortalizes in "In Memoriam." Hallam was a young man of remarkable promise, and his death made a great impression upon Tennyson's life and poetry. His work was no longer that of

"An idle singer of an empty day,"

but was serious and constant for sixty years.

Tennyson signalized his appointment as Poet Laureate by his stately "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," which appeared in 1852. Only two British poets have written more voluminously, Shakespeare and Browning. Tennyson "crossed the bar" on the 6th of October, 1892, leaving a world to mourn the loss of a seer and to rejoice in him as one who had finished his course and kept the faith.

1. Strong son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

2. Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death: and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

3. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,—
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

4. Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

5. Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

6. We have but faith ; we can not know :
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

7. Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

8. But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

9. Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
What seemed my worth since I began :
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

10. Forgive my grief for one removed, —
Thy creature, whom I found so fair :
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

11. Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

XLV. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

From "In Memoriam," by Alfred Tennyson.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

XLVI. CROSSING THE BAR.

By Alfred Tennyson.

1. Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

2. But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

3. Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

4. For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

XLVII. A LETTER TO HIS NEPHEW.

By James Russell Lowell.

This letter was written to Charles R. Lowell, at that time in his fifteenth year. It contains so much sound advice that its perusal can not fail to prove helpful to young people.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819, and died in 1891. His birthplace at Cambridge was called Elmwood, after some fine English elms that stood in front of the house. There he spent most of his life, and wrote the books that have endeared his name to English-speaking people wherever they are found.

Lowell's "Letters," in two volumes, are published by Harper Brothers. They contain much that is interesting to the general reader, and through them one can become acquainted with the true character of one of America's most distinguished men of letters.

Elmwood, June 11, 1849.

1. My dear Charlie, — I have had so much to do in the way of writing during the past week that I have not had time sooner to answer your letter, which came to me in due course of mail, and for which I am much obliged to you.

2. I am very glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself so much, and also that the poor musquash dug faster than you did. I was not so long ago a boy as not to remember what sincere satisfaction there is in a good ducking, and how the spirit of maritime adventure is ministered to by a raft which will not float. I congratulate you on both experiences.

3. And now let me assume the privilege of my uncleship to give you a little advice. Let me counsel you to make use of all your visits to the country as opportunities for an education which is of great importance, which town-bred boys are commonly lacking in, and which can never be so cheaply acquired as in boyhood. Remember that a man is valuable in our day for what he *knows*, and that his company will always be desired by others in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence and instruction he brings with him. I assure you that one of the earliest pieces of definite knowledge we acquire after we have become men is this — that our company will be desired no longer than we honestly pay our proper share in the general reckoning of mutual entertainment. A man who knows more than another knows *incalculably* more, be sure of that, and a person with eyes in his head can not look even into a pigsty without learning something that will be useful to him at one time or another. Not that we should educate ourselves for the mere selfish sake of that advantage of superiority which it will give us. But knowledge is power in this noblest sense, that it enables us to *benefit* others and to pay our way honorably in life by being of *use*.

4. Now, when you are at school in Boston you are furnishing your brain with what can be obtained from books. You are training and enriching your intellect. While you are in the country you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth.

Sometimes you can be able to say positively what a tree is *not* by simply examining the lichens on the bark, for you will find that particular varieties of lichen love particular trees. Learn also to know all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying ; all the animals by their general appearance and gait or the localities they frequent.

5. You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house, and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world — which is only a larger kind of house. You recollect the pretty story of Pizarro and the Peruvian Inca : how the Inca asked one of the Spaniards to write the word *Dios* (God) upon his thumb nail, and then, showing it to the rest, found only Pizarro unable to read it ! Well, you will find as you grow older that this same name of God is written all over the world in little phenomena that occur under our eyes every moment, and I confess that I feel very much inclined to hang my head with Pizarro when I can not translate these hieroglyphics into my own vernacular.

6. Now, I write all this to you, my dear Charlie, not in the least because it is considered proper for uncles to bore their nephews with musty moralities and advice ; but I should be quite willing that you should think me a bore if I could only be the means of impressing upon you the importance of *observing*, and the great fact that we can not properly observe till we have learned *how*. Education, practice, and especially a determination not to be satisfied with remarking that side of an object which happens to catch our eye first when we first see it —

these gradually make an observer. The faculty, once acquired, becomes at length another sense which works mechanically.

7. I think I have sometimes noticed in you an *impatience* of mind which you should guard against carefully. Pin this maxim up in your memory — that Nature abhors the credit system, and that we never get anything in life till we have paid for it. Anything good, I mean; evil things we always pay for afterwards, and always when we find it hardest to do it. By paying for them, of course, I mean *laboring* for them. Tell me how much good solid *work* a young man has in him, and I will erect a horoscope for him as accurate as Guy Mannering's for young Bertram. Talents are absolutely nothing to a man except he have the faculty of work along with them. They, in fact, turn upon him and worry him, as Actæon's dogs did — you remember the story? Patience and perseverance — these are the sails and the rudder even of genius, without which it is only a wretched hulk upon the waters.

8. It is not fair to look a gift horse in the mouth, unless, indeed, it be a wooden horse, like that which carried the Greeks into Troy; but my lecture on patience and *finish* was apropos of your letter, which was more careless in its chirography and (here and there) in its composition than I liked. Always make a thing as good as you can. Otherwise it was an excellent letter, because it told what you had seen and what you were doing — certainly better as a *letter* than this of mine, which is rather a sermon. But read it, my dear Charlie, as the advice of one who

takes a sincere interest in you. I hope to hear from you again, and my answer to your next shall be more entertaining.

I remain your loving uncle,

——— J. R. Lowell.

I. Notes: (2) mŭs′quąsh is the American Indian word for *muskrat.*

(5) Pi zăr′rō was the Spaniard who invaded Peru in 1532 and conquered that country. At that time the monarch of Peru was called the Inca.

(7) "Guy Mannering" is the title, as well as the hero, of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

(7) Ac tæ′on (ăk tē′ŭn) was a fabled huntsman who was changed by Diana into a stag, and afterwards worried and killed by his own dogs.

II. Suggestions: Consult a dictionary for the pronunciation and meaning of the following words: maritime, lichens, phenomena, hieroglyphics, vernacular, horoscope, apropos, chirography, sincere.

What advice did Mr. Lowell give to his nephew? Why do you think it good? How can you profit by this advice?

XLVIII. MAHMOOD THE IMAGE BREAKER.

By James Russell Lowell.

1. Old events have modern meanings; only that survives
   Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives.

2. Mahmood once, the idol breaker, spreader of the Faith,
   Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the legend saith.

3. In the great pagoda's center, monstrous and abhorred,
   Granite on a throne of granite, sat the temple's lord.

4. Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed the ancient place.

5. Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by his doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless gems and gold.

6. Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck a potent juice.

7. "Were yon stone alone in question, this would please me well,"
Mahmood said; "but, with the block there, I my truth must sell.

8. "Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her wheel turns round;
He who keeps his faith, he only can not be discrowned.

9. "Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell down."

10. So his iron mace he lifted, smote with might and main,
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in twain.

11. Luck obeys the downright striker; from the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the floor.

XLIX. THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By James Russell Lowell.

1. When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy
sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny
stem of Time.

2. Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the
instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing
start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute
lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps be-
neath the Future's heart.

3. So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a
chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sym-
pathies with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

4. For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame ; —
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

5. Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

6. Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land ?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

7. Backward look across the ages and the beacon
moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea ;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose
feet earth's chaff must fly ;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment
hath passed by.

8. Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages
but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word ;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the
dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own.

9. We see dimly in the Present what is small and what
is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron
helm of fate,

But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within, —
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

10. Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey ; —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play ?

11. Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

12. Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, — they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,

Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

13. By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

14. For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

15. 'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,

Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light
a crime ; —
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by
men behind their time ?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime ?

16. They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's ;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,
Hoarding it in moldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove
them across the sea.

17. They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are
traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit
altar fires ;
Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in
our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of
to-day ?

18. New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient
good uncouth ;

They must upward still, and onward, who would
keep abreast of Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires ! we ourselves
must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
blood-rusted key.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Through the medium of the regular text-book and literary classics, and under the immediate direction of the teacher, the pupil may do much in the schoolroom to beget a taste for reading; but the *reading habit* must be developed, if developed at all, by the work which the pupil does outside the classroom. It is suggested that a properly selected School Library affords the cheapest and surest means of fixing the *habit of reading good literature*, — a habit whose value is incalculable in estimating its influence in favor of a broad and genuine culture.

It is confidently believed that the School Library should be directly related to the pupil's text-book, and thus afford the means of directly extending the work of the schoolroom. The list below will be of special interest and significance to schools that are using The Progressive Course in Reading, Fifth Book, but the works mentioned would be desirable in any School Library.

PART I.

TITLES	AUTHORS	TITLES	AUTHORS
Swiss Family Robinson	Wyss	*David Copperfield* . .	Dickens
Being a Boy	Warner	*Ben-Hur*	Wallace
Hajji Baba	Morier	*Tales of a Grandfather*	Scott
Hiawatha	Longfellow	*Grandfather's Chair* .	Hawthorne
Last of the Mohicans . .	Cooper	*Ages Ago*	Carrington
Cricket on the Hearth .	Dickens	*Chemical History of a Candle*	Faraday
Barnaby Rudge . . .	Dickens	*Views Afoot*	Taylor
A Boy I Knew	Hutton		

PART II.

Mill on the Floss . . .	Eliot	*History of Columbus* .	Irving
Vicar of Wakefield . .	Goldsmith	*Astoria*	Irving
House of Seven Gables .	Hawthorne	*The Oregon Trail* . .	Parkman
Ivanhoe	Scott	*Conquest of Mexico* . .	Prescott
Les Miserables	Hugo	*Julius Cæsar*	Shakespeare
Don Quixote	Cervantes	*Letters*	Lowell
Pickwick Papers . . .	Dickens	*Tales from Shakespeare* .	Lamb

The poems of Scott, Campbell, O'Reilly, Moore, Whittier, Longfellow, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Poe, Holmes, Saxe, Tennyson, and Burns.

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